DANIEL L. SHERWOOD
and
HIS PATERNAL ANCESTORS

BY

ANDREW SHERWOOD

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Dr H. L. Talkington
with best regards of
Fred Lockley

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DANIEL L. SHERWOOD
AND HIS PATERNAL ANCESTORS

INCLUDING

SHERWOOD EVIDENCES

BOTH IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST MENTION OF THE NAME IN HISTORY
ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO
DOWN TO AND INCLUDING

THOMAS SHERWOOD

The American Pioneer

AND

FRANCIS SHERWOOD

The Maryland Pioneer

AND SOME OF THEIR MANY DESCENDANTS
IN TEN CHAPTERS
GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL
By
ANDREW SHERWOOD

Author of Songs, Sacred and Sentimental,
and Reports Geological

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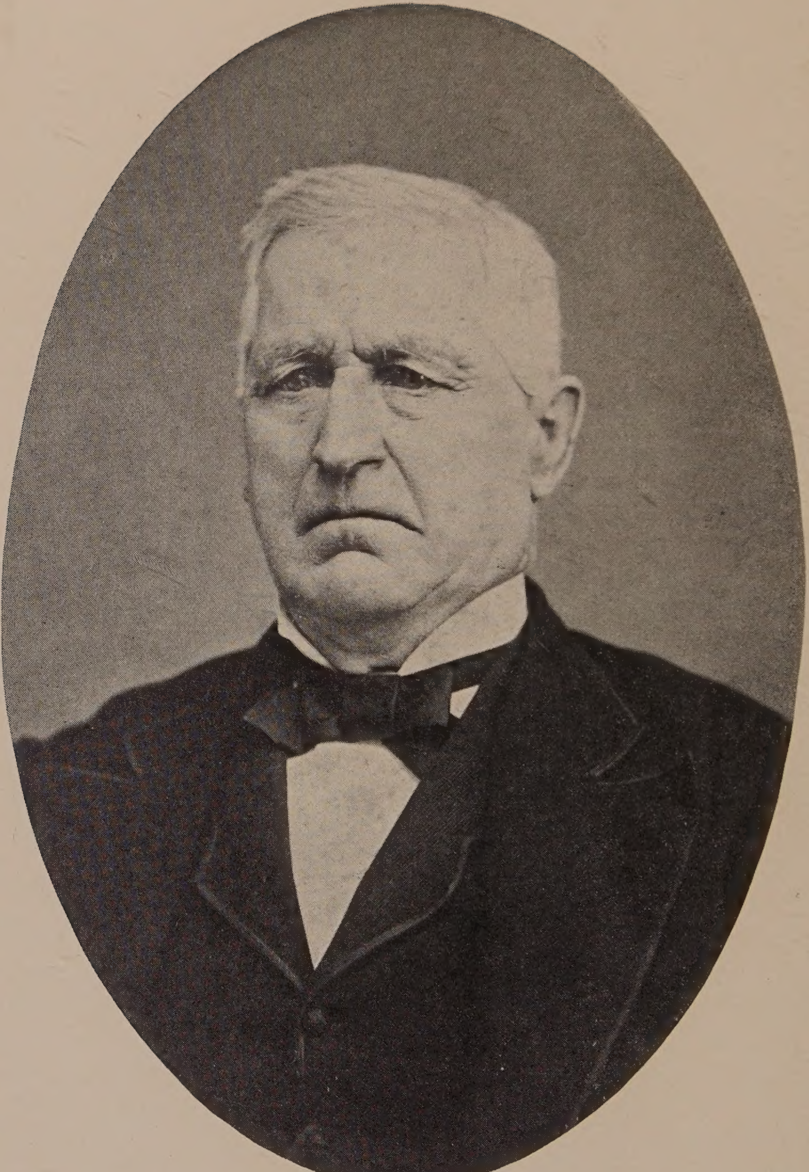

HON. DANIEL LEE SHERWOOD

To the Memory of

John Sharp Sherwood

(Son of Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood)

and his Wife

Lucy Angeline (Ramsdell) Sherwood

rare blossoms

"On Mem'ry's golden plain of flowers"
this volume

DANIEL L. SHERWOOD
And His Paternal Ancestors

is affectionately dedicated

by the author

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by
ANDREW SHERWOOD

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FOREWORD

Our lives are like the lives of trees.

Some one has said we clasp a great circle of finished lives of our ancestors, like the ring of sap-tubes just inside the bark of the tree. All the other inside rings are merely the records of past years of growth. The only part of our family tree that is alive and capable of growing and doing is the outside ring—the present generation.

Yet we have to confess to a certain fascination in the tracing of genealogies, especially our own. We like to go back into the hazy past and count the rings; back to the dim-lighted aisles in the Forest of Sherwood; back, say, to the days when our ancestors were good Yorkists, and a white rose was their badge; or back, it may be, to the time of William the Conqueror.

Then, from that distant day, or ring—it may be from the far side of the eleventh century, or perhaps from the time when surname-giving began—we like to trace down through the hardy pioneers, down through the men and women of great vision and high hopes, down through the humble farmer-folk of New England—the Thomases and Isaacs, the Daniels and Henrys—down to the time and page —or ring—where our own names, and lives, are recorded.

And then it is that the question arises, Who are we anyhow? We are only a part of all the ten thousand ancestors who have gone before us, in which if a single link, or ring, were missing, we had never been cast up on the shores of time—we had never been born.

And how about the name we bear? M. J. Sherwood says: "My hope is that this history will prove an incentive to succeeding generations. For say what we will, the fact that one may trace one's forefathers back sixty years, or six hundred years, and find the record clean, has its effect, and must have its effect, upon the conduct of the person who so traces, and of those coming after him."

The ancient name of Sherwood, as names go, is up to this hour an untarnished name. And if it be an honorable name—and it is—then great is the responsibility resting upon us to see that it lose none of its luster. Shall we not try to keep the escutcheon clean—we who are Sherwoods?

Oh! if we are tempted to evil deeds, may the very fact of our name help to keep us straight. Oh! if ever we are led to do a dishonorable act, let us pause and ask ourselves, "What is my name?" And just the same as though it were Washington or Lincoln, let us strive never to bring the name of Sherwood into disgrace.

We may or may not have reason to be proud of our forbears; or we may be so disregardful and so disinterested as not to care who they were or from whence they came—and strange as it may seem there are some such—yet Edmund Burke says that he only deserves to be remembered by posterity who treasures up and preserves the history of his ancestors; while Daniel Webster said that next to a sense of religious duty and moral feeling, he hardly knew what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which has departed.

Which leads to a certain feeling of interest and satisfaction in the knowledge that our ancestors, so far as we have been able to ascertain, have lived upright, honorable and temperate lives, for more than three hundred years. Not one of them, so it would appear, has ever been convicted of a crime.

Billy Sunday, the noted serio-comic preacher-actor, says: "We must, as sensible people, admit that it pays to be well-born. It is a different thing to swim with the current and to swim against it. If a man finds himself in an ancestral current where for generations the blood has flowed toward purity and honesty and religion he should not take special credit to himself if he turns out noble and pure. But if he finds himself in a current where for generations the tendency has been toward lying and impurity, he does not deserve your damnation but your pity."

Some one else has said—it was D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, we believe—"Never mind a man's ancestry! A man was ambitious to trace his family back to the Mayflower, and he stumbled over a horse-thief.—Never mind a man's ancestry!"

A correspondent, writing along these same lines says, "My father traced the family back on one side and found they were fools, and he didn't dare to go back on the other side for fear they were d--- fools!"

But, fortunately, we have stumbled over no horse-thieves, drunkards or fools, and we have found none of our forbears hanging by their necks, and—what is rather against a monkey origin—we have found none of them hanging by their tails!

On the contrary, and on the whole, we have found it a pretty good family, which at one time or another, has contained many noble men and women. Yet with all due respect for them (and we shall never knowingly detract from their virtues), there is still among the number one whom we have long regarded as the very flower of all who have lived in America by the name of Sherwood; whose place, in our branch of the family at least, is as yonder snow-crowned mountain above the foothills at its base.

Charming in his personality, and genial and intelligent in everything that goes to make up a Man—noble in his bearing, both physically and intellectually, and withal a moral Gibraltar—it is doubtful if a stronger Christian character has lived than Daniel L. Sherwood.

Little wonder, then, that the writer has chosen to compile and to present to the world what follows in these pages, and has chosen to do so under the title:

DANIEL L. SHERWOOD AND HIS PATERNAL ANCESTORS.

Little wonder that it should have been undertaken purely as a labor of love, with no thought of gain. Little wonder that the same can be said, we believe, for the eminent jurist, the Hon. M. J. Sherwood, of Marquette, Michigan, who is sponsoring its publication, and without whose aid these pages might never have appeared in print.

Neither of us have any excuses to offer save the pleasure we have derived from its writing, and its publication, and from the desire to leave to our posterity something of what we have learned concerning our ancestors; believing, as we do, that the names of those who have preceded us, as well as of our contemporaries, ought in some way to be preserved.

So far as we are aware, it is the first and only attempt on the part of any one to collect together, in printed form, the very earliest evidences pertaining to Sherwoods, not only as regards their old-time home and haunts in England, but in connection with their migration to America, including some personal sketches and reminiscences of our branch of the pioneers and founders of New England, and their descendants.

If we have succeeded in any good degree in supplying this apparent lack, or in perpetuating to those who will come after us, "the name and fame of Sherwood," we shall be satisfied.

Daniel L. Sherwood and His Paternal Ancestors was not written either as a literary or a financial venture; it was not intended for the eye of the critique; and it will doubtless have no especial interest for the general reader; or for any one, indeed, save those in whose veins flows the blood of Sherwood.

To this latter class we believe it may and should appeal, especially the initial chapters, each of which is a chapter of "beginnings," with something of interest for every branch of the great Sherwood family, whether hailing from Connecticut or Maryland. About all that is known regarding our origin and early history, is, we believe, therein noted, and this should interest each and every one of us, beginning as they do with the earliest recorded mention of the name in history (that of Rowland Sherwood, about A. D. 1180), and dwelling at length upon Thomas, the pioneer and progenitor of the family in America, and Francis, the pioneer and progenitor of the great Maryland branch.

The writer makes no claims as a genealogist, but would add that extreme care has been exercised that every date and every statement shall be correct, and we like to believe that they may be quite implicitly relied upon. Yet, while there may be but few errors, there certainly are many imperfections; one of which is, that some will think it too prosy—and it is. Others will doubtless regard it as being too religious; but let all such remember that we are dealing with a family which, taken together, are nothing if not religious; belief in God, and in the incarnate Son of God, seeming to be a cardinal principle with nearly every last one of them. In Who's Who, Vol. 15, we find listed eight Sherwood's (by blood), seven of whom are credited with having a religious creed; there being three Baptists, one Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Congregationalist, and one Episcopalian.

Others will find some of these chapters a disappointment for the reason that they deal with people in whom they are not especially interested; but all such should understand that they were never intended in any great degree for the public as a whole, but mainly for a single line, branch or family, as we have already intimated; also, that they are both biographical and genealogical.

Some one has said that such a book is not an easy one to write, and we have found it true. One is sure of saying too much or too little.

But having explained to the "outsider" our predicament, we will offer no further apologies. Do us the kindness, reader, to accept and recognize the book for just what it was designed to be—a true record of our own family of Sherwoods, with no word of praise or admiration, nor yet of censure or criticism, for anyone that we did not feel was well deserved.

"THE KOT o' KONTENT—COME IN"
69th and Burnside
Portland, Oregon

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are taking this opportunity to express our great and lasting gratitude to all those who in any way have aided in the preparation and publication of this work.

We cannot say enough for them, since without their aid we never could have compiled this volume. They have been so very kind and courteous in supplying the necessary data that, were we young again, we might be tempted to undertake the genealogy of the entire Sherwood family in all its numerous branches. That there have been exceptions—some who have persistently refused to give us but little if any information whatever—we will not deny. These people can blame no one but themselves if their names are not even mentioned, or their records are incomplete.

First and foremost among those to whom we are under obligations we take pleasure in naming the Hon. M. J. Sherwood of Marquette, one of the very ablest attorneys in the State of Michigan. His words of cheer, coupled with much valuable information, in which he has been aided and encouraged by his most amiable and gifted mother, Mrs. L. A. Sherwood (late of Marquette, Michigan), have been not only the mainspring, but the main incentive and inspiration which have enabled the writer "to carry on;" while, moreover, this noble-minded and generous-hearted man should be held in everlasting remembrance by all Sherwoods for the further and even greater reason that he has undertaken (and that without solicitation), to finance the publication of this volume, thereby making it possible for the future Sherwood to consult its pages in the public libraries of the country, and in the Congressional library, for centuries to come.

The next name worthy of especial mention is that of our esteemed and gifted kinswoman, Mrs. Lucia Russell Fellows, wife of Dr. George Emory Fellows, L.L.D., of the faculty of the University of Utah, and who, with the writer, is descended from Thomas the pioneer, through Isaac, as likewise through Isaac's half brother, Thomas, Jr., and who once signed herself as "Your humble and modest 4th cousin once removed!" This lady, who is so very gracious and intelligent, is a genealogist of good repute, whose unceasing labors in behalf of Sherwood genealogy have been communicated to the author through numerous letters, without stint, and without price or reward. We do not know a more careful, skilled, painstaking, hardworking or reliable genealogist than Mrs. Fellows, at least so far as the tracing of Sherwood family pedigrees is concerned, and we wish to extend to her our sincere and heartfelt gratitude for information which has been invaluable in the compilation of these records, especially as pertaining to Thomas of Fairfield, the pioneer, and to Thomas, his son, of Stratford.

We also wish to mention the name of our kinsman, William Lounsbury Sherwood, who has long been known as the American Sherwood genealogist, and who is credited with having a very long list of Sherwoods and their pedigrees, in fact several boxes of letters and manuscripts, now said to be in the New York Public Library. To him we are indebted for having first aroused in us an interest in our own line of descent, many years ago, by asking us for our family record and for the names of our immediate ancestors; so that in a way he has been indirectly concerned in bringing about the writing of this book. To Mr. Sherwood, also with us a descendant of Thomas, through Isaac, we are under obligations for very important facts relating to some of our grandparents. We greatly regret the impaired condition of his health, so that we could not appeal to him to the extent we have desired.

To Mrs. Mary Sherwood Hale, a long-time teacher of repute in the public schools of Chicago, a kinswoman through Thomas and Isaac and a very earnest delver in Sherwood genealogy, we are likewise under great obligations.

George F. Tudor Sherwood, the archivist, London, England: To him we are greatly indebted and very grateful for information regarding the very first mention of the name

Sherwood in recorded history. He is said to have the names of five thousand English Sherwoods, and has been very kind and generous in his offers to aid us, although apparently unable as yet to supply the desired data regarding the parentage of our Thomas, the pioneer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph William Lee, residing in the city of Washington, D. C.: To them we owe the valuable Lee-Sherwood record, as given in chapter IV.

Also, and in a very especial manner, to Mr. Starr S. Sherwood of Bethel, Conn., who has rendered us invaluable and unselfish service, second to none—see chapters III and IV.

Francis B. Culver, genealogist, Washington, D. C.: It was indeed most kind and generous of him to provide us with data pertaining to the Maryland Sherwoods. See chapter II.

We desire to extend our acknowledgments with thanks to all those whose names help to make up the following list, and who have at one time or another, and in various ways and at much trouble, provided us with much valuable information, namely: H. M. Lydenberg, Reference Librarian, New York Public Library; Warren Sherwood, Utica, N. Y., Mrs. John M. Swartwood, and Mr. Frank W. Sherwood, both of Marathon, N. Y., Mrs. C. W. Bliss, Killawog, N. Y., Mrs. Anna M. Harrington, Corning, N. Y., Mrs. Minnie Orcutt, Newfield, N. Y., Harry Sherwood, Geneva, N. Y., and Miss Elizabeth M. Griffin, Dannemora, N. Y.—valuable data and records; Mrs. Mary Sherwood, Enos A. Watson and C. B. Sherwood, all of Mansfield, Pa.—valuable data and records; Mrs. Kate B. Stevenson, Canandaigua, N. Y., Mrs. Martha Ross Ketchum, Syracuse, N. Y., Charles W. Hess, Evanston, Ill., Fannie Sherwood Whitney, Bridgeport, Conn., and Rev. W. W. Ketchum, Chicago—valuable data and records; Weldon U. Pickel, Tompkins, Saskatchewan—relating to "Unity of the Empire" Sherwoods—see Chapter IV; J. K. O. Sherwood and R. W. Duncan—New York City; Orville Sherwood, Northumberland, Pa., Rev. John H. Chapman, Rev. William B. Lusk, and W. A. Benedict—all of

Ridgefield, Conn.; also, and especially, Hon. George L. Rockwell, of the same place, author of "THE HISTORY OF RIDGEFIELD"—a fine volume of over five hundred pages, just recently off the press; Mrs. H. F. Meetze, Richmond, Va; Arthur S. Kimball, East Orange, N. J.; Arthur Robert Sherwood, Petaluma, Cal.; Andrew J. Sherwood (lawyer), Coquille, Oregon; Ira Sherwood, Westfield, Pa.; Mrs. Fannie S. Bradley, Loda, Ill.; Mrs. C. H. Harding, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mrs. Frank S. Masters, Brookville, Ind.; Miss Ethel Chloe Sherwood, Connersville, Ind.;Miss Elizabeth F. Colburn, Glen Ridge, N. J.; Miss Maggie McCarty, Tioga, Pa.; Gilbert H. Doane, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Lieu't. Col. Arthur Percy Sherwood, Ottawa, Canada; Samuel Frederick Sherwood, Colville, Wash.; Benjamin W. Sherwood (lawyer), Prof. Ambrose H. Sherwood, Bertram W. Sherwood—all of Everett, Wash.; Andrew Williams Sherwood, Dufur, Oregon; Benjamin Freeman Sherwood (Patrolman, Police dep't.), Portland, Oregon.

Also, Mr. Elmer W. Sherwood, Bloomington, Indiana; Daniel Webster Sherwood, Mitchell, Indiana; Dr. Henry Noble Sherwood, Prof. History, Louisville College, Louisville, Ky.; and Prof. Noble Pierce Sherwood, University of Kansas, Laurence, Kansas.

Also, and especially, to Dr. Margaret Pollock Sherwood, prof. English, Wellesley College, Mass.—interesting data; beautiful views in Sherwood Forest.

Besides these names (some of which will be mentioned again in the chapters which follow), numerous references are had to the published statements of others, credit for which will be found in the body of the work.

DANIEL L. SHERWOOD AND HIS PATERNAL ANCESTORS

CHAPTER I.

A CHAPTER OF BEGINNINGS.

Down from an Isle, from an Isle far away,
  Down from the days that are hoary,
 Down through the years, even down to our day,
  Down through the years runs a story.

The story which we shall undertake to tell would seem to have had its beginning in "Merry England," about seven hundred and fifty years ago. Touching only upon its most salient features, we might begin by remarking that it was not until the eleventh and twelfth centuries that a man was known by a surname. Prior to the year 1050 there was no such thing as a family name handed down from father to son. But the fashion once started, and it seems that everybody tried to outdo everybody else for the next two hundred years in bestowing names upon their hitherto surnameless neighbors.

And it was then, we fancy, that some man living in or at the edge of a forest—"the Shire Wood"—was given the pretty, poetical name, which has since been corrupted into Sherwood, and which is from the Anglo-Saxon **scire**—a shire, and **wudu**—a wood.

The writer says, "a pretty, poetical name," having often heard the expression—once by a Congressman from Virginia, who said to him in the city of Washington that without jesting it was the prettiest surname he had ever heard. Be this as it may, one thing can certainly be said for it: It is genuinely English.

That the name has been written in many different forms will be apparent from the numerous examples of which we append a partial list, as follows:

Scirewode, Shyrwode, Schiwode Shirewode, Shirwode, Shirewood, Shyrewood, Shorwood, Sharhod, Sharswood, Shearwood, Sheerwood, Sherewood, Shirwood, Sherwood.

In the **Literary Digest** for Dec., 29, 1928, under the name **Sherwood,** may be found the following note, which is of interest in this connection:

> The name **Sherwood** is an English name signifying "belonging to Sherwood, Nottingham." In the fourteenth century the spelling was **Sherwode, Shyrwode**: in the thirteenth, **Scher (e) wode, Scirewode**: in A. D. 958 **Scirwudu**" (the first element is rather Old English scir, bright, light colored, than Old English scir, district, shire). In the Calendarium Inquisitonum ad quod Damnum (temp. Edward II. to Henry VI.)" 1325-6, Will'us de **Sherwode** is mentioned.

In the first U. S. Federal census, made in 1790, among a list of names appearing one hundred times or more, but with various spellings, the following occurs under the letter S Sherrod, Shard, Shered, Sheried, Sherod, Sherrad, Sherrads, Sherwood, Shearwood, Sheerwood, Sherewood, Sherwod.

Bardsley's Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames, under the head of Sherwood, says: "Sherwood.—Local, 'of Sherwood,' i. e. Sherwood Forest."

Meaning that the name was derived from a locality, and that the locality was Sherwood Forest, which is in England.

Many names were thus derived; as for example, Knapp; meaning "at the knap, or summit." Some man who lived on the crown of a hill, a mound, or a peak. George of Wessyngton eventually became George Washington. While William, who lived under the hill, became William Underhill.

Bardsley further says: "Ralph de Scirewode, County of Lincoln, 1273. Hundred Rolls."

"Margareta de Shyrwode, 1379: Poll Tax, West Riding of Yorkshire, p. 128."

"Alexander de Shyrwode 1379: **ibid**, p. 129."

"Wilhelmus de Schiwode, 1379: **ibid**, p. 129."

"1577, William Sherwood and Dionise Butler. Marriage License issued by the Bishop of London."

"1610, Henry Sherwood, County Oxford: **Register Uni-**

versity of Oxford, Vol. 11, p. 317."

"1661, Married—John Sherwood and Judith Cooke: St. Thomas the Apostle (London), p. 21."

In the time of William the Conqueror there were persons in England who had land for which they had to pay rent in money, sheep or hens, or had to give their services as soldiers; and it is very interesting to know that among the records of such persons found in the **"One Hundred Rolls,"** compiled in the reign of Edward the First, there occurs the name of Ralph de Scirewode, as stated above, in the year 1273.

It is also interesting to note that one hundred years later the name had become altered into Schiwode, and Shyrwode; while in 1577, or two hundred years later still, it appears in its present and modern form in the name of William Sherwood.

In the olden times, when names were more variant than now, it is evident that ours had suffered still wider departures from the commonly accepted form, as would appear in the following quotation from Bardsley:

"Sherard, Sherrard, Sherratt—Local. Probably a corruption of Sherwood. The first stage would be Sher'ood, then Sherad, then Sherratt. That this is no idle guess is proven by the fact that in the **Index** to the **Register of the University of Oxford,** to the name Sherwood is added, 'or Sherewood, or Sherrat.' "

According to **Collins's Peerage**, Vol. IV., antiquarians are agreed that the family of Sherard—represented by the present Earl of Harborough—is descended from Shirard (which in turn was a corruption of Sherwood), who was a powerful earl holding divers manors and lands in the time of William the Conqueror.

So that we are able to trace the family back with entire certainty to the eleventh century, when surname-giving first began; and even beyond, for the title of Earl is the most ancient of any of the peerage, dating its origin from the Saxon Kings.

That the name Sherwood is a very old one does not admit of a doubt. Indeed, it is safe to say that few surnames—perhaps none—can lay claim to a greater antiquity.

And if age—with no record of a horse-thief, drunkard or murderer, for seven hundred and fifty years—is a matter for family pride, and even for gratitude and veneration, then the name of Sherwood stands high in the list, and is one of which we need not be ashamed.

Would that it might prove an incentive with each and everyone of us to keep the record clean, and the name untarnished!

Among the names which have come down to us is that of William Shirwood, who flourished in what is relatively an early day—1260. He was a schoolman, presumably an Oxford scholar, whom Roger Bacon in the preface to his **Opius Tertium** refers to as the most celebrated of Christian scholars and without an equal in common philosophy.

John Shirwood, who died in 1494, was also educated at Oxford and was bishop of Durham. He was so highly esteemed as a lawyer by Edward IV that he was employed as the King's advocate at Rome in matters pertaining to the crown. At the coronation of Richard III he walked on one side of the new king while Robert Stillington, bishop of Bath, walked on the other. He died at Rome, January 12, 1494, and was buried in the English college.

A kinswoman and valued correspondent, to whom we are very greatly indebted—Mrs. Mary Sherwood Hale of Chicago—writes us that she has a long list of illustrious marriages made by the Sherard and Sherwood women. They were mistresses, it seems, of some of the great homes of England—Castle Belvoir, Lowther Castle, Burleigh House, and others.

That American Sherwoods have many kinsmen now living in the British Isles is perfectly certain; but the particular place there, where they were first known as Sherwoods, and from which they began to migrate as such, something like a thousand years ago, is not quite so clear. Was it Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, north-central England?

Our kinsman, Mr. George F. Tudor Sherwood, an archivist of much note residing in London, who, we understand, has collected the names of more than five thousand Sherwoods—the first of which, we believe, appears in the twelfth century—wrote us some years ago that no Sherwood ever owned Sherwood Forest, though many may have derived their name from it. In a later note to us he says:—

"The earliest SHERWOOD I have yet discovered:

"About A. D. 1180 (three generations after William the Conqueror),

"Daniel GRIMSTON, grandson of Sylvester de GRIMSTON, of Grimston, Co. York, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror, married the daughter of Rowland SHERWOOD, and died without issue. **Berry's County Genealogies—Hertfordshire,** p. 140).—G. F. T. S., 8 Feb. 1908."

From which it would appear that ROWLAND SHERWOOD (A. D. 1180) is the first one bearing our name of whom we have any certain record.

The Visitation of Yorkshire, 1563-4, published by the Harleian Society, mentions "Raff Sherwood of Notyngham;" while it is recorded that in 1671 "John Sherwood, Gentleman," sold land connected with Sherwood Forest to the Earls of Clare.

But these dates are too recent, we imagine, to have any very important bearing upon the ancient traditions which have come down to us, that Sherwoods once lived in or adjacent to—were in some way connected with, though never the owners of—that renowned forest, "the Shire Wood," made famous as the principal scene of the legendary exploits of some of the famous characters in English works of fiction—Robin Hood and his bold outlaws—and either gave to it its name, or, what would seem far more likely, received their name from it.

The romance of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and Little John Nailor, may or may not be all a myth. But the writer is willing to believe that it is founded upon fact, and he would really like to know if any of his ancestors were among that "hundred tall men and good archers," who kil-

ROBIN HOOD
AND HIS MERRY MEN
BY BARRY PAIN

"ROBIN HOOD and HIS MERRY MEN"

led the king's deer and gave the sheriff of Nottingham no end of trouble as has been so delightfully told by Barry Pain in his "Adventures of Robin Hood and His Merry Men," published as a serial some years since in the **New Illustrated Magazine.**

He sometimes thinks he must be a lineal descendant from some one of that band, since he so often feels "the call of the wild." Generations of "civilizing" have never quite effaced his inherited love for the woods, the rocks, the mountains and the streams, or destroyed his inclination to do "wild" things.

Which leads him to quote from one of two charming letters received from a kinswoman, Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, Ph. D., a teacher in Wellesley College and author of repute—see Who's Who: "Mr. William L. Sherwood" (the genealogist), "so his daughter told me, said that the two marked characteristics of the Sherwood's were a love for the out-of-doors, and a love of education. I remember that my brother, Sidney Sherwood, who made the acquaintance of some Sherwoods living near Chicago, said that in many families of the name an odd personage would appear who was a bit of an outlaw and had to get away by himself to live in the woods. I wonder if this is confirmed by your investigations?"

Confirmed? Indeed yes! In the writer himself, as already intimated, may be found lurking all the attributes here attributed to certain of the clan.

"This might suggest an early association with Robin Hood and his merry men, but all the Sherwoods I have ever known have been staid and respectable citizens, with a great sense of responsibility in regard to their families. The will of the original Thomas, with its mention of all his many children, would suggest the sober citizen rather than the descendant of outlaws."

Robin Hood is supposed to have lived near the end of the twelfth century, and is thought by some to have been the Earl of Huntingdon. It is said of him, among other things:—

That he entertained an hundred tall men and good archers, upon whom four hundred, were they never so strong, durst not give the onset;—

That he suffered no woman to be molested;—

That poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving with that which by theft he got from the abbeys and homes of rich old earls;—

That his most famous associates were Little John, his chaplain Friar Tuck, who is supposed to have been a real monk, and his paramour, Marian;—

That Sherwood Forest, Nottingham, was the theatre of most of his exploits;—

That he was treacherously bled to death by a nun, his cousin, to whom he had repaired for advice on account of her skill in medicine, and died at the nunnery of Kirklees, Yorkshire;—

That an apocryphal epitaph at that place styles him Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, and gives Dec. 24, 1247, as the date of his death.

Mention is made of his death in a very entertaining volume entitled **Robin Hood,** published by the John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia, p. 341, where he is made to address one of his followers:

"Give me my bow and I will shoot a broad arrow. Where that arrow falls I would have my grave dug.'

"Little John raised his master and bore him to the open window. Long and fondly the dying man looked on the woodlands he had loved so well, and then, with a last effort, he collected all his remaining strength and placed an arrow on the string, drew the feather home, and loosed it. He smiled as the bow twanged full and deep, and his ear caught the sound which had been the sweetest music in the world to him.

" 'Lay me where the arrow drops,' he murmured, 'Bid my true hearts dig me a deep grave, and lay a green sod under my head, and my good bow at my side.' Little John nodded, for he could not speak, and with his eyes fixed on the greenwood, Robin Hood died in the arms of his faithful follower."

From **A Collection of Ballads, with Historical Anecdotes**, published by Ritzen in 1795, and enlarged by J. M. Gutch in 1847, we learn that the doings of Robin Hood were a favorite subject of ballad poetry as early as the time of Edward III, although many of these ballads, at least in their modern form, are comparatively recent.

Indeed, "the bold outlaw," and his exploits in the wilds of Sherwood Forest, seem to have furnished much of the glamour and charm, as well as a picturesque background for a great deal of the best romance of England, just as the wild woods and wilder Indians have done for America.

For example, in Sir Walter Scott's great romance of **Ivanhoe**, the scene is laid in Sherwood Forest, which is described as a hilly and wooded tract of great natural beauty, in north-central England. Sir Walter in his introduction to that magnificent piece of fiction. says:—

"King Edward the IV sets forth with his court to a gallant hunting-match in Sherwood Forest."

Then he opens the first chapter by saying:—

"In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest *....*....* where haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; where were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil wars of the Roses; and where also flourished, in ancient times, those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song."

A little farther on and he takes us into the Forest of Sherwood, to the ancient home of the Druids, giving us glimpses of its great oaks and long sweeping vistas, in a most beautiful bit of word-painting.

In the closing chapters of this great romance, Robin Hood, who, we are told, sometimes assumed the name of Locksley when in disguise, is made to reveal his identity to King Richard:—

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name, which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

Numerous remains of the old forest are still to be seen, with here and there a great oak, but none of the thickets as in the days when Locksley said: "Here, Scathlock, get thee behind yonder thicket, and wind me a Norman blast on thy bugle, and without an instant's delay, on peril of your life."

The town of Mansfield is said to be situated within its ancient bounds. **Abbeys, Castles and Ancient Halls of England and Wales, their Legendary Lore and Popular History**, p. 40, says: "Mansfield was the frequent residence of our early Norman Kings, who enjoyed the chase in the surrounding forest of Sherwood." The celebrated ballad of the King and the Miller of Mansfield is the subject of at least two dramatic entertainments.

In **Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England**, p. 217, we are told that Sherwood Forest is one of the most romantic parts of England; that the best of stone, lime and wood are to be had there; that it is estimated to have been some twenty-five miles in length and eight in breadth in the time of Robin Hood, who would thus have about two hundred square miles to roam about in and kill deer; that it abounded in caves, which, in those days, made safe retreats for outlaws; that Sherwood Forest has for generations been yielding to the axe and the plow, though a goodly number of the old trees yet remain. And the writer might add that according to the newspapers the historic region—now not infrequently known as "the Dukeries of Sherwood Forest"—is beginning to be mined for coal, of which it is estimated that ten million tons a year can be mined.

Elizabeth Yardley, in a most entertaining description of the great estates in and about Sherwood Forest, paints, among other pictures, the following:—

"Wellbeck's terraces face the river Meden, and steps reach to the water's edge. Long, shady walks lead to the hunting stable, containing stalls for nearly one hundred horses, and all the buildings, including poultry and cow-houses and dairy, are fitted in the most approved style. The thirty-two acres of kitchen-garden and the immense glass-house for tropical vegetation are reached by way of an arbor, four hundred feet long, formed by pear and apple trees, trained over iron arches. By the side of this unique passage runs an apricot wall thickly espaliered with velvety fruit, spread out to receive every ray of sun.

"The charming forest road leading from Wellbeck to Clumber House is amidst scenery such as Sherwood alone can show. Huge old oaks are not so plentiful but the hues of gorse, or furze, heather and bracken, together with the silver birches, form a scene idyllic. A waving canopy of firs and larches shade the famous Lime Tree Avenue planted by the 'Crimean' duke, and between this twin row of limes, three miles long, rabbits play at hide-and-seek among the bracken.

"In the depths of Sherwood Forest lies the estate of Earl Manvers, Thoresby Park, surrounded by remarkable sylvan scenery; some of the oaks now standing were growing when King John was upon England's throne, seven centuries ago.

"Aeons of tempests and wintry violence have spent themselves against these trees and forest homes, but they still stand, gray and scarred. Houses and oaks have stood the stress of centuries while succeeding kings and countries have flourished and wasted away. Dynasties, wars, and uprisings have devastated and changed the maps of the world, but these mighty trees of Sherwood have tranquilly grown in majesty and reached a ripe old age, and with the ducal mansions present a picture of grandeur defying description."

Again we find ourselves quoting from the wonderful letters of Margaret Pollock Sherwood to the writer, wherein she says: "I made, with a friend, a pilgrimage to Sherwood Forest in England, and found many noble oak trees and beautiful birches in the parts of the forest that remain, some of the former, I presume, dating from Robin Hood's day, or earlier. I am sending you postcards which I brought from there. Please keep the ones of which I have duplicates; the others I should be glad to have back, as they serve as reminders of a very pleasant journey. The Major Oak is the pride of the forest, and is evidently many centuries old. The trees were, for the most part, oaks of this type, and birches, and the ground was everywhere covered with bracken. There were no photographs to be purchased, I regret to say, when I was there. I hope that you can use the post cards, if you care to do so."

And to Dr. Sherwood the writer is indebted for the accompanying true-to-life views in Sherwood Forest.

She further says: "It would be interesting to know whether the family derived its name from the forest, and whether the name of the forest is derived from 'the wood of the shire.'"

Yes, the forest was originally "the Shire Wood" (you know everything is a 'shire' in England), and from it we have derived our name; that is, some forbear, who, at the time surnames were being bestowed, happened to be living in or at the edge of the forest, was 'dubbed' **Shirewood**, which has been written in divers ways, until at last we have the euphonious name of Sherwood.

As we have before intimated, Sherwood Forest was never owned by Sherwoods, all traditions to the contrary notwithstanding; yet our family would appear to be inseperably associated with that sylvan retreat, which Sir Walter describes as "a hilly and wooded tract of great natural beauty." We have dwelt upon it at some length, and upon some of the scenes and incidents connected therewith, for the reason that we suppose it to have been there, or in the immediate vicinity, that our family had its beginning, or was first known by the surname of Sherwood. There, we think, was its ancient stamping ground.

We will close our reference to this famous old forest—famous in drama, romance and song; famous for its sylvan-rural beauty, and for the fierce battles fought there between the Lancastrians and Yorkists under the emblems of a red and a white rose; famous for its Druidical cromlechs,

"THE BIRCHES"

"THE MAJOR OAK"

and as the scene of Robin Hood's exploits; and, in more recent times, famous as the home of men of intellectual renown—with a most delightful sketch by John L. Stoddard in his **Lecture on England,** p. 196:—

"One hundred and thirty miles from London lies an estate, possessing for all lovers of literature far more interest than Haddon Hall. It is the ancient residence of the Byron family, Newstead Abbey, of which the poet came into possession when about twelve years old. Rarely have I enjoyed an excursion more than that which brought me to this lovely place. It stands in the heart of Sherwood Forest, the ancient haunt of Robin Hood and his famous outlaws; and the approach to it is by a road winding for miles through acres upon acres of old English oaks, some of which have defied the storms of seven hundred years. A few rooms in the fine old mansion, which adjoins the ruined abbey, remain with their extremely simple furniture and decorations, exactly as when Byron occupied them."

Now a word as to the Sherwood arms—our coat of arms:—

Many hundreds of years ago, in the days of knighthood and chivalry, it was customary for the gentry and first families—but more especially the warriors—of England, to have what is known as a Coat of Arms. But as to the arms which our family bears, we cannot state with entire certainty at this time. We have heard that Mrs. John Sherwood, the writer, said she wore the same coat of arms as Robin Hood. But it is very doubtful, we think, if Robin Hood had any coat of arms, unless it be true that he was indeed the Earl of Huntingdon. If Mrs. Sherwood assumed any such, it was, we imagine, a merely fanciful assumption. On the crucial point as to who our ancestor, Thomas Sherwood, the American pioneer, was, hinges the question as to what arms our family bears.

On p. 69, Vol. IV. **Misc. et Gen. Heraldica,** mention is made of a brass plate on the south wall of the south aisle of St. Peter's church, Bath, commemorative of three Sherwood's, Maria, Dr. John, and Henry, followed by a Latin epitaph, and then by "Creast talbot seiant," without colours. Arms, ermine 3 roundels.

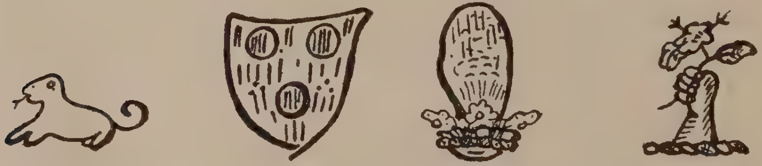
This was in 1612. The talbot was the hunting dog. "Talbots ever faithful to the king"—the cry of the Earls of Shewsbury in the reign of Henry IV, about the year 1400. Notice carefully the forked tongue of the "talbot seiant."

The Sherrard crest was: "Out of a ducal coronet, or, a peacock's tail, erect. ppr. **Hostis honori invidia.**" (A public enemy's hatred is an honor). See plate 117, figure 5, in **Crests** of Great Britian and Ireland.

Another Sherwood crest, and the one that interests the writer most of all because he is inclined to regard it as the true one, is thus described: "A dexter hand, ppr. holding a branch of a rose-tree, argent, leaved, vert." See plate 152, figure 8, in **Crests of Great Britian and Ireland,** where it is given under the name of Sherwood.

This crest was a white rose, from which it would appear that our ancestors were good Yorkists, as the white rose was their badge. Interpreted, the heraldic language would read: A dexter hand—a right hand; ppr—proper, that is, in its natural color and form; holding a branch of a rose-tree, argent—a white rose; leaved, vert—with green leaves.

A kinsman and correspondent, Mr. Arthur Robert Sherwood, of Petaluma, California—who, by the way, says that he was born of English parents, and that there have been five generations bearing the Christian name of Thomas in their family—appears to regard this last as being the Sherwood Crest, or Coat of Arms; and as we have said, it is so given in the **Royal Book of Crests of Great Britain and Ireland.** See, also, **Fairbairn's Book of Crests,** Fig. 10, Plate 218.



The Sherwood Crests

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS SHERWOOD (1) THE AMERICAN PIONEER
and
FRANCIS SHERWOOD (1) THE MARYLAND PIONEER.

THE DAYS WHEN OUR FATHERS WERE PIONEERS

A song for the days when they sobbed a good-bye
To the friends they were leaving behind;
A song for the days they went sailing away
Better homes in the New World to find;
A song for the days when the ocean was wild
And they sighed for the storm to be o'er;
A song for the days when they heard the cry: "Land!
Land Ahead! the American shore!"
A song for the days when the anchor was cast
And they stood on the New England strand;
A song for the days when they knelt on that shore
And acknowledged a Heart and a Hand;
A song for the days when a clearing was made
And there echoed the falling of trees;
A song for the days when they met "on the square,"
When they helped one another with "bees;"
A song for the days when they carried their guns
To the little log church in the dell;
A song for the days when those flintlocks rang out
And the Indians ran—"like hell!"
A song for the days of the log-builded homes
Made with trees which their axes laid low;—
The days when our fathers were pioneers,
Three hundred years ago.

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

THOMAS SHERWOOD (1), the American Pioneer, a Pilgrim Father and the Founder of the Sherwood Family in America, was born in England in 1586.

His birthplace was probably at some place in the interior, but just where we never as yet have learned, nor have we discovered to what family he belonged.

The name Thomas seems to have been a very popular one among the Sherwoods of England at the time in question, so that to be able to identify any particular one of them is a matter attended with great difficulty.

In the **Registers of St. Michael's Parish,** Cornhill, London, p. 121, under date of Jan. 23, 1630, there is recorded the christening (baptism) of Thomas, son of Thomas Sherwood and Aylice his wife.

Which record has been supposed by some to have reference to our Thomas the Pioneer, and to Thomas his son, but which supposition is evidently a mistake, as we shall see farther on. We have heard of Sherwoods in Yorkshire in early times; and the old registers of Bramfield, in Suffolk, record the births, marriages and deaths of many more; and we know that since then a host of them have been gathering in London. We have it that Sherwoods were living in Ipswich at the time the Pioneer embarked there for America, and it has been thought the solution of his pedigree would be found in one of the Ipswich registers, of which there are eleven dating back to that time.

But this no longer seems probable, since in 1914—so he has informed the writer—Mr. James K. O. Sherwood, of New York City, had the records of all the old Ipswich Churches, eleven in number, run, but did not succeed in locating our ancestor. He writes us, however, that he did find Sherwoods as numerous as blackberries in season in several shires in England, but was finally forced to the conclusion—in which we are inclined to agree with him—that Thomas came from some place in the interior, with Ipswich as the nearest port he could sail from.

Mr. R. W. Duncan, also of New York city, who is descended on his mother's side from Thomas through Isaac, writes us that in the publications of the Harleian Society, and of the Southampton Record Society, which are in the New York public library, he found that a Thomas Sherwood was mayor of Southampton in 1603-4 and suggests that he may have been the father or grandfather of Thomas the emigrant. Also, that he found a record of the marriage of Thomas Sherwood and Alice, daughter of Leonard Milles of Southampton; and says he believes that the emigrant, Thomas Sherwood, and the one who married Alice Milles, were one and the same.

Which would be important if true, for the reason that it might serve in clearing up the vexed question as to just who Thomas the emigrant was, or to what particular family he belonged, together with the full name of his wife, and the age of their son—Thomas the Junior.

So far as dates alone are concerned, Thomas the sheriff and mayor of Southampton may well have been the father of Thomas the emigrant; but that the Thomas who married Alice Milles (or Welles), is identical with Thomas the emigrant is shattered by what follows from the archives of the New York Public Library.

The same is true as to the record of Mrs. Fellows, who writes she has this record from England: "Thomas Sherwood married Alice daughter of Leonard Welles late of Southampton on April 22, 1630 (1629-30)." Also "Thomas, son of Thomas and Alice Sherwood baptized at St. Michael's Parish, Jan. 23, 1630-1."

Both these cases have reference no doubt to one and the same person, or persons, neither of whom it will be seen could have been our immigrant, or his wife and son.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

Office of the
Reference Librarian
476 Fifth Avenue

New York, Sept. 16, 1927

Mr. Andrew Sherwood,
69th & Burnside,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of September 7th:

We are enclosing herewith notes which have been furnished by our genealogy division. This information has been taken from "Harleian Society Publications." The date of marriage in this Volume 7, page 26, is April 22, 1630, which no doubt should be 1629, as their first child was christened January 23, 1630. The "Southampton Record Society Publications" contain no genealogical data. The only thing regarding Thomas Sherwood in them is found on page 3 of Volume 19.

This is included in the notes herewith.

Very truly yours,
H. M. Lydenberg,
Reference Librarian.

"Harleian Society Publications, Registers, Vol. 7, 1882.
The Parish Registers of S. Michael, Cornhill, London, containing Marriages, Baptisms, and Burials from 1546 to 1754. London, 1882."

Page 26, Marriages, 1630.

April 22—Thomas Sherwood of this parish and Alice Milles, daughter of Leonard Milles, late of Southampton; by license.

Page 121, Christenings, 1630.

Jan. 23—Thomas, son of Thomas Sherwood and Aylice his wife.

Page 122, Christenings, 1631.

Dec. 4—Kathereyne, daughter of Thomas Sherwood and Alice his wife.

Page 122, Christenings, 1632.

Jan. 20—Christian, daughter of Thomas Sherwood and Alice his wife.

"Southampton Record Society, Publications" Vol. 19 Southampton, 1917, page 3 has:

"Thomas Sherwood was sheriff in 1601-2 and he succeed-

> ed Edmund Aspen as Mayor, 1603-4.
> He was assessed in Holy Rood ward (Southampton) on goods valued at 3 pounds in 1611."

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New York City

As will be seen, this pretty effectually does away with one of the most promising leads we have been following while searching for the origin of our Thomas, the surname of his wife, and the age of their son.

The names of the children as given are Thomas (the eldest), Kathereyne and Christian; while the names of the children of our Thomas and our Alice (and which are known to a certainty, both from his will and from the ship's register on which they sailed), were Hannah, Rose, Thomas, Rebecca (these four being the youngest), Jane, Thomasine, Mary and Sarah.

Moreover, we have Thomas Sherwood and Alice Milles as married on April 22, 1630, (which the N. Y. librarian says no doubt should be 1629, as their first child was christened Jan. 23, 1630), while our Thomas, Junior, must have been not less than six years old at that time (he is listed at ten on the ship's register when he sailed in 1634), nor could his eldest sister very well have been much if any less than eighteen. Which leads us to the conclusion that our Thomas and his Alice may have been married by or before the year 1616.

We had hoped, ere this, to have more definite information as to just who our Thomas was, and from whence he came, but even the noted archivist, Mr. George F. Tudor Sherwood of London, writes us that he never as yet has been able to place the family or locality from whence came our Thomas the pioneer.

Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, a kinswoman, says: "I too am descended from Thomas, the pioneer, and should like much to have more information in regard to him. I have been unable to find where he was born, but last summer I visited a number of villages in Suffolk, England, associated with the name of Thomas Sherwood. The second volume of the Church register of Bramfield was unfortunately lost, but several of the ancestral names appeared in the first volume, and I had hoped to find evidence that this charming spot was the original home of the family. If I ever go to England again I mean to make a longer stay in Suffolk, for the family now as in the earlier days, is evidently a Suffolk family."

But so it is that for the present we will have to content ourselves with the knowledge that in April, 1634, he sailed from Ipswich, on the east coast of England, in the ship **Francis,** of which one, John Cutting, was the captain; that he had with him his wife, Alice, and the four youngest of his eight children, namely: Anna (which it is thought should have been written Hannah), Rose, Thomas, and Rebecca; that he was then forty-eight years of age and his wife forty-seven; while of the children, Hannah was fourteen, Rose eleven, Thomas ten, and Rebecca nine; that four children were left behind to come later, it is thought with Robert Seabrook, in 1638-9—namely: Jane, Tamsen (diminutive for Thomasine), Mary, and Sarah; though we have seen it stated that Jane married (in England), a Mr. Thompson, or Thomasine.

Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, quoted in the last paragraph but one, further says in her letter: "I went to Ipswich, and sailed down to Harwich, as the pioneer must have done, with his wife and children."

Harwich is on the coast, at the mouth of the harbor, some ten or fifteen miles we should judge from Ipswich, and is a ride which no doubt greatly interested our correspondent; a little voyage which the writer, or any Sherwood, should be glad to take.

Including Thomas Sherwood and his family, the Francis brought eighty-four passengers to America—forty children and forty-four adults. See the **New England Historical and Genealogical Register,** vol. XIV, pp. 331, 332, under head of

"The Founders of New England," where the names and ages of all the passengers are given. Among the number will be found such familiar names as Rose, White, Newell, Greene, Mason, King, Bloss, Clarke, Boyden, Hammond, Stebbins, Jennings, and Mapes, whose descendants have become widely scattered over the country.

Among this list of eighty-four passengers it will be observed that our Thomas Sherwood had with him no brothers. Which, it would seem, ought to set at rest that old, familiar tradition which is being handed down to us, that Thomas had with him one (some say two), brothers, all of whom left descendants. This "two or three brothers" story appears to be a very popular one, as well in other families as our own; but while it may be true as to some of the others, it is not true as to ours. The ship's record shows that Thomas, with his wife and children, were the only Sherwoods on board.

That the Francis had the proper clearance papers required in those days, when Charles the First was king, would appear from the following:—

"To the right honorable the Lords and others of his Majesty's most honorable privy Council.

"The humble petition and Certificates of John Cutting Master of the Shipp called the Francis of Ipswich.

"Right honorable according to your Lord's order, we do herewith present unto your Lords the names of all the passengers that went for New England in the said Shippe the Tenth daye of April laste paste.

"Humbly intreating your Lords (they having performed your honor's order) that the bonds in that behalf given may be delivered back to your petitioners.

"And they as in dutie bound will daylie pray for yo' honor's healthes and happyness."

Of the long and stormy voyage across the wide Atlantic, in which the little sailing craft—for it was no trans-Atlantic liner—was buffeted and tossed about for weeks—or, it may have been for months—by wind and wave, we know nothing. We only know that sometime in June the

Francis dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor, just where the Mayflower had anchored a little less than fourteen years before; and we know that Thomas Sherwood, after landing at Plymouth, resided for a time at Boston, and then probably elsewhere in Massachusetts; that he was in Fairfield, Connecticut, as early as 1644, and erected the first grist mill, on what was then the Sasqua, but thenceforth the Mill river (see Mrs. Schenck's **History of Fairfield County,** Vol. I, p. 46); others say, and correctly we think, as early as 1643, (see **Huntington's History of Stamford**); that he was at Wethersfield in 1649-50; that he bought land at Barlow's Plain, Fairfield, in 1650; and again at or near Fairfield, in a place known as Hull's Farms, in 1653, (see vol. 1, **Colonial Records**); and that he died there in October, 1655, at the age of 69.

Thomas Sherwood's first wife, **ALICE**————? died while he was living in Massachusetts—all of his children by her having probably been born in England; and some say it was in Massachusetts that he married his second wife, **MARY FITCH,** who was the eighth child of Thomas and Anna (Reeve) Fitch, of Bocking, Essex, England, who came to America in 1638-9 (supposedly on the same ship with Robert Seabrook), and by whom Thomas had six children, three sons and three daughters, namely: Stephen, Matthew, Mary, Ruth, Abigail, and Isaac.

Our esteemed correspondent and kinswoman, Mrs. Mary Sherwood Hale of Chicago, has it that Thomas was in Stamford, Conn., in 1641, where she has it he married his 2nd wife, Mary Fitch, and where the first of their six children, Stephen, was born.

That our great grandmother, Mary (Fitch) Sherwood, was a woman of much true nobility of character is plainly apparent. Someone has said that her name will go down to posterity as long as the Colonial Records last, for she testified for Goodwife Knapp at her trial for witchcraft in 1656.

Which is a matter of quite some interest to the writer, since his wife, Jennie Lind Knapp, is a direct descendant from the Connecticut Knapps, and we are really curious and would be pleased to know if we connect up with one so renowned as Goodwife Knapp.

In the **History of Fairfield** (it is in the Appendix), we are told that an Indian entered the village and gave to Goodwife Knapp an object brighter than the sun, with which, it is claimed, "she raised the devil;" that Mrs. Thomas Sherwood testified for Mrs. Knapp at her trial, saying: "I can see no evil;" that she visited her in prison and accompanied her to the gallows when she was hung.

All honor to the great grandmother who thus befriended a poor unfortunate sister in her time of need! It is a story that redounds to her everlasting credit—a story more enduring than granite—let us pass it on.

After the death of Thomas, and before the year 1658, Mary was married to John Banks, who was not only one of the largest land holders in Fairfield county and prominent in public life, but a leading citizen of Fairfield and Rye, and the lawyer who had defended Mrs. Knapp. Which marriage might seem to lend some credence to the tradition that she was not only mentally alert, but a comely woman of much grace and charm. (See Schenck's **History of Fairfield**, vol. 1, p. p. 224 and 351). They went to live at Rye, that she might be near her youngest child, Isaac, who was then living at Rye; and it was there that he died, Dec. 12, 1684, and she in 1693. In her will she mentions as children, Matthew, Mary, Ruth, and Isaac Sherwood; and daughter Hannah Lumis.

Through the courtesy and great kindness of a kinswoman, Mrs. Lucia (Russell) Fellows, a most ardent and untiring delver in Sherwood genealogy—being with the writer a descendant from Thomas (1) through both Isaac (2) and Thomas (2)—we have in our possession a copy of the **WILL** of Thomas the Pioneer, which reads as follows, and which Mrs. Fellows says is an unusually fine will, doing justice to all.

WILL OF THOMAS SHERWOOD

Imprimis. I give and bequath unto the children of my first wife.

I bequath to my son Thomas five acres of upland lying upon the north end of Sasqua Neck.

I bequeath to my daughter Jane twenty Shillings.

I bequeath to my daughter Tamsen twenty Shillings.

I bequeath to my daughter Mary twenty Shillings.

I bequeath to my daughter Sarah twenty Shillings.

I bequeath to my daughter Hanna twenty Shillings.

I bequeath to my daughter Rose twenty Shillings.

I bequeath to my daughter Rebecca forty Shillings.

I will that the above named legasies be payd within one year after my decease.

I will and bequeath to my well beloved wife Mary Sherwood whom I make my executor and executrix of this my last will who shall pay the above named legasies. And also the legasies underwritten.

As to my son Steven Sherwood I bequeath my dwelling house and homelot with all the buildings on this homelot and all the lott that layd next to my homelot on which I now live excepting half an acre.—etc., etc.

I will and bequeath to my son Matthew all my upland and meadow lying on the other side of Uncawy Creek namely on the east side of the said Creek.

I will and bequeath to my daughter Mary ten pounds.

I will and bequeath to my daughter Ruth ten pounds.

I will and bequeath to my daughter Abigaill ten pounds.

I will and bequeath unto my son Isaak that dwelling house next to my dwelling house that I now live in. And also I give him with the building on that homelot on which it standeth and he is to have the said half acre of land square off from the front the whole widence of the lot and soe downward.

I give and bequeath to my loving and well beloved wife Mary Sherwood all the estate undivided whom I make mine Executor of this my last will Excepting a mare colt which my son Isaak shall have and that to his use and profit presently.

I will that Steven have his portion when he is twenty years of age. And also that Matthew shall have his portion when he is twenty years old. And my son Isaak shall have four acres of meadow in the great meadow which I bought of Peter Merritt and five acres in the new field which he is to have at twenty years of age.

To Mary, Abigaill and Ruth which I had by my last wife.—Etc., etc.

And I desire my well beloved friends Thomas Staples and Nathan Gold to be overseers of this my last will. Signed in presence and Witnesses of us this twenty first day of July 1655.

Thomas Sherwood

Seal.

Giles Smith
John Tomson

Proved October ye 25th, 1655.

Fairfield, Connecticut, Probate Records, Liber 1, Folio 109-11.

What do you think of the will, Mr. barrister? Was Mr. Sherwood in his right mind when he made it? Or was it so crude and strangely worded that it could easily have been broken? But it never was broken; would you say for the reason that wills were not so easily broken then as now?

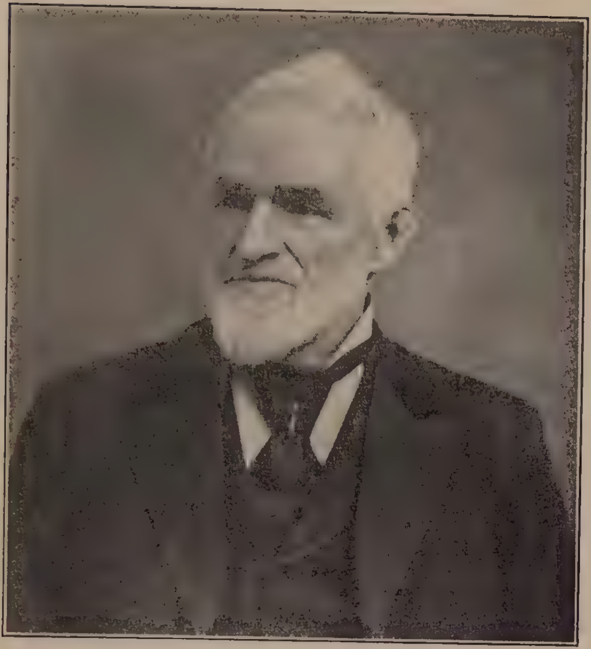
From this ancient and most interesting document it will, we think, be apparent that Mr. Sherwood was a man of some means for those times. Indeed, the early Colonists of New England were, with few exceptions, men of family; for, in those days, a considerable sum of money was required to equip a vessel for a long voyage, and provide the means of subsistence when they were arrived at their destination.

One of the daughters, Ruth, married John Barlow; while one of the sons, Matthew, married Mary Fitch, second daughter of Thomas and Anna (Stacie) Fitch, for his second wife, who (sad to relate), died on Christmas day, 1730, and who was a niece of Mary Fitch, wife of his father, the pioneer. Her will was dated at Stratford in 1726.

Matthew was born in 1643 and died in 1715, at the age of 72. His grave is now marked at Bridgeport, Conn. Through him and his son Samuel, who married Rebecca Burr, was descended a man whom the writer takes both pleasure and pride in mentioning as one of the very finest men and foremost lawyers of a generation ago which he has ever known, namely, the Hon. Henry Sherwood, who was born at Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 9, 1813, and died at Wellsboro, Pa., Nov. 10, 1896. He was so highly esteemed and so widely respected that he was made a Democratic Congressman from a Republican district. He was a fine type of the Sherwood personality; and though but distantly related, the writer, from long personal acquaintance and observation, learned to love the man and to revere his memory, and gladly turns aside in his narrative to pay him —all too poorly and too briefly—this little tribute. His son, Walter Sherwood, and grandson, Harry Sherwood, are, at the present time, highly respected attorneys in Wellsboro, Pa.

It is of interest to note in this connection that our esteemed correspondent and co-worker in matters pertaining to Sherwood history, namely, Dr. Margaret Pollock Sherwood of the faculty of Wellesley College, is likewise descended with the Hon. Henry Sherwood through Matthew and Samuel, from Thomas the pioneer. Following is her line: (1) Thomas—wife, Mary Fitch; (2) Matthew—2nd wife, Mary Fitch, niece to his father's wife; (3) Samuel—wife, Rebecca Burr, daughter of Nathaniel and Sarah Burr; (4) Thomas—wife, Anne Burr, daughter of Capt. John and Catherine Burr, (5) Matthew—wife, Eunice Somers; (6) Matthew—wife, Mary Lee; daughter of Samuel and Eleanor (Lane) Lee; (7) Thomas Burr Sherwood—wife, Mary Frances Beattie, daughter of William and Sarah (Belknap) Beattie; (8) Margaret Pollock Sherwood.

And Margaret Pollock says: "My father was born at Ballston Centre, N. Y., in 1816, and died in 1883. He grad-



HON. HENRY SHERWOOD

MARGARET POLLOCK SHERWOOD

uated from Union College and studied law, but decided to go back to his father's farm and was in the end of his life a farmer. My great-grandparents, Matthew and Eunice Sherwood, lived at Weston, near Bridgeport, Conn., until 1804, when they moved to Ballston Centre, N. Y. They came up the Hudson River on a sloop, beating against a northeast wind, and were two weeks in reaching Albany. I remember that my grandfather told me that he, as a boy, helped his father to drive the sheep on that pilgrimage."

In **American Ancestry**, Vol. 5, the names of all of Thomas Sherwood's children are given as follows: Jane, Thomasine, (her father says "Tamsen" in his Will, which most likely was a pet name or diminutive for Thomasine), Margaret (but the Will ought to be the safe guide, and if the foregoing copy is correct, and doubtless it is, then Margaret should be Mary), Sarah, Hannah, Rose, Thomas, Rebecca, Stephen, Matthew, Mary, Ruth, Abigail and Isaac.

W. L. Sherwood, a genealogist of repute, in one of his letters to us says that Thomas the pioneer had sixteen children by his two wives. Which evidently is a mistake, as he had but fourteen—eight by his first wife, six by his second—all of whom were living and are mentioned in his will.

As we have intimated, we believe the Will is the safe guide, and if that has been correctly copied Thomas had two Marys then living, one by each of his wives.

From such a list it may be inferred, and that correctly, that the Sherwood family is not only an old but a numerous one in the state of Connecticut, while their descendants are to be found all the way across and up and down the continent. At, or soon after the close of the Revolution, some drifted into New Jersey, and some into Vermont, while a good many found homes in New York, and a considerable number in Canada; the latter being known as United Empire Loyalists. There are from fifty to considerably more than one hundred entries under the name Sherwood in all the larger city directories. They are to be found in every state in the Union, with a few in Mexico; while there are fifteen or more post offices in this country known by the name of Sherwood. They have served in every official capacity, from general to governor; they are and have been in the halls of Congress; while many have been eminent as jurists, legislators, divines, educators, physicians, surgeons, musicians, farmers, merchants, manufacturers, etc.

One, at least, has been a member in the President's Cabinet, and seems in a fair way to sit in the President's chair. Did you know that in the veins of President-elect Hoover, through his great-grandmother, Lucinda (Sherwood) Minthorn, there flows the blood of Sherwood? You didn't know it?

Well, a first cousin to Mr. Hoover, Mrs. Ethel Grace Rensch of Palo Alto, Cal., in a newspaper sketch of Hoover's ancestors, says that his maternal great-grandfather was John Minthorn, born near Hartford, Conn., Nov. 4, 1768, and that "various lines of descent are easily traced, presenting among the direct branches of the family such picturesque names as Sherwood, Wynne, Toole and Wasley;" and that "each of the sturdy pioneers here treated is like a dim painting on a canvas, beneath which one might almost write the very name of Herbert Hoover."

John Minthorn, it would seem, married Lucinda Sherwood, who was Hoover's great-grandmother, and was we take it, a lineal descendant from Thomas Sherwood of Fairfield, the pioneer. We think with a little time we should be able to give the complete line, but our book is now (Jan. 1929), already in the printer's hands. Soon after the Revolutionary War they appear to have migrated to Canada, somewhere north of Toronto, where it is said Hoover's mother was born, and, among other reasons, "it is thought that the inactivity of many Quakers during the war placed them somewhat under suspicion of Loyalist tendencies, and may have had weight in their decision to migrate."

We have heard that many Sherwoods are buried in Oaklawn cemetery, just out of Fairfield, Conn., on the road to Hull's Farms, and we have sometimes wondered if our Thomas, the Pioneer, might not be lying there. We are told that eleven soldiers, four of them officers, were on the government pension rolls of the Revlutionary War, all descendants of Thomas. This number, however, represents but a fraction of those by the name who served in the Continental army, since there were fifty-three Sherwoods in that war from New York State alone; nearly every regiment containing one or more, and ranging from privates to captains; there being among the number one ensign, seven lieutenants and two captains; while Andrew Sherwood was a private in the Second Artillery.

We with others had thought it to be a pretty well established fact that another Thomas Sherwood, perhaps a brother-in-law of our Thomas the pioneer and known as "Thomas of Stratford," had come over from England and settled there about the year 1639. All the records show that a Thomas appeared upon the scene and was there, at or near Stratford, about that time, with his wife Sarah Seabrook, daughter of Robert Seabrook, and that he died there in 1657, two years after the death of Thomas of Fairfield, the pioneer.

And the most perplexing problem which we have been called upon to solve has been the question: Who was this Thomas of Stratford, and from whence did he come? That he left descendants, or at least a son named John, is quite clear, since we have been privileged to meet with some of his posterity. And his descendants are just like the rest of us, in that they possess in a marked degree the strong Sherwood personality. Which we have tried to explain while supposing it to be true that the first wife of Thomas the pioneer was Alice Seabrook (and **Atwater's History of the Colony of New Haven** states that Robert Seabrook of Stratford had "Alice born in 1587 who married Thomas Sherwood, Senior"), and while supposing the two Thomases, however else they were related, were brothers-in-law, for we are told that this Thomas of Stratford married Sarah, daughter of Robert Seabrook.

That there is a marked resemblance—traits and features distinctly Anglo-Saxon, and markedly characteristic of the entire Sherwood family—does not admit of a doubt in the mind of the writer. In proof of this he is reminded how once upon a time, in 1868, on a street car in Chicago, his eye lighted upon a stranger sitting opposite to him reading a newspaper. Instantly he was so impressed with the strong resemblance between the stranger and his own father and uncles back in Pennsylvania that when we got off the car, which happened to be at the same place, the writer asked the stranger his name, and was not surprised, but both satisfied and pleased, when he replied: "Charles Sherwood," and said he was from Connecticut, but for some years had been doing business in Chicago in school books and school furniture.

The one solitary exception to this family likeness which we have seen was a man (a Virginian), who said his name was Sherwood, but that he had no connection with the New England family of the same name, being of a different stock. Which was only too apparent, for he was very dark-skinned—more like a man from Southern Europe. Farther on we shall see why the writer is wondering if his name may not have been Jacquelin, instead of Sherwood.

Now this Sherwood personality we have found running through the whole family from A. to Z., so that it is rather hard to believe in two Thomases—two progenitors—one located at Fairfield and one at Stratford—only a few miles apart—one coming to America in 1634, one in 1639—one the husband of Alice Seabrook, one the husband of Sarah Seabrook—the two being sisters—the two being brothers-in-law.

We once thought it might be explained in this way, and for the past several years or more this has been our only answer to the problem; because it was so published in Atwater's History, and because Thomas (2), son of Thomas (1), of Fairfield, was down on the ship's register, when he sailed in 1634, as being ten years old (down on the ship's register, mark you); and surely he could not have been married and settled, or about to settle, in Stratford in 1639, when fifteen years of age!

But bide a wee. It is true that Thomas Junior, was down as being ten years old when he sailed in April, 1634. But he was ten until he was eleven, was he not? And who shall say that he may not have been eleven the very next day after sailing? So that in reality, by counting in the most of the year 1639, he may have been nearer seventeen than sixteen when he turned up in Stratford, sometime late in 1639.

Yes, he may have been all of that, or even more, since we can never be altogether sure that perhaps with a view to lessening the expenses of the voyage some of the children may not have been listed at somewhat under their real ages. With all due respect, circumstances are such as to lead us to wonder if such may not have been the case.

The fact that the three youngest were listed at only a year apart may of course be all right; but the fact (which now seems to us to be pretty well established), that the Thomas who "settled" in Stratford in 1639 was the same Thomas who came over with his father in the Francis in 1634, leads us, as we said, to wonder.

And yet we need to remember that contracting early marriages was quite in vogue in those days; and as is usually the case in pioneering times and countries, it is not an unheard-of-thing for boys of sixteen and girls of fifteen to get married—as witness the great number of cases right here in Oregon among the early settlers.

We do not and may never know the age of Sarah Seabrook, who came from England with her father, Robert Seabrook, in 1638-9 (bringing with them the remaining children of Thomas the pioneer left behind when he sailed in 1634), but we can think of her as a fresh-blown English rose—or a peach if you choose—right from the old home; where it may be that she and Tommy Sherwood had been playmates in their childhood days. Can we not say under the circumstances that it may have been a case of love at first sight? And thus aid in solving the great Sherwood mystery—the mystery of the two Thomases—which has for so long a time been such a puzzle to genealogists?

That the trouble has been a real one will be quite manifest, we think, from a quototion or two, as for example in what follows:

"Robert Seabrook of Stratford had Alice born in 1587, who married Thomas Sherwood, Senior."—**Atwater's History of the Colony of New Haven.**

Thus giving us to understand that the first wife of Thomas Sherwood of Fairfield, the pioneer, was Alice Seabrook, daughter of Robert Seabrook.

"Thomas Sherwood, born in 1586, in England. Sailed from Ipswich, England (probably he was born farther inland), in April, 1634, with wife Alice—**not** Alice 'Seabrook' as in books. Thomas of Stratford married Sarah Seabrook. He died in 1657."—**W. L. Sherwood**, "the Sherwood genealogist," in a letter to the writer.

The two statements are contradictory, the one to the other, and leave us wholly in the dark as to the surname of the Alice who was the first wife of Thomas, the pioneer.

And so we are asking, Who was this Alice? George F. Tudor Sherwood, the English archivist, doesn't know; William L. Sherwood, the American Sherwood genealogist, doesn't know; Mrs. Fellows doesn't know—and surely we cannot be expected to know. We only know it was **not** Alice Milles, and are quite as sure it was **not** Alice Seabrook. And yet it was **Alice. That** certainly was her Christian name, since it was down on the ship's register as "Thomas Sherwood and wife Alice."

But while we may never be able to identify Alice, as we have said we are pretty well satisfied as to the identity of Thomas of Stratford. He was the son of Thomas of Fairfield, the Pioneer, and the identical boy, "aged ten years," who came over in the Francis with his father in 1634. He is the link in the chain uniting the whole Sherwood family and doing away with the difficulty in accounting for the well-known and almost universally prevalent Sherwood personality, as well as for two original pioneers, both named Thomas Sherwood, and the resultant complicated and perplexing problems in the Sherwood genealogy.

It seems to us like a most reasonable, sensible and natural way for overcoming the obstacles which have long seemed quite insurmountable.

Now we might dwell upon a subject which should be of interest to all Sherwoods tracing back through "Alice" or "Mary" to Thomas the Pioneer, but will rest with quotations from some most wonderfully interesting letters only just recently written to us by Mrs. Lucia Russell Fellows of Salt Lake City, who is the wife of Dr. George Emery Fellows, L. L. D., president emeritus of the University of Maine (now at the head of the dept. of history and political science in the University of Utah—see Who's Who), and herself the best authority in the United States, so far as we know, on all matters pertaining to Sherwoods. Her pedigree may be found in the next chapter.

From a Letter of Mrs. Fellows to the author.

"My dear Mr. Sherwood—

"I was indeed glad to get your letter night before last. I had just been on the point of writing you to ask if I had lost a friend and valued correspondent through tardiness in answering that Bradley question.

"Only now have I time to again take up the study of Sherwoods. The past year and a half have been taken up with many matters which I could not dodge. Clubs, musical organizations, genealogy for the State and for Washington, D. C.

"Your letter came at just the right time. And now for the great Thomas Sherwood mystery! I'm certainly glad you have asked that question concerning those two Thomases, because **you** may be able to solve that which to me is still a puzzle.

"First, please note two statements made by W. L. Sherwood in letters to Mr. Steele. No 1: **Our** Thomas (2) died in 1681.' No. 2. The Thomas (2) who married Sarah Seabrook is **not** our Thomas!'

"Keeping these two comparatively recent statements in mind will you look over the Wills I have collected on another sheet.

"Of course the will of the Fairfield pioneer Thomas S. is a rock unshakable. He died in 1655. His will mentions all of his children and we can drop him out of our minds.

"Now on another page where I have placed all the earlier Sherwood wills you will note the one of the 'Thomas' who settled in Stratford as early as 1639 and who died in 1657, two years after the Fairfield Thomas. You will note that the Stratford Thomas will is marked **Junior.** The will was mutilated." Some ink was accidently spilled upon it we have been told. "So I do not know when it was drawn, but it was **proved** in 1657." Which most likely was not long after it was drawn. "There is no evidence of any other Thomas, **Senior,** except the Fairfield Pioneer." There was none other. "This Thomas, Junior, of Stratford is the one who married Sarah Seabrook. Of the children mentioned in this will, John married Sarah Hurd in 1685 and died in 1689 leaving a son Thomas born Nov. 22, 1686, died May 7, 1727. This son was lame and I've followed Court reports on his father's estate handled by the husbands of his two aunts one of whom married a Stiles and another a Chauncy. This Thomas born in 1686 was Dr. Thomas who married Abigail Darling and lived in Unity Parish and made his will May 4, 1727.

"You will note that I have placed all the Stratford early Sherwoods on one page. You will also note that not a single record exists concerning the fate of Thomas (2), brother of John (2) and son of Thomas (1) of Stratford. Right here I cannot but suspect lies our trouble, only I cannot work it out." (A well-grounded suspicion it is too, as we think, for right here we are confident is where all our troubles begin). "We must keep in mind, too, that there were from twenty-eight to thirty years difference between the Thomas (2) oldest son of the Thomas (1) of Fairfield and his (Thomas 1) youngest child, Isaac." Is it not twenty-one years we have to account for if Thomas was born in

MRS. LUCIA RUSSELL FELLOWS

1624 and Isaac in 1645?

"All records I send are copies of original records kept at Fairfield. I cannot help suspecting that the Thomas (2) son of Thomas of Fairfield and listed among the ship's passengers as aged ten years in 1634 contracted a very early marriage and is the settler in Stratford and the one who married Sarah Seabrook and died in 1657 leaving sons John and Thomas and that this son Thomas is the one who gave a receipt to his son Thomas in 1681' I was unable to find any record except this 'receipt given in 1681' of any Thomas dying in 1681 who could have been 'our Thomas' of whom W. L. S. wrote Mr. Steele."

The foregoing paragraph from the pen of Mrs. Fellows is well worthy of something more than a passing notice. Evidently she agrees with us that the weight of evidence is that Thomas of Stratford was the son of Thomas the Pioneer. In taking this stand she with the writer is questioning the truthfulness of the printed statements which have long been extant and, we think, very generally accepted concerning the two Thomases—Thomas of Fairfield and Thomas of Stratford—and often referred to as "The Sherwood Mystery."

"In a comparatively recent letter to a Mr. Timothy Sherwood of Fort Wayne, Indiana, W. L. S. also states that a 'Seth Sherwood of the Stratford branch of Sherwoods is closely related to the grandfather of Mr. Timothy Sherwood'—who certainly descended from our Fairfield Thomas (1)."

There is but one "branch" of Colonial Sherwoods as applying to New England—that of Thomas the Pioneer. We are all descended from him through Thomas, Jr., Stephen, Matthew and Isaac; some from Alice, some from Mary, and some—as you and the writer—from both Alice and Mary.

"In the will of Thomas (1) he leaves his son Thomas land lying upon the North End of Sasqua (Sasco)

Neck. This is close to Stratford, but I was not able to locate just how close.

"Thomas' (1) son, Steven (2), inherited the property in Fairfield, while Matthew (2), was given all the upland and meadow lying east of Uncawy creek. I cannot locate this 'creek.'

"Isaac (2) was given a house and land next to Steven (2) in Fairfield.

"As late as 1725-6 Ruth Barlow, daughter of Thomas Sherwood, makes over this woodland northeast of Sasco Neck to her son Francis Barlow with the statement that she inherited it from her honored father, Thomas Sherwood. Now the Thomas from whom she inherited did not make his will until 1698, so if we had another Thomas Sherwood ancestor who died in 1681, as W. L. S. asserts we have, there must have been an extra Thomas (an extra generation), in somewhere, and that Thomas who was son of Thomas of Stratford is the only one of whom we have no record, unless he is the one who gave a receipt to his son Thomas in 1681.

"I've mulled over these discrepancies until my brain is addled. I've spent many a weary month trying to make records fit each other only to go back to the very foundation and find that some town clerk had made flagrant mistakes for which I had paid in cash as well as in labor and time.

"Faithfully, and hoping to hear from you again.

Lucia Fellows."

Mention of some Wills, etc., as alluded to in the preceeding letters by Mrs. Fellows,

"1. Will of Thomas Sherwood **Junior** of Stratford. Wife Sarah. (Sarah Seabrook according to W. L. Sherwood).

Children John (2), Thomas (2), Sarah (2), Elizabeth (2) Mary (2). **All very young.**

Will proved June 4, 1657.

"Why was he called Junior two years after the death of the only Thomas, Senior, who was the Thomas of Fairfield?"

Just for the reason we think, that he was Thomas the Junior, son of Thomas the Senior, and so-called to distinguish him from his father—even for two years after his father's death. The writer has known instances—an own uncle for one—where the term was applied and in vogue after his father's death for a much longer time than two years—to the end of his days in fact; having become, as it were, a part of his name. As it was with "J. B. Sr. and J. B. Jr.," so it was we imagine with "Tom. Sr., and Tom. Jr.," and is accepted by us as pretty good evidence that this Thomas Jr., of Fairfield, who with his parents, Thomas and Alice Sherwood, came to America in 1634, when he was listed as being ten years old, and had long been known as Thomas, Jr.

"2. Will of John (2), son of Thomas Jr. mentioned above. Drawn Oct. 8, 1689.

"Wife Sarah. (Sarah Hurd). Son Thomas (3) is given land in Stratford, 'not yet eighteen' (born Nov. 22, 1686), 'daughter Elizabeth,' 'my brother Samuel Stiles.' Son Thomas 'not yet eighteen' was under four when his father died.

"3. Will of Thomas (3) son of John (2) mentioned above and known as 'Dr.' Thomas, married Abigail Darling and made his will May 4, 1727—dying three days later. Will proved Sept. 5, 1727.

"Children: John (4) born Aug. 18, 1709, Daniel (4), Samuel (4), Thomas (4), Seth (4), Andrew Messenger (4), Jemimah (4), Abigail (4), Hannah (4)—the last two under seven years of age.

"His widow Abigail was married to a Mr. Fordyce before the distribution of the estate of Dr. Thomas Sherwood in 1732.

"4. N. B. In 1669 (Aug. 24) a John Sherwood of Stratford married Sarah Parmelee. Is he the John (2) who later married Sarah Hurd and died in 1689?

"5. On June 5, 1645, Thomas Sherwood **the Elder** of Stratford was sued for slander by Henry Gray and John Burr the Elder

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

"Now this cannot be the Thomas Sherwood **Jr.** whose will is No. 1 of the foregoing because his children were all too young to have been counted in law. They were all very young when he died twelve years later. There is no record of a Thomas 'the elder Sherwood' except the one who died in Fairfield in 1655."

Yes, this on the face of it seems a poser, since in 1645 there could have been no Thomas Sherwood older than Thomas Junior, except Thomas the pioneer of Fairfield; and this one record, so far as we know. is the only real evidence in favor of the "two Thomases" theory mentioned on a preceding page; but somewhere we are confident there will be found a solution to this conundrum. **We suspect** that Thomas Sherwood the Elder referred to as of Stratford may in reality have been Thomas the Elder of Fairfield who had been staying for a time with his son Thomas the Junior of Stratford. 1645 was the year when Isaac Sherwood was born—perhaps at the home of his half brother, Thomas the Junior?

"6. James Boosey of Wethersfield in his will dated Aug. 4, 1649, mentions 'my home lot in Wethersfield which I bought of Mr. Alcot which was Thomas Sherwood's the younger'. Which Thomas was this?"

We don't know. We only know that Thomas Sr., the Pioneer, was for a while about that time (1649-50) in Wethersfield, but this is the only intimation we have that Thomas Jr. was ever there.

"7. Thomas Sherwood, Sr. gave receipt to son Thomas, Nov. 9, 1681, **in Fairfield.** N. B. This is the Thomas who Mr. W. L. Sherwood says is **our** Thomas, and who he says died in 1681. But he **cannot** be the Thomas of Fairfield who married Sarah Wheeler, Ann Turney and Elizabeth Cable, because he did not die until several years later according to a quitclaim I have from his daughter Ruth (Sherwood) Barlow to her son Francis Barlow.

"8. Will of Thomas Sherwood of Fairfield, dated **1698.** This is the one who married Sarah Wheeler, Ann Turney, Elizabeth Cable and the widow of Peter Coley, and who had the daughter Ruth who married John Barlow.

"9. Thomas Sherwood of Fairfield. Distribution of Estate in 1749. Children: Isaac, Jonathan, Nehemiah, John, 'Wife of Samuel Bennett', Eleanor, and Sarah. This Thomas must have been the son of Capt. Thomas Sherwood and Eleanor Churchill who died before his father was killed in the army.

"10. Correct list of children of Thomas (1) Sherwood of Fairfield, all living at time of his death and all given portions in his will:

"To children of my first wife, viz.: Thomas (1), Jane (2), Tamsen (3), Mary (4), Sarah (5), Hannah (6), Rose (7), and Rebecca (8).

"By second wife Mary: Steven (9), Matthew (10), Mary (11), Ruth (12), Abigail (13), Isaac (14).

"Two daughters were named Mary and both were alive at the time their father made his will and both received their portions of his estate.—L. R. F."

In reference to Will No. 8 of the foregoing, (the one dated 1698), this is the Thomas (3) who was married four times; 1st, to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Wheeler; 2nd, to Ann Turney, daughter of Benjamin Turney; 3rd, to Elizabeth Cable; 4th, to Sarah, widow of Peter Coley, and daughter of Humphrey Hyde, Esq.

Benjamin Turney came from Concord, Mass., to Fairfield, Conn., in 1648. Of his daughters, Ann married Thomas Sherwood (3), Rebecca married Stephen Sherwood, while Sarah married Matthew Sherwood.

Once more, this time under date of Aug. 12, 1927, we have been favored by Mrs. Fellows with another highly interesting and most valuable communication, some of which we are writing into these pages (though we have to confess that it is again without her knowledge or consent), well knowing it will be of great interest to all Sherwoods, and so ought not to be allowed to perish.

It is the last word on the great Sherwood mystery, and so far as we know, the most important single contribution ever made in connection with Sherwood genealogy.

It would be idle to deny that we are just a little flattered by the rating she gives to us along this line of work, when the truth is that Mrs. Fellows has forgotten more of Sherwood genealogy than the writer ever knew. She is, in our opinion, far and away the most zealous and most reliable of all the workers in this field. To her we gladly yield the palm, and take pleasure in passing her name on as a great-hearted, unselfish kinswoman of whom, we are sure, none of us need be ashamed.

She is one whose labors have greatly enriched these pages, and our one regret is that we cannot in our book print the highly instructive chart accompanying her letter in just the chart-like form in which she has prepared it, but must content ourselves with reproducing it in a series of notes and paragraphs as best we can, though in so doing we realize and know that we are detracting greatly from its value and that it will lose much of its force.

A Date Chart — the Work of Mrs. Fellows.

"Thomas (1) Sherwood of Fairfield, b. 1586, d. 1655, Wife, Alice———? Four sons and four daughters.

"Thomas (2), Jr. of Stratford, b. 1624, d. 1657. Wife Sarah Seabrook. Two sons and two daughters. Thomas (3), no record. Why? Is he identical with Thomas (3), grandson of Thomas (1) mentioned by Schenck? **Schenck's History** says that Thomas (3) (grandson of Thomas (1) of Fairfield was born in 1654 and died in 1699. We know from the paper signed by Ruth Barlow with her son that this Thomas (3) was her father. Can he not be the Thomas (3) son of Thomas (2) of Stratford who has no record? John (3) b.——? d. 1689 (x), m. Sarah Hurd April 23, 1685 (x). One son and one daughter. Dr. Thomas (4), b. 1686, d. 1727 (x), m. 1708, Abigal Darling of Jamaica, L. I. One son, Daniel (5), b. Sept. 22, 1710, d. before 1761, m. before 1732, Anne——Browne? Anne was burned to death with a large number of other Sherwoods in the home of her son, Gideon, in New Milford, Conn., Feb. 24, 1778, Elizabeth (4), b. 1688 (x), m. 1711 Charles Chauncy. Elizabeth (3) m.

Samuel Stiles Dec. 31, 1664 (x). Her brother John calls Samuel Stiles 'brother' in his will. Note the twenty-one years difference in marriage between this brother and sister, John (3) and Elizabeth (3), yet the court distinctly states that Elizabeth Stiles wife of Samuel was aunt to Dr. Thomas, son of John. He would normally marry in 1664 to 1667. Hence I believe him to have married first, Sarah Parmelee. Which disposes of one extra Thomas.

"Thomas (1) Sherwood of Fairfield, b. 1586, d. 1655, Thomas (2) Sherwood, b. 1624." (Is he the same as Thomas, Jr., of Stratford, mentioned above, who died in 1657?). Thomas (3) b. 1654, d. 1699 (x). "Is he not the same as Thomas (3), son of Thomas (2) of Stratford, who has no record? See the foregoing note from **Schenck's History**).

"Thomas (1) Sherwood of Fairfield, b. 1586, d. 1655. Isaac (1) Sherwood b. 1645. d.——? m. Elizabeth Jackson. Five sons and two daughters. Capt. Thomas (3) Sherwood, b.——? d. 1756, m. Eleanor Churchill. Daniel (3) Sherwood, b. 1686 (x), d. 1749, m. 1711 (x), Ruth Bradley. Four sons and four daughters. Daniel (4) Sherwood, b. 1714 (x), d. 1782?, m. 1736 (x), Jerusha Whitney. Five sons and five daughters.

"Keeping in mind that Thomas (2) Sherwood was of marriageable age when his brother Isaac (2) Sherwood was born, note how many of the foregoing dates marked (x) seem to fit together. One more generation in Thomas' line than in Isaac's.

"When in Boston I had access to Royal Hinman's original notes for his **Early Connecticut Families**, and he gave Isaac's birth as occurring in 1654, but I think he was mistaken.—L. R. F."

Yes, we, too, think he was mistaken. We have it that Isaac was born in 1645.

In giving these records our correspondent has asked some very pertinent questions, to all of which we should have to answer in the affirmative.

Mrs. Fellows, in her letter, goes on to say:

"Your manuscript went this A. M. I kept it longer than I ought because it saved me going through my notes and wills several times.

"Among other things I wanted to locate those two curious places in the will of Thomas (1) of Fairfield.

"I went through a mass of Colonial land layouts and found that Unguowa was the Indian name for the town of Fairfield, and that Sasca, or Sasco, was the big swamp in Fairfield county.

"At the time of the first settlement a large tract of ground was bought of the Indians and in 1639 people came from Windsor, Watertown and Concord to this Unguowa township, which had four parishes, Fairfield, Greenfield, Greens Farms and Reading.

"Settlements commenced at the same time at Cupheag and Pughguannuck—now Stratford. That part which is now the town or city of Stratford lay along the river and was called Cupheag, while the western portion which borders on Fairfield was Pughguannuck, and this western portion was settled by people from Wethersfield, Roxbury, Boston, Concord and Milford.

"I ask you to note Milford, Conn., because my great uncle John Sherwood's widow, Nancy Sherwood of N. Y. City, told me when she was 94 years old in 1908 that her husband's grandparents came from Milford, Conn. You see we have **two** Sherwood lines: one straight from Isaac (2) and another from Thomas (2); and it is the Thomas (2) line that won't 'march'!

"I presume that you have knowledge that I have not which makes you write that Isaac (2) was older than I had supposed when his father's will was made. From certain signs I had believed him a mere infant when his father died in 1655.

"By the way let me here put down why I believe Isaac (2) to have been born as early as 1653. You remember that according to Thomas (1) Sherwood's will all his minor sons were to receive their portion of his estate at the age of twenty years. And that their mother was executrix.

"Well, on Feb. 26, 1673, Isaac "discharged" the executors of his inheritance, which leads me to believe that he was twenty years old on that date."

Note.—The discharge referred to will be found in the next chapter, under the head of Isaac Sherwood.

The date of birth and death of Isaac Sherwood has been a debatable question. Some have had him down as born in 1654, some in 1653, and some (as the writer), in 1645. The argument in favor of 1653 as advanced by Mrs. Fellows would seem a good one on the face of it; so good in fact that the writer had been inclined to regard it as irrefutable, for the reason that he, too, thought the court record should be received as final. But wishing to know just how much bearing such a record might really have, he submitted the matter to the Hon M. J. Sherwood, a leading attorney of Michigan, and the following is his reply:

"I don't think what you tell me appears in the court records dated February 26, 1673, has any bearing upon showing the time of the birth of Isaac Sherwood. He may, as you say, have been born in 1645, been entitled to his legacies from his father, Thomas Sherwood, in 1665, and may have received them at any time, 1665 or 1670 or never, and still the court record of February 26, 1673, in which, as you say, he 'discharges' his mother, the executrix, and her husband. It is possible that there may have been a dispute as to her handling of the legacy or the income from the legacy between Isaac Sherwood and his mother from 1665 when he was entitled to receive his legacy, and 1673 when they had the court proceedings, and it is possible that this matter was settled in 1673, and, in order to make it a matter of record, by petition or bill or something of that sort, Isaac Sherwood did, on February 26, 1673, 'discharge' his mother from all claims of which he may have asserted theretofore or which he might have been entitled to assert then or thereafter (in the court record which you mention).

"I am inclined to think that this is the explanation of this and that Isaac was more than twenty years old in 1673. I don't know at what time a young man became of legal age in 1673 in Connecticut, but I assume that he became of age at twenty-one years, and if so, he could hardly have entered a court record of the nature that you mention until he attained legal age, and therefore if I were you I should insist upon his birth at 1645 according to the records which you have. You understand, of course, that he became entitled to his inheritance and possibly was in the enjoyment of it long before the executrix was 'discharged.' Frequently an executrix is not discharged until long after property under a will vests in the beneficiary."

In this connection the writer might suggest that the wording of the will would seem to be highly significant: "I give and bequeath to my loving and well beloved wife Mary Sherwood all the estate undivided whom I make the Executor of this my last will Excepting a mare colt which my son Isaac shall have and that to his use and profit presently."

Which in the case of a boy of ten years—the leaving of a mare colt to his use and profit presently—yes; in the case of a babe of one or two years—no.

Quoting again from Mrs. Fellows:—

"Did you know that Elizabeth Jackson Sherwood's mother was Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Giles Smith, and that Giles Smith was a son of Henry Smith, who is said to have married Ann Pynchon, daughter of Gov. Pynchon. I have not verified the Ann Pynchon and Henry Smith marriage, but it has been printed in many of the older Colonial Histories." Yes, we knew it—thanks to Mrs. Fellows. See note in the next chapter.

"I note that the Society of Colonial Dames of Mass. has accepted Henry Smith as a person on whom to base claims, and from him the same woman entered on William Pynchon.

"I am a Dame in Maine and Associate Dame of Mass. I entered on John Howland but never put in any other claims.

"I am so glad you are taking up this Sherwood puzzle. In spite of any evidence to the contrary I 'feel' that our

Thomas of Fairfield was the ancestor of all the Connecticut Sherwoods."

Which, coming from no less an authority than Mrs. Fellows, is very pleasing to us, since it coincides with our own opinion, which is based upon all the data we have been able to gather up to the time of this writing.

"Thomas of Stratford may have been a nephew, but if so when and how did he get over here? I've examined Virginia lists of ship passengers to see if by any possibility he may have landed there and then come to Connecticut along the coast. But have found no clue as to his origin unless he is the Thomas aged ten on the passenger list."

Note the way in which Mrs. Fellows has devoted herself and the hard work she has done in trying to solve this puzzling problem. Even examining the Virginia lists of ship passengers—that other port of entry for Sherwoods in colonial times.

Note, too, the conclusion she has arrived at: "I have found no clue as to his origin unless he is the Thomas aged ten of the passenger list."

"I am now making a little date chart which I am enclosing." (See a previous page.) "So much of the data on the origin of the family has been taken from probates that there are comparatively few birth and marriage dates to act as a skeleton.

"I have purposely dropped out the man called Thomas (2) in the printed genealogies and have taken Thomas, Jr. of Stratford and dated him up with the line of Isaac (2) and am interested in the result, as I think you will be, too.

"Upon making my date chart and studying it as I have before daring to send it for your consideration I believe that even I am convinced. I have not dared to trust to my own conclusions until now. Please study the chart according to dates alone and the one statement in Schenck (also made by W. L. Sherwood), and see where everything points to. It seems to be Thomas (3) who had wives Turney, Cable, etc. etc., rather than Thomas (2) as usually printed.

"I wanted your ruling on the Sherwood-Bumpstead marriage. I think exactly as you do."

This marriage which our correspondent mentions, and which according to a Bumpstead diary took place in Massachusetts at an early day—sometime we believe around 1636—has long puzzled the genealogists, and has been a factor in the effort to explain the two Thomases, since it is mentioned that Hannah Bumpstead married Thomas Sherwood, Shearer—et al. Following is the "ruling" to which Mrs. F. refers and with which she says she agrees: We are wondering if the Thomas "Sherwood" referred to in the Bumpstead diary was ever really a Sherwood at all. Of course Sherred, Sherrod, Sherrard, etc.—at least a dozen in all—are corruptions of Sherwood, but these corruptions—many or all of them—antedate the coming to America of our Thomas the Pioneer. These families are still in existence, both in England and America—we have Sherrards and Shearers right here in Portland—and we are suggesting this as a possible solution to the Bumpstead conundrum. The several al spellings used might lead one to suspect they were not Sherwoods at all. On the face of it the weight of evidence to our mind is that the allusion is in fact to some other family than that of any of our Thomases. Some family of Shearers, Sherrods, or Sherrars? We notice that in addition to "Thomas Sherwood" all these names—"Thomas Shearer", "Thomas Sherrod", "Thomas Sherrar"—are used when speaking of one and the same person.

"Thanking you for seeing how hard I have worked. And even you do not know under what dificulties.

"Faithfully,
"Lucia Fellows."

Again we are quoting from Mrs. Fellows, this time under date of Oct. 10, 1927.

"Dear Mr. Sherwood:

"Only just now have I adjusted duties here so that I can take up Sherwoods again. You need never feel apologetic at asking for anything you wish, because I like to spend time on this whenever there is any to spend.

"You ask for my opinion as to which Thomas Mrs. Whitney has reference. I have none! I only present probates and other legal papers and let **them** argue! Yet her Thomas (2) Sherwood is plainly the traditional Thomas son of the Fairfield Thomas (1) who has been supreme in the belief of Sherwood students until that Thomas, Jr., of Stratford turned up!

"Your descent that Mrs. Whitney mentions as coming from Thomas (2)—Thomas (1)—brings us up again against our problem:**Which** Thomas was he? It has been asserted that he died in 1681, but if he was born in 1624, as would appear from those ship lists, then he died at the age of 57 and could **not** have been the father of **Hannah** Sherwood **your** ancestress, nor of **Ruth** Sherwood her sister **my** ancestress.

"In a tangle such as this no light is to be found except by charting every family group in its own section. Only remember first of all to place our Isaac (2) in the same generation as the **children** of his brother Thomas (2), since the two brothers were born so many years apart.

"This problem is very complicated and I have given it up and then returned to the attack many times. I do **not** however believe there were two **original** pioneers within a few miles of each other and dying at almost the same time, named Thomas Sherwood. I am much more of the opinion that there were one or two abnormally young marriages in that first period.

"People have been obliged to depend too often on probate and land transfer records and many amateurs have made 'snap judgments' which have been taken and printed and then reprinted over and over again. I pay but very little attention to printed matter. In fact I believe I have read all that has been printed on the first four generations of Sherwoods. I am delighted that you are bringing up these points and anything you think I may have please ask for."

As we have before intimated, both Mrs. Fellows and the writer—as well as all others who go back to Thomas (1) through his son Isaac (2)—have something unique in the way of a family record, which is a sort of double line or pedigree, in that we also go back to Thomas (1) through his son Thomas (2), thus connecting up **by ties of blood** with the Pioneer through **two** of his sons, Thomas and Isaac, and **both** of his wives, Alice and Mary—our two ancestors, Thomas (2) and Isaac (2), having been half brothers.

This, we imagine, is something quite unusual to say the least, and comes about from the fact that the son of Isaac (2) and grandson of the Pioneer by his second wife, Mary—namely, Daniel Sherwood (3)—married his first cousin (two removes), when he married the great great-granddaughter of his grandfather by his grandfather's first wife Alice—namely, Ruth Bradley.

Ruth Bradley was the daughter of John Bradley and Hannah Sherwood, and the granddaughter of Thomas (3) Sherwood and Ann Turney; while on her father's side she was the granddaughter of Francis Bradley and Ruth Barlow.

The writer is descended (as of course are all in his line), from Thomas (1) and Mary through Isaac (2) and Daniel (3); and from Thomas (1) and Alice through Thomas (2) and Thomas (3), Hannah (4) and Ruth (5); while Mrs. Fellows is descended from Thomas and Mary through Isaac (2) and Capt. Thomas (3)—Capt. Thomas (3) and Daniel (3) being brothers; and from Thomas and Alice through Thomas (2), Thomas (3) and Ruth (4)—Ruth (4) Sherwood and Hannah (4) Sherwood being sisters.

They both—with all others in their lines—have Barlow lines, beginning with the first of the name known to antiquarians in England and running as follows down to the American immigrant, namely:

1. Robert Barlow; 2, Thomas; 3, Roger; 4, Roger; 5, Sir John Roger de Barlow (Knight); 6, John de Barlow; 7, Nicholas; 8, Alexander; 9, Sir Alexander de Barlow (Knight); 10, George; 11, John—who was the immigrant.

John Barlow's son, John (2) Barlow, married Deborah Lockwood. Their son, John (3) Barlow, married Ruth (4) Sherwood. Which is Mrs. Fellow's Barlow line.

John Barlow's daughter, Ruth (2) Barlow, married Francis Bradley. Their son, John Bradley, married Hannah (4) Sherwood—sister to Ruth (4) Sherwood—whose daughter, Ruth, married Daniel (3) Sherwood. Which is Mr. Sherwood's Barlow line.

Harking back, it may be to the days of chivalry and knighthood?

At Government Camp, on the summit of the Cascade Mts., eastward from Portland, Oregon, where the Old Barlow road crossed the present Mt. Hood loop road, in a huge boulder by the roadside known as the Barlow monument, there was placed and dedicated on the 27th of July, 1925, a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

"Samuel Kimbrough Barlow, Oregon pioneer from Kentucky, built the first wagon road across the Cascade mountains, passing this spot, 1845-46. The building of railways since has been of less importance to the community than the opening of this road which enabled the settlers to bring their wagons and teams directly into the Willamette valley.

Erected and dedicated by the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers."

The writer has stood by that monument with bowed head and tear-dimmed eyes at the thought of the great and almost superhuman undertaking of opening a crude and cruel trail through a seemingly interminable wilderness of tangled logs, trees and underbrush, through and over the jagged boulders at the summit, on down the rocky precipices that mark the western declivity—where they let the caravan down with ropes—so that with their tired oxen and their dust-begrimed, canvas-covered wagons, laden with their freightage of women, children, and all their earthly belongings, they might reach the green, refreshing fields of a promised land—the Willamette Valley.

But the writer did not know at the time he stood there, awed and amazed and with tear-dimmed eyes, that in his own veins there flowed a little of the same New England Barlow blood as flowed in the veins of Samuel Barlow—hero with a glorious record.

Following is the Bradley line as compiled by Chief Justice Joseph Bradley of the U. S. Supreme Court:

1. William Bradley, who lived in the time of Henry VIII; 2. William; 3, Francis; 4. Thomas; 5. William, born in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Francis had a son, Francis, Jr., who was born in England, but died in Fairfield, Conn., in 1689. As a boy he lived in New Haven with Gov. Eaton, to whom he was sent by his father to be educated under his care in the Puritan faith—both Eaton and Davenport having been intimate friends of his father. When they came to America to found a Colony in accord with their Puritan principles, the father thought he was too old to come himself, so sent his son, who in time became a resident of Fairfield. and in 1661 married Ruth, daughter of John and Ann Barlow, "thus identifying himself with the first families of the place."

One of their seven children, John, born in 1664, married Hannah Sherwood, daughter of Thomas Sherwood (3) and Ann Turney, while it was their daughter, Ruth, who married Daniel Sherwood (3), thus connecting us up through Thomas (2) with his father Thomas (1), the pioneer.

This matter of two records of descent from Thomas the Pioneer, one through each of his wives, Alice and Mary, while it has offered some difficulties with which we have had to contend, yet we think that in the end it may have been a real godsend and highly beneficial in helping us to solve almost beyond a doubt the mystery of the two Thomases—the one of Fairfield, the other of Stratford. In other words, the solving of the one problem has almost unconsciously resulted in the solving of both.

For the writer must say that as for himself he is at last well satisfied as to the status of the two Thomases—Thomas of Fairfield and Thomas of Stratford. He makes no claims as a genealogist, and is perfectly willing to admit that this question has long baffled him, as it has others; baffled him until he, too, has thought more than once he should have to give it up in despair.

As often as we have had the matter settled (as we thought), that Thomas of Stratford was none other than the Thomas "aged ten" on the ship's register, just so often have we been confronted with the most bewildering perplexities; and all because, as it now appears to us, some one in printing it made the mistake of putting Thomas (3)—wives Sarah Wheeler, Ann Turney, Elizabeth Cable and Sarah Coley (yes, four of them), in the place of Thomas (2)—with the one wife, Sarah Seabrook.

This has been the source of almost endless trouble and confusion; until even Mrs. Fellows said she had given it up and then returned to the attack many times. Yet the writer believes that, together, they have at last solved the mystery; but he is pleased to admit that to Mrs. Fellows belongs much the greater part of the credit. The charts, wills, probates, genealogical notes, etc., which she has presented, all point to one, and only one solution—yet the writer for a time seemed unable to comprehend it.

When, however, it was suddenly flashed upon him, he grasped his pen and wrote Mrs. Fellows, in substance as follows: Our letter of yesterday in which we told of discouragement, had not been mailed an hour until we again picked up your chart and again read what you had written in connection with it, and what you had said in previous letters, and do you know, the truth dawned upon us! All at once we saw that the mystery of the two Thomases, and 'the Thomas without a record,' was solved—at least to **our** satisfaction. For the moment we admit that the Thomas (2) of the ship's list was the Thomas of Stratford, and the moment we assign to his son, Thomas (3) and his wives, Ann Turney et al, their proper places in the line, **that** moment all our troubles vanish and everybody 'marches'—so it seems to us.

And we are greatly elated, for we believe if the truth were known every problem is now solved to our satisfaction —every real problem with the exception of the maiden surname of Alice, and the particular family in England to which her husband Thomas belonged—the solution of which to us would seem to be quite hopeless for the present.

Yet such a decision would never have been reached by us alone, Mrs. Fellows, except for your aid. Your chart connecting us up by one of our lines with Thomas (1) and wife Alice through the traditional Thomas (2) and wife Ann Turney led us to see (as we imagine you may have intended it should), that such an arrangement is impossible, though we believe it has been so printed, and by many accepted as the truth.

As you have intimated, the real Thomas (2) Sherwood, son of Thomas (1) the Pioneer, could **not** have been the father of Hannah Sherwood, our ancestress, nor of her sister, Ruth Sherwood, your ancestress. Indeed, we see no other way but that Thomas (3), brother of John, Sarah, Elizabeth and Mary, and son of Thomas, Jr., whose wife was Sarah Seabrook, is the one who married Ann Turney and had Hannah and Ruth Sherwood.

For do we not **have** to go back through Thomas **and** wife Ann Turney, **to and through** Thomas and wife Sarah Seabrook, in order to reach Thomas and wife Alice, the Pioneers?

We might readily believe it of Thomas (3), but we cannot at this time, and in face of all the evidence you have presented to the contrary, bring ourselves to believe that Thomas (2) ever had four wives, one of whom was Ann Turney, but that he had one wife, who was Sarah Seabrook, and that to go back to Thomas **and Alice**—as by one line we do—we must do so, not only through Thomas and Ann (the parents of Hannah and Ruth), but likewise through Thomas and Sarah. In other words, and in order to have no break in the line, we are compelled to bring in another generation, are we not?

As you well know, your correspondent is no genealogist—if he ever was he is so no longer, in his old age—yet it looks to him like we would just **have** to throw to the winds much that is printed and call in **'that Thomas with no record.'** We just **cannot** tie up to Thomas and Alice through Thomas and Ann Turney, but **must** do so if at all through Thomas and Sarah Seabrook, since they are the ones, and the only ones, who stand next in line to the Pioneers.

In reply to the foregoing Mrs. Fellows says in part: "I found your letter waiting for me this evening when I came in. At last you have hit the point which I wondered if you would see, as I thought **I** saw, that if we take Thomas, Jr. Sherwood with wife Sarah Seabrook and **drop out entirely any Thomas dying in 1681** (in spite of all statements to the contrary), **and make the Thomas always called Thomas (2).** (with his four wives and all his children—just as they stand), **Thomas (3)** instead of Thomas (2), that we **may** have solved the puzzle, and I'm as enthusiastic as you are about it.

"Of course later birth and marriage dates may balk this, but I'm making a comparative chart to see if the younger generations will fall in line properly. So far as Thomas (3) and his own generation goes, he fits this scheme perfectly, except that Ann Turney was **supposed** to have died in 1690.

"I've been waiting for **you** to see where those charts inevitably lead, and everything checked up with the original records, too. I did not dare consider this until you or some one besides myself saw it. It would cause such a turmoil and so many disputes that I should hate to face them alone.

"As I have told you before, I was glad that you were taking up your history again. I knew that if any one could help me crystallize my wavering and warring beliefs it would be you—and you did it. Until I charted Isaac (2)

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

in line with generation (3) instead of keeping him with his brothers I did not dare hope, and even then it was **your** seeing it which made me feel sure.

"I am afraid after all I have written that you will again apologize for having taken some of my time. Don't! Had I not wanted to send what I have I should not have done it. Those original records have been **demanded** many times and I have refused them. But you have been so courteous and fair that it was a real pleasure to give them to you. So many people take a 'stand and deliver' attitude that I've grown a very hard shell. And so many have no idea how much work genealogy entails. I have two letters now from people demanding enough to keep me busy for months did I answer them.

"I am sincerely your kinswoman,
"Lucia Fellows."

So much for the great problem, or riddle if you choose, which has to do with all branches of the Sherwood family in America claiming descent from Thomas the Pioneer, and which until now has remained a mystery. If some one has solved it, he has never let it be known.

Reverting again to the Sherwood personality, we will say that whatever may be the impression upon the mind of the reader, the writer of this brief and necessarily imperfect memoir is deeply conscious of the fact that sometime —somewhere in the past—there must have lived among our forbears a progenitor, or progenitors, of such prepotency that they have left their characteristics featured upon the faces and in the minds and consciences of their posterity through all the succeeding years—we might say centuries.

That Thomas the Pioneer was himself just such a man is quite possible, we think, when we stop to consider that it must have taken great courage and a sanguine temperament to enable one with a large family, and in the face of such tremendous obstacles, to leave all his kindred behind, with the graves of his forefathers, and cross the wide and track-less ocean to found a new home in a strange land, which, but fourteen years before—and even then—was a howling wilderness, barely inhabited save by wild beasts and still wilder Indians.

We say it must have taken courage and fortitude of a high order, not only on the part of the father, but likewise on the part of the mother of eight children, and the writer feels like crowning her for the part she must have played in the migration of our ancestor, Thomas Sherwood, and in the founding of the family on American soil, and is not sorry to find he connects up with her through ties of blood.

After much careful investigation we are well satisfied that our progenitors were no ordinary or commonplace people—and for this you must not accuse us with pride of ancestry. It stands to reason, we think, that such must have been the case; that they must have been possessed of a high type of integrity; that they must have been God-fearing men and women of lofty purpose, who have left their principles forever graven in the hearts and consciences of their descendants. For who has ever heard of a Sherwood murderer, bandit or burglar? The writer never has.

From all that we can learn we conclude that this particular ancestor (the first of our family to set foot on the Western Hemisphere, some three hundred years ago), was, with his comely and clever wives, Alice and Mary, a type of the hardy, sturdy race, which, "on the wild New England shore," sought "freedom to worship God," and there began to foster and formulate those principles which finally culminated in the great charter of freedom, known as the Declaration of American Independence.

We have no certain knowledge as to his politics; or, what is of more importance perhaps, his religion—but let us hope he builded upon the Rock; nor do we know just how he obtained his living, though doubtless we are justified in supposing it was like all his neighbors in those days—from the soil, the forest and the stream. With Roger Ludlow, he served as Deputy in the General Court, which service called for a competent man.—See Schenck's **History of Fair-**

field, Vol. I, p. 52.

What was his physique—what was the expression in his face—how did he look? We have nothing very definite or reliable concerning his physical make-up or personal appearance. Tradition has it that he was possessed of a very fair complexion, light hair and eyes and sandy beard, and was a typical New England Yankee, fully six feet in height, and of rather commanding presence.

All of which, of course, is but little more than conjecture, if perchance we except the light hair and complexion. And as to his wives, Alice and Mary, who are reputed to have been both very comely and very clever, it is more than likely that much the same will have to be said—nothing is, or ever can be, certainly known.

So far as the writer can say (and it is a matter of regret to him), Thomas and both of his wives sleep in graves that are unmarked—that are even unknown. Yet they have left behind them, in the way of a numerous and noble family, a monument better and more to be desired than marble or granite. As among the first families and Founders of the most remarkable Colony in history, we say: All honor to Thomas Sherwood, the American Pioneer, and his faithful wives, Alice and Mary.

Oh! we are glad that our first American ancestors were just the men and women they were, and that there is not a stain, a blot or a blur, anywhere on their fair names.

THE MARYLAND SHERWOODS

For a number of years past we have been made aware of the existence of a branch of Sherwoods tracing back to the state of Maryland, but who have a tradition the same as the Connecticut Sherwoods have, that they came originally from the neighborhood of Sherwood Forest, in England. We have had letters from some of these people, but having no definite knowledge as to their ancestral lines back for more than a very few generations, we have been at a loss to determine as to their real origin.

Did they come from Connecticut, or did they come from England? Or was it from Ireland?

We think the weight of evidence points to England. But when did they arrive in Maryland—when and at what place—and what was the name of the first Sherwood who landed there—the Pioneer?

It might be thought suggestive, perhaps, that these good people (or some of them), were Catholics, while our branch was Protestant. Nevertheless, we had always heretofore been of the opinion that the Maryland Sherwoods tied up with the Connecticut Sherwoods; that is, with the Thomas who landed at Plymouth in 1634; but we were never at all sure as to this.

We sometimes had been inclined to class them with the Loyalists who were forced out of Connecticut during or soon after the Revolutionary War. But that was before we knew that they had been a long time in Maryland, were patriots, and that at least two of their number (Daniel and Capt. Edward), were soldiers in the Continental army from Maryland.

Now, however, we have to admit that we were wrong in our conjectures, since one, **Francis Sherwood,** who seems to have been the pioneer, was in Maryland as early as 1646, or only twelve years after our Thomas landed in Massachusetts; while his son, Hugh Sherwood, was born in 1632, which was two years before our Thomas came to America.

But just where did Mr. Francis Sherwood and his son Hugh come from? Certainly not from Virginia, nor were they on the good ship Francis which brought our Thomas from Ipswich to Plymouth. Moreover, we can find no trace of a Francis or a Hugh Sherwood in Connecticut, or anywhere in New England in those early colonial times. They seem to have been names quite unknown among Connecticut Sherwoods, but familiar, we believe, among the Sherwoods of Wicklow county, Ireland, as well as in parts of England. No Virginia Sherwood pioneer ever left any descendants; and what is more, so far as we can learn the name Francis Sherwood and that of his son Hugh have never as yet been found on any ship list, either in the one place or the other—Virginia or New England, could they have landed in New York, or at some point on the Chesapeake Bay?

From all we have been able to learn up to this time, we are now supposing that they came to Maryland direct from England, though probably not on the same ship. While Thomas Sherwood was the Connecticut pioneer, we are supposing that Francis Sherwood was the Maryland pioneer; and yet without doubt they were both of the same lineage, going back to one and the same English ancestor.

Mr. Francis B. Culver, a genealogist of repute, whose letter is dated at 1227, 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has favored us with the subjoined notes, which are so very interesting that we are taking pleasure in reproducing them in this connection.

"The earliest Sherwood in Maryland appears to have been Francis Sherwood, who took the 'Oath of Fidelity' to the government of the Province on 2 of Jany., 1646, together with Mr. Lewger, Mr. Gerrard, Mr. Green, John Jasbo, William Eltonhead, William Hungerford, and others. These men seem all to have been Catholics of prominence.—**Annapolis, Md., Land Office,** Vol. 1, p. 205.

"Hugh Sherwood on 15 Aug., 1664, demanded land for transporting himself into Maryland in 1661, but assigned his rights to William Hempstead; the amount was 50 acres and was situated in St. Mary's county.—Vol. VII, p. 370.

"Later: Hugh Sherwood appears in Talbot county, Md., where on 13 Aug., 1680, land was laid out for Hugh Sherwood, 20 acres being part of a warrant of 500 acres granted to Thomas Maisterman. This 20 acre tract was called 'Sherwood's Island,' and was in Talbot county, on the north side of Great Choptank river, in Broad creek; and on same date another tract of 130 acres was laid out for him and called 'Crooked Intent.'—**Annapolis Land Office, Vol.** XXI, p. 173.

"Hugh Sherwood deposes in 1707, aged 75 years,—**Annapolis, Md., Chancery Court Records,** Vol. P. C., p. 572.

"On 31 July, 1696, William Leeds of Talbot county, planter, granted to Hugh Sherwood, gentleman, 300 acres, being part of land on Swan Island and called 'Harbingham.'

"Hugh Sherwood died after 1707 and left children by his first wife Mary, namely: Daniel, Philip, John, Francis, Margaret and Catherine Sherwood.

"Hugh Sherwood's is the best known branch, and it is probable that his father was the Francis Sherwood of St. Mary's county who took the 'Oath of Fealty' (or Fidelity) in 1646, as stated above."

And until we have some more definite knowledge to the contrary, **Francis Sherwood** (1) will be regarded by us as the Maryland pioneer. There can be no gainsaying the fact that he was the very first Sherwood who is known to have been in Maryland as early as 1646, when it is recorded in the State's archives that he was there and took the oath of allegiance to the Province. The place and date of his birth are unknown, yet beyond a question he was there at that early day (Jan. 2nd, 1646); nor are we left in doubt as to his religious creed.

As to **Hugh Sherwood,** who is believed to have been the son of Francis, we have more ample data. He himself has told us under oath when he was born, which was in 1632; and while we do not and may never know the place of his nativity, we have it that he died at his home in Huntington, Md., in 1710, at the age of 78. We know that he, with two others, supposedly his brothers (Edward and Francis), after having been "transported" into Maryland, were in Talbot county in 1661; where, from the records in the Land Office at Annapolis (Vol. VII, p. 370), we conclude that they were reimbursed for their traveling expenses, by gifts of lands from the State. We know, too, that he was a member of the House of Delegates, and a member of the Lower House of Assembly, and that he once signed himself **"a true Englishman, a good subject of the Crown of England—our native land."** Which is rather significant, we think, as indicating the country from which he had come. His children, all by his first wife, Mary——, were, as stated: Daniel, Philip, John, Francis, Margaret and Catherine.

Daniel Sherwood was the oldest. He was born March 20, 1668, and died Aug. 15, 1738. His name starts a new and popular one in our Maryland branch of the Sherwood family which, likewise, has been a popular one in the Connecticut branch. He like his father, was a man of affairs, having been care-taker of the poor in Talbot county; High Sheriff; delegate in the General Assembly, and member of the House of Burgesses. He was a planter (of tobacco) on a large scale, and was a slave-holder. His wife was **Mary Hopkins,** whom he married Dec. 26, 1689, and their children were Hugh, Margaret, Mary, Elizabeth, Catherine, Dorothy, Lucy and Daniel.

We have thus, in a way, mentioned the first three generations of Maryland Sherwoods, covering the time between 1646 and 1738, a period of about one hundred years. Much more might be written had we the time and space. As it is, we can only say that for the next seventy-five years they continued to live and flourish in Maryland, there being many who answered to the names of Daniel, Francis, Thomas and Hugh——many of them prominent. So far as we know, not one of them ever left the state in quest of a better home—until after the year 1778. In the summer of 1812 (we believe it was), one, **James Sherwood,** with his brothers, **Thomas** and **William** (all sons of a Daniel Sherwood living at Choptank, Md.), together with a colony of friends and neighbors, set out for what was then "the far West," on a home-hunting expedition. James had with him his wife and four children, namely: Mary, Thomas, Anna and William. He stopped for a time near Lebanon, in Ohio, where another son, James was born; then went on into Indiana, living first for two years, 1812-'14, south of Brookville, when he and his brother, Thomas, went a little north from Brookville and each entered 160 acres of land.

And to them and their families belongs the credit of having been the Indiana pioneers—the brother William having gone on into Kentucky.

And better pioneers or settlers no new or frontier country ever had. They were not foreigners just over from the Old World, but a high type of American citizens. **Mrs. Frank S. Masters of Brookville,** Indiana, great-granddaughter of pioneer James Sherwood, says of him and his family: They crossed the country from Maryland to a new home which they founded in Franklin county, Indiana. They were aristocratic people. Mother has told me how they loved granddaddy and grandmother, and granddaddy always wore his high silk hat and fine boots. They were always so glad and happy whenever they came to visit them at their house. They were people of means. He bought and owned a great deal of land in Franklin county, some of which he had surveyed and laid out in town lots and gave to the town of Blooming Grove."

Pioneer Thomas, brother of pioneer James, married **Anna Townsend** in Maryland, and he and his descendants were and always have been farmers. Pioneer James married **Nancy Naylor** at Denton, Md., and lived in or near Greensboro, where, as stated, four of his twelve children were born. His line of descent from Francis Sherwood, the Maryland pioneer, was through Hugh Sherwood, and then through one of Hugh's four sons—Daniel, Philip, John and Francis.

Of his most wonderful wife, Nancy Naylor, who impresses us as one of the heroines of early days in the wilds of Indiana, we are more than pleased to have a great-granddaughter tell us in her own inimitable way. She is none other than **Miss Ethel Chloe Sherwood** of Connersville, Indiana, (daughter of Louis Oscar—son of Rev. William—son of pioneer James), who, in a highly entertaining and instructive letter to the author, among other things, says: "Nancy Naylor was a native of Pennsylvania; her father, who was a Revolutionary soldier, was a descendant of the Naylor family, which came from Sherwood Forest, England, and, as you must know, Little John in Robin Hood was Little John Naylor (Nailor). I once read in an early edition of Who's Who that you had owned a cabin in Pennsylvania called Robin Hood's Cabin, and I expect you know a great deal about these Naylors, and will be interested to find that one of them was the wife of a Sherwood, and came into the wilderness and did so much to establish a Christian community.

"Nancy was 'a shouting Methodist,' and was very sincere in her faith. James Sherwood, her husband, and a neighbor of theirs built a camp-meeting ground on Sherwood's farm two and one-half miles southwest from Blooming Grove. They made a clearing in a tract of timber and each family furnished its own seat, which was a large heavy plank resting on blocks sawed from logs. Each family built a one-room cabin for weather protection—in all two or three dozen of them—and people came many miles, each family using its own cabin for eating purposes, the food being prepared at home.

"James and Nancy built their seat in front, Nancy was a very, very small woman, with black eyes, and she would become so happy in her religion that she 'shouted all over the camp-meeting ground' at each service. James was more quiet. He was of medium stature, with sandy complexion and a round full figure. Nancy died as she had lived, praying and singing praises to her Lord in a sweet low tone. James and Nancy were the parents of twelve children, six boys and six girls. Six had black hair and black eyes of the Naylors, and six had the red-blond hair and blue eyes of the Sherwoods."

Our esteemed correspondent and kinswoman closes with some most interesting information concerning her own immediate family, saying: We are of medium stature; we mostly live about seventy-five years; we are slow to anger, but a little fiery when we do get mad; we are gentle and kind, easy-mannered, and soft-spoken. None of my father's people ever did harm to any one; they were honest in business, and of a quiet, reserved disposition."

All of which is acceptable and sounds very good to us—even including all she says about the shouting Methodist.

Speaking of her grandfather, **Rev. William Sherwood,** Ethel Chloe says: "He was a minister for more than forty

REV. WILLIAM SHERWOOD AND WIFE

LOUIS OSCAR SHERWOOD AND FAMILY

Left to right—Donnelle De Vere Sherwood, Leah Helen Sherwood Grimes, Heber Earle Sherwood, Ella Constance Sherwood Conrad, Louis Oscar Sherwood, Ethel Chloe Sherwood.

years or until he was retired for old age, having begun at the age of thirty. First as a Methodist, when he helped build a church (1840), of black walnut logs, hewed, near the Sherwood home in Blooming Grove township, Indiana, and then a stone chapel in the same neighborhood, which was also Methodist and also supported mostly by the Sherwood family, and was made of flat undressed stones taken from Duck creek, on the farm of Daniel Sherwood; and in the little rural graveyard, near by, he is buried, with his wife and two of his daughters. The stone chapel is now used by the sect known as Nazarene.

"At the time of the Civil war the Rev. Mr. Sherwood could not agree with the Methodist conference on the question of giving the Negro, at once, equal rights with the white man. He did not believe in slavery; he believed in freedom; but he could not accept the Negro as his equal—not in all things. So he changed to the United Brethren faith, and with the Lakes family built a small church two miles north of the stone chapel, where he preached (as he had always preached), 'for the honor and glory'—he never at any time having taken a cent for his religious work."

Rev. William Sherwood seems to have had a most excellent record, both as a man and a minister, and seems to have been very successful, both as a preacher and a lumberman. Indeed, we are regarding him as a most noble character among Sherwoods; one who arouses our admiration. Much in his make-up would remind us of our own Rev. Abijah Sherwood—see chapter VI—and like him, and many another unsung, unheralded pioneer-preacher, he seems to have left the world better off for having lived in it. He was born at Greensboro, Md., Dec. 25, 1811, the son of James Sherwood, the Indiana pioneer. His wife was Mary Wiggins, by whom he had fourteen children—six sons and eight daughters. One of them was **Louis Oscar Sherwood,** born, Sept. 17, 1853, died Nov. 2, 1922. He was in the lumber business and operated sawmills. He married **Elizabeth Arlita Sanders,** and their children were: 1, Ella Constance, husband William Conrad—daughter Alice Elizabeth; 2, Heber Earle, wife Marguerite Edna Briggs; 3, Leah Helen, husband John White Grimes—daughter Helen Arlita Grimes; 4, Donnelle De Vere, wife Zelma May Ogle—son Donnelle Wayne; 5, **Ethel Chloe**; whose name we are pleased to record in this connection.

Tying up to Thomas, the brother of James, we have **Prof. Noble Pierce Sherwood,** the noted bacteriologist of Lawrence, Kansas, who is descended from the Naylors on his grandmother's side. His father was Edwin Orlando Sherwood, and his mother Elizabeth Alexander. His wife was **Mary Edith Kepner,** and their children are Noble Pierce, Margaret Evelyn, Edwin Montrose. He is the author of a well known Manual of Bacteriology, and his home is at Lawrence, Kansas.

As we have stated, it was in 1812 that James Sherwood and his wife, Nancy Naylor, came from Maryland into eastern Indiana, through the Miami valley. Five years later, in 1817, another company of these Maryland Sherwoods, who had been living for a few years in North Carolina, had arrived in southwestern Indiana through the Wabash valley.

It was Dec. 15, 1778, when one **Daniel Sherwood,** and his wife **Frances Lynthicum,** sold their home—"Auctill"—in Maryland for the sum of two thousand pounds, and soon thereafter removed to Guilford county, North Carolina. They are supposed to have had with them his brother, Hugh Sherwood, as the census of 1790 shows a Hugh Sherwood in that county with a family of five children—one son and four daughters.

It was while living in North Carolina that Daniel and his wife died; she in 1806, aged 56 years, and he in 1838, when in his 89th year. Their children (some of them born in Maryland), were Thomas, Hugh, Elizabeth, Daniel, Benjamin, Priscilla and John. Led by Hugh, we are told, it was these, or some of them, and their children who came from Guilford, North Carolina, into Washington county, Indiana, in the fall of 1817.

Hugh Sherwood and his wife, **Rebecca,** are said to have been devout Methodists. In 1844 they gave land near their home at Rego, Indiana, on which a log church called Providence Meeting House, was built. He died in 1846, and she in 1852, and both are buried in the cemetery adjoining the church.

We have it that one of their sons was **Daniel Sherwood,** who married **Delilah Copeland,** and that their three sons, Benjamin, William and James, were physicians, all living at Linton, Greene county, Indiana, to which place they had migrated from Livonia, Washington county; Dr. William in 1848, Dr. James in 1851, and Dr. Benjamin in 1854. One of these (Dr. William), had three sons by his wife, **Catherine** (Ingersoll) **Sherwood,** who were all physicians, as follows: Dr. H. I. Sherwood, now living; Dr. B. M. Sherwood, dec'd; and Dr. E. T. Sherwood, who died in 1922 at New Smyrna, Florida.

Of the first three brothers mentioned, Dr's. Benjamin, William and James, we learn that they were very successful in leaving their imprint on the community, so that it was long known that "Linton without a Sherwood would have been like love without a sweetheart."

Of the last three brothers, Dr's. H. I., B. M. and E. T. (all said to have been men of note), we learn from a history of Greene county, published before the first two had located there, that **Dr. E. T. Sherwood** was a factor in political affairs, having served in both state and national conventions; that he was Lieu't. Colonel of the 6th Regt. Indiania Uniform Rank, editor of the Linton Record, writer and poet.

His wife was **Hattie** (Price) **Sherwood** and his children were Mrs. Robert D. Landrum of Cleveland, Ohio, (A. B. Indiana University), Mrs. O. H. Hanger, Linton, Indiana, and Mr. Elmer W. Sherwood, Bloomington, Indiana, (A. B., Indiana University), to whom the writer is indebted for some very interesting data. Mr. Sherwood is clerk of the Greene County Circuit Court; was a representative in the Indiana Legislature, 1921-1922; is president of the Rainbow Division Veterans' Association of the state of Indiana; author: "The Rainbow Hoosier," "The Duties of Citizenship," "Diary of a Rainbow Veteran"—now in press.

Another of these wonderful families descended from our Maryland branch of Sherwoods by way of the Carolinas is that of **Daniel Webster Sherwood,** whose home is in Lawrence county, Indiana, about five or six miles from the town of Mitchell. His father and grandfather were of the band of Sherwood immigrants who came from Guilford county, North Carolina, in the fall of 1817, and located in Washington county, Indiana. He married **Addie Adella Connelly,** and his five sons are: **Walter Clarence, John Carl, Henry Noble, Benjamin Harrison** and **Hollace Chase**—all, we take it, being men of repute. Walter Clarence as a physician and president of the Mitchell Rotary Club, John Carl as a farmer and Indiana state senator, Henry Noble as a college professor, Benjamin Harrison as a business man and past district governor, and Hollace Chase as head of consolidated schools in Lawrence county.

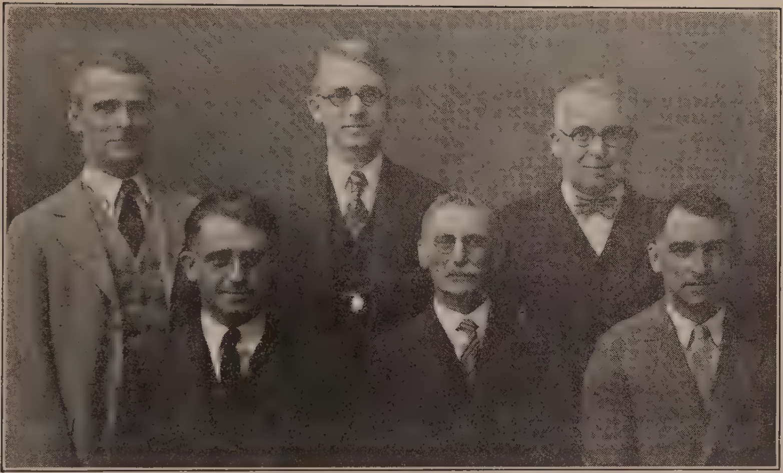
Their line of descent reads:1, Francis Sherwood, the Maryland pioneer; 2, Hugh Sherwood, wife Mary——; 3, Daniel Sherwood, wife Mary Hopkins; 4, Daniel Sherwood, wife Mary Lynthicum; 5, Benjamin Sherwood, wife Sally Swaim; 6, John Sherwood, wife Sarah Elizabeth Martin; 7, Daniel Webster Sherwood, wife Addie Adella Connelly.

We are closing our notes on the Maryland-Indiana Sherwoods with the name of **Henry Noble Sherwood,** A. B., Ph. D., A. M., L. L. D., (see **Who's Who).** As an educator; as a superintendent of public instruction in the state of Indiana; as a professor of history in a number of colleges, and as an author, Dr. Sherwood would appear to be an outstanding man among Sherwoods. His wife was **Adda Hendrickson,** and his children are Alice Adella and Sarah Isabella.

To him we are indebted for the privilege of reading some very instructive papers pertaining to Maryland-Indiana Sherwoods, which were compiled some years since by his uncle, Benjamin Sherwood, assisted by a kinswoman, Mrs. C. P. Lesh, of Indianapolis, in which, among many other notes, we were interested in what follows:

"In looks the Sherwoods were tall, muscular, full-fleshed but not fat; with massive strong features, gray eyes, heavy brows, light hair, ruddy complexion, and diffident, retiring manners."

Interested because we are reminded of what Miss Ethel Chloe Sherwood of Connersville has said descriptive of her branch of Sherwoods; as well, also, as of what the writer



DANIEL WEBSTER SHERWOOD and SONS of Mitchell, Indiana.

Left to right standing—John Carl, Henry Noble, Walter Clarence.
Sitting—Benjamin Harrison, Daniel Webster, Hollace Chase.

has noted on a preceding page concerning the Connecticut branch; and for the further reason that all are marked characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Dr. Sherwood is now of the University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky—College of Liberal Arts, Department of History.

THE VIRGINIA SHERWOODS

In closing this chapter it should be stated, perhaps, that there were other Sherwoods in America several years before Thomas and Francis, the Pioneers, but not in New England or Maryland, and, so far as known, not in our lines.

In **Hotten s List of Emigrants to America**, pp. 243 and 254, it is recorded that **Peeter Sherwood** came from England to Virginia in the **Flyinge Hart** as early as 1621, and lived at Newport News. In the same work, p. 176, it is stated that **Peaceable Sherwood** was living in Virginia, Feb. 16, 1623; while farther on, under the heading, **Muster of the Inhabitants of Virginia**, p. 236, this individual is reported as dead in 1624. Later, in the year 1668, **William Sherwood** came from London to Jamestown, "He was a gentleman and an aristocrat," a member of the House of Burgesses, and the first Attorney-general of Virginia. He lies in the old Jamestown churchyard, having died in 1697, and his epitaph reads:

"Here lies William Sherwood a great sinner, waiting for a joyful resurrection."

He had more than a thousand acres of land, but no children, and his widow married Edonward Jacqueline, a Huguenot refugee. We do not know if the country seat of President Tyler in Virginia, known as Sherwood Place, or Sherwood Forest, was connected in any way with this man's estate or not, but we have read that it was.

Although the above William, so it seems, was an "aristocrat," he yet acknowledged that he was a great sinner and what is more, he is waiting for a joyful resurrection. Which is only another instance of a trait of character we have often observed in the Sherwood family, which is, that whatever else may be its faults it is usually not without faith in God. This most excellent trait is strikingly and touchingly brought out in the case of one of the Connecticut Sherwoods, whose death is so oddly yet pathetically recorded in **Bradstreet's Journal** for May 1, 1674:—

"George Sherwood of this town of New London dyed. His sicknesse was very painfull being a fluxe, yet God gave him some good measure of Patience. His hope (though mixed with some doubtings at some times), failed not. His senses were disturbed about a day before he dyed. I doubt not he is at rest in glory."

And some way this little incident has gotten on our hearts, so that we agree with the writer, and believe that we shall see and know George Sherwood, "over there." And we are thinking, how true it is that character—Christian character—alone endures.

CHAPTER III.

ISAAC SHERWOOD (2) AND ELIZABETH JACKSON
DANIEL SHERWOOD (3) AND RUTH BRADLEY
DANIEL SHERWOOD (4) AND JERUSHA WHITNEY

Our noble sires, how have they gone!
  Life's fitful fever o'er, they sleep;
While ours it is to build upon
  Foundations laid both wide and deep.

What shall the superstructure be
  Which rises as the years go by?
Shall it stand forth in you and me
  With Christlike deeds which never die?

Or shall it be ignobly made,
  With sordid selfishness aflame?
Shall it be wanting when 'tis weighed—
  Shall it disgrace an honored name?

ISAAC SHERWOOD (2), fourteenth and youngest child of Thomas the pioneer and Mary Fitch his wife, was born (at Hull's Farms?), Fairfield, Conn., in 1645, and married ELIZABETH JACKSON, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Smith) Jackson, who in turn were descended from Henry Jackson and Giles Smith. Henry Jackson came from England on the **Elizabeth and Anne** in 1635, when he was twenty-nine years old. Giles Smith was the son of Henry Smith, and according to Mrs. Fellows married Ann Pynchon, daughter of Gov. Pynchon, which marriage she has not verified, but says it has been printed in many of the older Colonial histories.

The writer has never been able to learn the exact date of Isaac's marriage, but it was sometime prior to Sept. 2, 1676, as he is then called "son-in-law of John Jackson, carpenter," on the town minutes of Eastchester, N. Y.

Their children were seven in number, as follows: **Daniel** (1), who married Ruth Bradley, and who with his wife died in Ridgefield, Conn.; Isaac (2), who married Rebecca——? and died Feb. 25, 1768 at Green's Farms, Conn.; John (3); David (4); Thomas (5), who married Eleanor Churchhill, of Green's Farms, and died at Albany, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1775; Abigail (6); Elizabeth (7). See **Orcutt's History of New Milford**, Vol. 2, p. 1292.

We do not know very much about Isaac Sherwood. He seems to have followed his father-in-law, John Jackson, to Eastchester, near the city of New York, and afterwards to have lived at Rye, N. Y., where he was one of the eighteen proprietors of the town, but about the year 1700 returned to Compo (now Westport), Conn., where he was still living as late as the year 1739, when he was around 94 years of age.

According to **Huntington's History of Stamford, Conn.,** there would seem to have been much moving by him back and forth between these towns and Fairfield. His frequent change of residence has made it somewhat difficult to keep track of him; the inference being that he, like his father-in-law, was a carpenter; and that together they followed the business of contractors and builders.

Baird's History of Rye, N. Y., p. p. 83, 157 and 259, speaks of several engagements having been fought during the Revolution at Sherwood's Bridge (Glenville), which is at or near Rye. Sherwood's Bridge is the ancient name of the bridge crossing the Byram river at Glenville, and it would be interesting to know what connection, if any, the bridge has with the name of Isaac Sherwood. Likewise Sherwood Park (in or near Eastchester?), which was cut up to enlarge the city of New York.

A probate record from the **Fairfield Land Records,** Liber A, folio 498, reads:—

"Whereas my dear Father Thomas Sherwood deceased of Fayrefield he by his last will gave me, Isaak Sherwood, a legacy both of housing and lands in ye Colony of Connecticut my Mother Mary Banks being executrix of my father's will. And whereas my father-in-law John Banks having married my mother I now discharge my father-in-law—his heirs and assigns from any further demands of said legacy."

"Isaak Sherwood"
"Seal."

"This 26th of Feb. 1673.
"William Hill."
"John Wheler."

Stepfather and father-in-law are one and the same in these old manuscripts.

On the 10th of May, 1692, Isaac appears to have been living in Fairfield, at which time his wife's parents, John and Elizabeth Jackson were dead, as the same Records, **(Liber 1689-1701, folio 73)**, says:—

I "Isaak Sherwood of Fairfield have received my full portion in right of my wife out of my father-in-law John Jackson of Fayrefield deceased, his estate, also estate of my Mother Jackson deceased, and do acquit Moses Jackson Administrator of said estates.—May 10, 1692."

For a copy of these probate records we are indebted to Mrs. Fellows.

Before leaving our ancestor Isaac Sherwood, the writer would digress for a little from the line he is considering (that of Daniel L. Sherwood), to give the lineage of two of the leading Sherwood genealogists of which he has knowledge, namely: Mrs. Lucia Russell Fellows, and Mrs. Mary Sherwood Hale, both of whom are descended with the writer through Isaac from Thomas the Pioneer, and both of whom have procured and supplied much valuable information as regards our ancestors, especially as found in the 2nd and 3rd chapters of this volume.

Mrs. Fellow's Line.

Thomas (1) Sherwood—wife, Mary Fitch; Isaac (2) Sherwood—wife, Elizabeth Jackson; Capt. Thomas (3) Sherwood—wife, Eleanor Churchill; John (4) Sherwood—wife, Eunice Hinman; Paulina (6) Sherwood—husband, Lucius Russell; Hobart (7) Russell—wife, Ann Eliza Burgess; Lucia (8) Russell—husband, George Emory Fellows, L. L. D., president emeritus of the University of Maine. Mrs. Fellows also has a Mayflower line through the Howlands, Gorhams, Barlows and Bradleys.

As showing the trustworthiness and reliability of her work we take the liberty of quoting from one of her letters as follows:

"Modern genealogists refuse to take family memories or traditions unless they are proven by other evidence. The Patriotic Societies demand this now, and so close is the watch kept on statements that no genealogist dares to send out one that will not bear hammering from all sides."

Again she says: "Isaac Sherwood has troubled me somewhat, and I am glad for the information you have given me that after he left Eastchester, N. Y., he lived in Rye, N. Y., and then in Westport, Conn. I lost him in Eastchester where he followed his father-in-law John Jackson."

And the writer has to confess that he too—and in fact all of us—seem to be short on records as pertaining to Isaac Sherwood.

In still another letter she says: 'It is really strange the way which you and I have identically the same ancestors yet through different channels. You can see how we strike the same people in the Sherwood line and I am a Bradley through other families who in those days lived far from the Sherwoods and unknown to them."

And whoever looks into the matter will, we think, be amazed at the manner in which we all lock and interlock with the different peoples who have preceded us.

Mrs. Hale's Line.

Thomas (1) Sherwood—wife, Mary Fitch; Isaac (2) Sherwood—wife, Elizabeth Jackson; Thomas (3) Sherwood

—wife Eleanor Churchill; John (4) Sherwood—wife, Mary Gorham; Asa (5) Sherwood—wife, Mary Phillips; William (6) Sherwood—wife, Abigail Smith; Nehemiah (7) Sherwood—wife, Lucy A. Rice; Mary Abigail (8) Sherwood—husband, Charles Nelson Hale.

Mrs. Hale who, with Mrs. Fellows, is our "4th cousin one remove," is a teacher of repute in the public schools of Chicago. She has access to the Newberry library there and has aided us with much valuable data.

DANIEL SHERWOOD (3), eldest child of Isaac and Elizabeth (Jackson) Sherwood, was born at Fairfield, Conn., in 1686, but appears to have been living at Ridgefield, Conn., as early as the year 1712, or earlier, and to have still been living there at the time of his death, which was on the 28th of August, in the year 1749, at the age of 63.

In 1711 he married RUTH BRADLEY, who was born in 1690 and died Dec. 11th, 1748, at the age of 58, and who was the fourth child of John and Hannah (Sherwood) Bradley. By her he had eight children, all registered in the town records as having been born in Ridgefield, namely: 1, Hannah, born March 7, 1712; 2, **Daniel**, born Nov. 21, 1714; 3, Abigail, born April 31, 1716; 4, Nathan, born May 16, 1720; 5, Ruth, born March 29, 1722; 6, Isaac, born Feb. 8, 1724; 7, John, born March 15, 1729; 8, Sarah, born May 26, 1731. See **Orcutt's History,** Vol. 2, p. 1292.

Francis Bradley married in 1661 Ruth Barlow, and one of their six children, John Bradley, married Hannah Sherwood, daughter of Thomas (2) Sherwood, son of Thomas (1) the Pioneer. See **Genealogical Exchange** for Oct. 1905, p. 44.

The Bradleys and Barlows were very important people, so it seems. According to English antiquarians John Barlow was the eleventh in a line containing two gallant knights, namely: Sir John Roger de Barlow (5) and Sir Alexander Barlow (9); and is said to be one of the few American lines of ancestry which can be traced back with authoritative proof.

Francis Bradley died in 1689. The New York Bradley-Martins, who have in late years married very prominently in England, causing no little stir in the realms of wealth and fashion, are descendants.

In connecting up with these families (the Barlows and Bradleys), the subject of this sketch must have married a near relative. Mrs Fellows, the genealogist, says she will leave it to the writer to figure out just what relation his grandmother, Ruth Bradley, was to Daniel Sherwood, the man she married.

It would appear that she was first cousin, two removes. (See chapter 2).

It would also appear that because of this marriage of cousins we have two Sherwood lines; one through Thomas (2) and one through Isaac (2), both sons of Thomas the Pioneer; the one by his wife Alice, the other by his wife Mary. Which is rather an interesting circumstance, to say the least, and one which has been strangely overlooked, no one but Mrs. Fellows having noted it so far as we are aware. Evidently we are descended from both Alice and Mary by ties of blood.

Daniel Sherwood was a man of considerable local prominence in his day, being credited with a most excellent reputation for integrity, as well as with being the possessor of some means financially. He was senior warden and a "pillar" in the Episcopal Church (then known only as the Church of England, but since 1739 as St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, or Parish), and with one, Alexander Resseguie, was under bonds carrying a penalty of forty pounds and dated April 27, 1737, "to see that a minister of the Church of England shall receive the rates due from the members of the Church in Ridgefield for the support of the ministry."

From the **History of Ridgefield,** by the Hon. George L. Rockwell, we learn that Episcopal services began in Ridgefield about the year 1725, under Rev. Samuel Johnson, and that in 1738 the Rev. John Beach, who was a missionary stationed at Newtown, reported to the society in London "that he often officiated and administered the sacraments in Ridgefield, distant from his residence about eighteen miles, where there were nearly twenty families of very serious and religious people, who had a just esteem of the Church of England, and desired to have the opportunity of worshipping God in that way."

On page 238 Mr. Rockwell, quoting from the records of St. Stephen's Parish under date of 1742, in a list of members who had paid their ministerial dues, we find among others the names of Daniel Sherwood and his two oldest sons, Daniel and Nathan, together with fourteen others, including Benjamin Bradley and Alexander Resseguie.

Rev. William B. Lusk, Rector of St. Stephens, wrote us in 1924 that there are still many Sherwoods in and around Ridgefield; also, that one of his parishioners, Mr. W. A. Benedict, is well informed as to the historical background of Ridgefield. He (Mr. Benedict) tells us that the home of Daniel Sherwood was where the residence of Dr. B. A. Bryon now stands (Mr. Rockwell in his history, p. 29, says Daniel Sherwood's lot is now the site of the Martin Block), on the west side of Main St., just south of the street from the railroad station; also, that he (Mr. Benedict), has found in the vicinity of Ridgefield a number of Sherwoods (descendants, he concludes, of Daniel), and names David, Lewis, Amos, Rufus, Daniel and John.

From **Teller's History of Ridgefield** we learn that Daniel Sherwood, in consideration of one twenty-ninth part of purchased lands, built a mill in the Scotland school district, on the outlet of Mamanasco lake, and was given "a house lot" next north from Benjamin Burt's; he, the said Sherwood becoming one of the twenty-nine proprietors of Ridgefield. His land was on the second and third purchase of Indian lands, of which there were nine, while his house was immediately north from where the Methodist church now stands.

"The Mill Covenant," as it was known, has been well called an able document, and is printed at p. 685 in the **History of Fairfield County**; while the unique and highly interesting original is, or was, in the hands of Charles A. Quintard, of Norwalk, Conn., of which the following is a verbatim copy, under date of Jan. 30, 1716—more than two hundred years ago.—

"To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come Greeting.

Know ye that I, Daniel Sherwood of Ridgefield in the County of Fairfield and Colony of Connecticut in New England, For and in Consideration of a bill of sale of Lands received of the Proprietors of Ridgefield and bearing date with these presents, which is to my full satisfaction. For and upon which consideration aforesaid I the said Daniel Sherwood for myself, heirs and assigns, Do by these presents engage unto and Covenant with ye said Proprietors of Ridgefield, their heirs and assigns, and associates for the faithful, punctual, universal fulfillment of this Covenant, following in every condition Clause and article hereof, viz:

Imprimis, I ye said Daniel Sherwood do engage for myself, heirs and assigns to erect a good sufficient Grist Mill on the Outlet of Mammanasquog Pond so called and known by the Proprietors of Ridgefield.

"2dly, I declare myself bound hereby to maintain ye same and uphold it (or another in the same place), always in good rigg and order for grinding.

"3dly. I covenant for myself heirs and assigns upon ye Tuesdays and Fridays of every week (when ever water may be had by ye use of means), to grind for said Proprietors, their heirs, assigns, and associates, all sorts of their grain, well and sufficiently, making good and well-conditioned meal, and to take but, and no more, than three quarts out of each bushel of Indian corn, and two quarts out of each bushel of wheat or rye, and one quart of each bushel of malt (that I, my heirs, or assigns, shall grind), for toll.

"Fourthly. What was of grain shall be brought to ye said Mill by the said Proprietors, their heirs, assigns, or associates on the forementioned grinding days, more than can be ground on said days, that it shall on the next following week days, be ground without delay, and the said Sherwood do hereby bind and oblige myself, heirs and assigns, that whatever grain shall be brought on or before any of the said grinding days (or any day), more than the mill grinds on said days, shall be ground out of hand, whether men wait and attend on the grinding thereof or not.

"Furthermore (according to the original intent of both parties), I ye said Sherwood do bind and oblige myself, heirs and assigns, by virtue of this Covenant (in case of failure and non-performance of every clause, article, and condition, according to plain intent, or upon neglect of due means, and all thorough, seasonable, and faithful endeavors upon any breaches whatsoever, to rectify, keep, and maintain, ye same with everything, necessary and essential thereunto, in good trim and order for the ends before, covenanted and accordingly improve it), I, the said Sherwood, by virtue hereof, do bind myself, heirs and assigns, to forfeit and deliver up ye said Mill and Stream, unto the said Proprietors with all its properties and appurtenances and privileges whatsoever in anywise thereunto, shall at the time of forfeiture appertain, hereby Covenanting not to export or carry away any part property or utensil whatsoever thereunto belonging and do upon condition of failure in covenant for myself, heirs and assigns all full power and authority to enter upon, possess and enjoy the same; and to convert and improve it to what end and use soever they please by virtue of these presents. In Testimony whereof I do bind myself heirs and assigns set to my hand and seal this thirtieth day of January anno Dominus 1716."

"Daniel Sherwood (Seal)"

Mr. Rockwell in his History says that Daniel erected the mill on the outlet of Lake Mamanasco, and undoubtedly maintained it until his death in 1749.

It will be noticed that the date of the foregoing instrument is Jan. 30, 1716; but we believe we are justified in assuming that Daniel Sherwood came to Ridgefield to make it his home very soon after his marriage to Ruth Bradley in 1711, since his marriage nor the birth of any of his children seem to have been mentioned in the Fairfield records, but all of them (including Hannah the eldest, born March 7, 1712), are listed, so we are told, in the Ridgefield records.

That he was in Ridgefield, or near by, and had some sort of a mill there at an earlier date than has usually been accorded to him is, we think, quite apparent, since in the deed to the second purchase of Indian lands under date of **March 18, 1715** (a copy of which is found in **Teller**), the name of Daniel Sherwood appears along with about 37 others while, moreover, in the boundaries as given in that purchase reference is had to a certain white-wood tree "**near where ye mill now stands.**"

So that we are inclined to agree with our good friend, Mr. Starr S. Sherwood, that our Daniel was most assuredly there prior to the year 1716, and had some kind of a mill for grinding grain, though perhaps not "a good and sufficient mill", as stipulated and called for in the Mill Covenant. It is significant, we think, that said Covenant starts out by saying: "Know ye that **I Daniel Sherwood of Ridgefield.**"

That Daniel Sherwood was in Ridgefield at an early day, though perhaps not as a resident, seems quite probable. One of his descendants (M. J. Sherwood of Marquette, Mich.), who was there in 1926, quotes from a history of Ridgefield as follows: "In the year 1708 Catoonah, Sachem of the Ramapo Indians, sold, for one hundred pounds sterling, a tract of land, bounded, north and east by Danbury, south by Norwalk, and west by New York State, to twenty-nine men from Norwalk and three from Milford. That year the General Assistant appointed Major Peter Burr of Fairfield, John Gopp of Norwalk and Jonah Starr of Danbury to survey and lay out a new settlement. These surveyors with a keen sense of beauty selected for the new town site, the central three ridges commanding views of Long Island Sound on the south and the Highlands of the Hudson toward the west. Through the center they planned a street six rods wide, on either side of which were home lots of 2½ acres, with a green in the center for the meeting, town and school house, and on the east and west ridges, 5 acres of pasture to each home lot."

November 1708—note the year—was the date of the

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

lottery when the land was apportioned and twenty-five home sites were drawn as follows: The first lot in the southeast for a burying ground and twelve lots northward falling to Samuel St. John. The opposite plats from south to north fell to Samuel Keeler et al. "Daniel Sherwood, a miller from Fairfield and Rev. Thomas Hawley of Northampton, Mass. Benjamin Burt, a blacksmith from Norwalk, Ebenezer Smith of Milford and Joseph Benedict of Norwalk were added to the list of early proprietors."

From all of which we conclude that the village of Ridgefield must be beautiful for location, and that Daniel Sherwood was living there, or near there, at an early day.

In this connection we take pleasure in quoting from a few of the many charming bits of word-painting descriptive of the place and its surroundings, by our good friend, the Hon. George L. Rockwell, in his **History of Ridgefield,** a fine volume of over 500 pages, just now (Oct. 1927), off the press.

Evidently Ridgefield and its environments are so attractive, "especially in the days of autumn, when nature is ablaze with its most brilliant colorings", that it has become something of a summer resort, "many men prominent in the political, professional and business world having selected it for a summer home, while many have made it a permanent dwelling-place." Mr. Rockwell says that this is on account of its healthful climate, rustic simplicity and natural beauty; so that many hilltops have become summer home sites. He says that Main Street in Ridgefield is well known throughout the nation. "Our forefathers wisely laid out our streets a generous width. Nature, aided by the art of man, has made this village street famous, with its arching trees and shaded lawns, its colonial dwellings and refined homes of modern times."

Mr. Rockwell further says: "Ridgefield is one of the hill towns of Connecticut, and possesses such unusual natural topographical beauty that it has been called queen of them all. * * * * The natural beauty of its hills and valleys, its wooded slopes and its streams and lakes, is unsurpassed.

Ridgefield is more elevated than any of the neighboring towns, and from its inumerable hilltops an extensive and sweeping view is had of the surrounding country.

"To the north, the high hills of Danbury, New Fairfield and lower Litchfield County rise most imposingly. To the east, the Bethel and Redding hills, interspersed with wooded vales, gives us a charming view, and from early dawn till sunrise are most inspiring. To the south the country is more rolling, sloping in gentle undulations away to Long Island Sound, distant some fourteen miles. On a clear day, this beautiful body of water may be seen for a stretch of many miles, its appearance being like the sky itself, now blue, now gray, now glistening in the sunshine, with Long Island in the background, also seemingly a part of the sky. * * * At times the Sound appears as a stream of silver. Steamboats, yachts, schooners and sloops may easily be seen upon its waters. To the west we have our highest and most commanding range of hills, West Mountain and Titicus Mountain. Beyond is a beautiful rolling country, stretching to the Hudson River, with the Highlands and the hills of Putnam and Dutchess Counties in the distance, giving us a spreading landscape wonderful to behold. Nowhere do the sunsets seem more beautiful or more glorious than those of our beloved town.

"It is generally estimated that Ridgefield township is one thousand feet above the sea. * * * It is the fourth in the county in length of rivers, having sixty-six miles of stream. * * * It has ten natural lakes or ponds, containing one hundred and eighty-three acres. The largest lake is Mamanasco, which contains one hundred and four acres, and is five hundred and seventy-seven feet above sea level."

The writer has learned from the Rev. John H. Chapman, who was a former Rector of St. Stephen's Parish in Ridgefield, that there are many deeds and papers on record bearing the name of the original Daniel, some of which have to do with the purchase of lands from the Indians at Ridgefield, March 18, 1715, and again on Nov. 22, 1721, and July 4, 1727. See the **History of Fairfield**, p. 636.

The most interesting document, however, is the Will of Daniel Sherwood, probated in 1749 in the Probate Court at Danbury, where it was found by our good friend, kinsman and co-worker, Mr. Starr S. Sherwood, of Bethel, Conn., who with the writer is descended from Daniel, and to whom we are indebted for the copy which follows.

Daniel had outlived his wife, Ruth, and his daughter Sarah, and his eldest daughter, Hannah, had been his housekeeper, since in his bequest to her he intimates that it is more than equal to what he is giving his other daughters, "for ye hard work she has done for me and I owe it to her."

We conclude also—and to us it is the one best "item" in the Will—that Daniel Sherwood was a Christian man, standing on safe ground, which he states in his opening paragraph in no uncertain terms when he says: "I commit my soul to God who gave it, hoping and trusting in the merits of Jesus my Redeemer for ye pardon of all my sins and for everlasting life after death."

Which squares well with what has come down to us in the records of St. Stephen's Parish in Ridgefield, that Daniel and Ruth were not only zealous workers, (and official members), but strong Christian characters as well as real "pillars" in the Episcopal Church of that day and place.

Then, too, this Will is rather a unique composition, having for us an added charm and interest for the light it throws upon the orthography and diction, and manner of life, of our ancestors in the days before the Revolutionary War.

COPY OF THE WILL MADE BY DANIEL SHERWOOD OF RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT, IN 1749.

In the name of God Amen and Amen, I, Daniel Sherwood of Ridgefield in the Colony of Connecticut in New England, being sick and weak of body but of perfect mind and memory thanks be to God. Therefore do make my last will and testament in manner and form following permission, I commit my soul to God who gave it, hoping and trusting in the merits of Jesus my Redeemer for ye pardon of all my sins and for everlasting life after death, and my body I define to have a Christian burial at disposition of my executors hereafter mentioned and as for my worldly estate wherewith it has pleased God to bless me with I dispose in the following form and manner (viz.).

(Item): My will and pleasure is that all my just and lawful debts and funeral charges be paid out of my estate by my executors mentioned. (Item): I give my right of commonage to my four sons, Daniel—Nathan—Isaac and John Sherwood to be equally divided amongst them. (Item): I give my eldest son Daniel Sherwood one half of a certain piece of land or tract lying on Southward of Mamanasquo mill pond so called bounded northernly by highway otherwise bounded by Benjamin Burt and Benjamin Hoyt's pond. I give him seventy acres of land at said New Patting "(New Patent?)," so called by deed of gift and a dwelling house and barn and a good orchard and sundry utensils belonging to a farmer and a family and a good fence around thirty acres of land which is his full portion of my estate. (Item): I give my son Nathan Sherwood Five shillings which is the full of his portion of my estate with what I have already given him from lands by deeds of gift and money the sum of Six hundred pounds. (Item): I give my son Isaac Sherwood my land behind the grate swamp adjoining to Benjamin Stebbins and Thomas Hawley and his own land and highway also a piece of land lying over the highway to the left of the above mentioned piece bounded always by common land and a piece of land I bought of Nathan Hawley in ye short hills so called by the side of Richard Boggs and a piece of land called a twenty acre divission lying south of a road between Ridgefield and Elisha Jackson's mill and also half my cart which is a whole of his portion of my estate with what I have already given him in deeds of land and other things belonging to a farmer. (Item): I give my son John Sherwood one half my home lot on the north side with the barn adjoining to Samuel Isaacs and the north end of my dwelling house and half the cellar under the same and all my land at the six acre lot, so called, and my grate swamp meadow and all my land adjoining to the same and my land at Meticus, so called, bound west by highway and other ways by Benjamin Stebbins and Daniel Smiths and all my land at Sturvedant Ridge—so called, and my four year old steer and my black horse and half my cart and my long chain and plow irons one axe and one yoke and my will is that my son John move out of my dwelling house to leave the north part of my dwelling house to belong to my daughter Hannah, and about three hundred rails lying east of the Cradle wood, so called. (Item): I give to my daughter Hannah one half of my house lot on the south side adjoining to Benjamin Burt and the south end of my dwelling house and half of the cellar more than to be equal with my other daughters for ye hard work she has done for me and I owe it to her. (Item): I give to my son John and my two daughters Hannah and Abigal all my hogs and all my corn now growing and all my wheat in the barn and all my corn in the house and all my rye and oats and all my hay to be equally divided amongst them and all my wheat in the house. (Item): I give to my daughters Hannah and Abigal, six hundred pounds apiece out of my estate and three hundred pounds to my daughter Ruth Lobdell which will make her equal with my daughter Abigal, if there be enough of my estate which was not mentioned in my will, and if there be not enough to divide it equal amongst them and if there is more to be equally divided amongst my four sons—Daniel, Nathan, Isaac and John. (Lastly): I constitute and ordain Captain Richard Olmsted and Samuel Olmsted Esq. to be Executors of this my last will and testament dated at Ridgefield this 19th day of August (Anno Dom.), 1749.

Daniel Sherwood.

Signed sealed and done in presence of:

Cabel Lobdell
Ebenezer Smith
Samuel Isaacs

Ridgefield, September 4th, 1749. There appeared personally Cabel Lobdell—Ebenezer Smith and Samuel Isaacs all of lawful age witnesses to the within written will and declared that they saw Mr. Daniel Sherwood set his hand and seal to the within will and testament and also judge him to be of perfect mind and memory and that they desired and did set their hands as witnesses to the same in the presence of ye testator.

Sworn before me.....................Samuel Olmsted.
Justice of the Peace.

At a court of probate held in Danbury, October 27, 1749, Captain Richard Olmsted and Samuel Olmsted Esq. Executors to ye within will exhibited the same for probation and they executed the trust reposed in them by the testator, the will was read and approved of in this court and ordered by the court to be recorded.

Attest Thad. Benedict.
Clerk

The above and foregoing is a true record of ye original will.

Attest—Thad Benedict.
Register.

The graves of Daniel and Ruth had been missing and their exact location quite unknown for many, many years; until the summer of 1925 (we think it was), they were discovered by Mr. George L. Rockwell, the well known historian of Ridgefield. When the Hon. M. J. Sherwood of Marquette, Mich., was at Ridgefield in June, 1926, Mr. Rockwell told him that less than a year before he had dug up the tombstones of Daniel Sherwood and of Ruth his wife, in the old cemetery there, and with Rockwell he went out to the graveyard and saw them himself. He says the tombstones had gone down and the years gone by had covered them with earth, yet the names could be read. He says this Daniel Sherwood died at Ridgefield and was buried in the old cemetery, alongside of his wife, with one other grave alongside of hers—the inscription on the last named tombstone being unreadable. Was it their daughter Sarah? We think so, for the reason that Sarah is not mentioned in her father's will.

Mr. Sherwood further says that Rockwell has been gathering data to write the history of Ridgefield, and that there is no question about this tombstone of Daniel being the Daniel who entered into the contract concerning a grist mill with the proprietors of Ridgefield in 1716. Mr. Rockwell pointed out to him the two and a half acres which were allotted to Daniel Sherwood under the contract, and says this property covers what is now the business section of Ridgefield. Mr. Sherwood didn't get out to see the old mill, but Mr. Rockwell told him that either the original mill or one built to replace it and a duplicate of it is still there and must have been built more than one hundred years ago.

While in Ridgefield Mr. Rockwell also put him in touch with Mr. Starr S. Sherwood of Bethel, near Danbury, Conn., which was most fortunate for us and for which we feel very grateful indeed, since this hitherto unknown kinsman of ours has been a tireless delver after Sherwood genealogical data, which he has most freely and generously imparted to us, thus supplying us with many items of interest and value in connection with the two Daniels of Ridgefield.

Just why we write "kinsman" is revealed in a letter from our cousin M. J. S. to our kinsman S. S. S. in which the writer says: "It would appear, if I can figure out genealogy at all, that your family and mine start from the same ancestor, Thomas Sherwood, who landed in this country in 1634, 2nd wife Mary Fitch, and then through his son Isaac and Elizabeth Jackson, and his son Daniel Sherwood of Ridgefield, who married Ruth Bradley, and there we separate. Your ancestor from that point was apparently **John,** son of Daniel and Ruth Bradley Sherwood, and mine was **Daniel,** son of Daniel and Ruth Bradley Sherwood."

The letter from M. J. S. to S. S. S. further says: "I entirely agree with you that in the early days they 'made Sherwoods beyond any necessity,' but as I get into the records of the ancients of my family, I am more proud of them. Prominence in a community is not an essential in life. Honesty, fair dealing, straightforwardness, integrity and self-respect out-balance all other things. To these, however, my cousin Andrew of Portland, Oregon, would add or place first, a love of God and the following of the teachings of Christ, and on that I entirely agree with him, and so far as I have been able to find, these are all characteristics of those of the family who have preceded me, both direct and collateral, and I can say this for Thomas and Isaac and Daniel—they ear-marked their progeny to such an extent that I have never found it necessary to brand a Sherwood."

Replying, S. S. S. says: "If a man is not honest he is nothing, and if a man does not walk with God he does not go afar."

Which throws a little light upon the character of the man, and rings true to the principles for which our family have always been noted; while the highly interesting letters which follow will serve to show the important and painstaking work he has so generously done in behalf of Sherwoods, while helping to rescue records and graves from oblivion, and enabling us to write into Daniel L. Sherwood and his Paternal Ancestors certain dates which appeared to be forever lost, or had been wrongly transmitted.

These letters will take us into the Titicus cemetery at Ridgefield, there to bring to light the old forgotten, weatherbeaten tombstones; commonplace fieldstones they are, known in that country as "trap-rock"—excepting the ones at the graves of Daniel and Ruth Sherwood and their daughter Sarah, which are said to be a kind of limestone. All are no more than rough field stones, such as were in use there before the day of modern tombstones.

Never have we known just when Daniel and Ruth were born, or when they died—the years—nor have we known where they were buried. But now—thanks again to our good friend and co-worker, Mr. Starr S. Sherwood—all doubts have been removed.

Under date of Nov. 7, 1926, he says: "Today I had my young nephew drive me down to Ridgefield so that I could have another look at the graves of Daniel and Ruth, and also to see if I could locate the graves of Daniel (2) and his brother John and their wives, Jerusha and Hannah, as also what else I could uncover.

"I had previously asked George L. Rockwell to be on the lookout for these graves, so when he phoned me that he had found the graves of Daniel and Ruth I went down there and we had a good look at them, as we thought. I even took four different views of them with camera. Daniel's stone was set low, as shown, and we could only make out: "Here lies The body of mr daniel" (small m and d), and then on the next lines, "Sherwood who died Ye August 28—1749 aged"—neither Rockwell nor I could make out the figures; it looked like either 63 or 83.

"Now the lettering on this stone was in such a condition that, as Rockwell put it, if I had not told him what name to look for he could not have made it out, and even then he said it took him over an hour to read it, lying flat on his stomach, and with the right rays of the sun on it; and I now recall that we could not make out the first thing on the stone at the left that belonged to Ruth, with the exception of the letters RS on the footstone, and so we gave it up, much as I would liked to have satisfied myself as to Ruth's birth and age. For I have never been satisfied that Ruth Bradley was born in 1699, as per the record compiled by Chief Justice Bradley of the United States Supreme Court.

"There are three footstones in a row, all evidently on the same plot, and marked DS, RS, SS, respectively; but the headstone to SS was missing, until we dug down and found it lying flat, but could not make out the inscription.

"Now this morning when my nephew and I got there we had difficulty in making out Daniel's inscription, so we looked about for the graves of Daniel's sons—Daniel (2), Isaac, Nathan and John—but strange to say we could not find a single one, but did find most every one of the old settlers. However, the cemetery is large and we did not

STARR S. SHERWOOD

cover half the ground.

"When I thought the sun was right I took the boy (18) over to his 5th great-grandfather's grave, to have a better look and to tell him to bear its location in mind, as the inscription would soon be gone, and if lost again it would never be recovered. The sun was now to a better advantage and we could, it seemed, read it better than when there with Rockwell, and the 'aged 63' seemed very plain to us both. The letters and dates were all well on lines, and unless the figure which we took for a 6 was badly out of line it could not have been an 8, nor yet a 7.

"Mrs. Whitney had told me that Daniel (1) was born in 1676, which would have made his age 73, but it plainly was not a 7. My nephew and I studied it well and pronounced it a 6. The 3 was plain, while 'Ye Aug. 28, 1749" cannot be mistaken; which makes Daniel (1) born in 1686, instead of 1676, as my record has always read.

"And now—and now—a look at Ruth's stone, that Rockwell and I had pronounced beyond all reading.

"Today we had a better light, and we had little difficulty in making out: "Here lies the Body of Ruth Sherwood" (the Sherwood quite plain), "Wife of Daniel Sherwood." The rest was under the sod, so we dug feverishly, but the fresh dirt clung well, and it did not seem there was anything else. We had gone down about eight inches, when my nephew gave the stone a tug, and it moved, and after a little we pulled it out and laid it on the grass. I tried to rub the dirt off with dried grass—no use. Then I went to a house in the distance and got a pail of water, and to my great delight inscriptions became apparent and we both read, though not without some effort: "who died........ 11, 1748, aged 58."

"Which would make her born in 1690; and if she was really Ruth Bradley, the Chief Justice and all others are wrong in stating her born in 1699. I'd be very very pleased if you would tell me what you know of her. I think it was Mrs. Whitney who told me she was Ruth Bradley. Of course the stone was set back firmly in the hole it came out of, but I think I will ask Rockwell to take it out again and take a look. I won't tell him what I read, and see if he makes the same—as a check. As soon as the stone had dried off it was not as legible, and in that short time the sun had changed so that Daniel's stone was not easily read.

"And now as to the grave with the foot stone marked SS: I am not so sure but the head stone if washed might not tell. I did not have time today to see, as I had an appointment that made me leave. But somehow tonight I'm satisfied and feel it was a day well spent."

Three days later Mr. Sherwood wrote again saying: "I was in Ridgefield again yesterday, and with Rockwell took another look at Ruth's gravestone. This time we had with us a scrubbing brush and hot water, and we found the lettering reads: "who died on december Ye 11, 1748, aged 58." We Both caught all the characters, even to the small d in December. The lettering was evidently done by an illiterate person. The foot stone reads "RS", and is so well preserved that it is read easily. The foot stone marked S. S. is that of Sarah Sherwood, born May 26, 1731, and not mentioned in her father's will in 1749."

These extracts are from only two of many invaluable but voluntary communications from our esteemed friend and kinsman, Mr. Starr S. Sherwood of Bethel, Conn. With much other information, to which we greatly regret we are compelled all too briefly to allude, we are enabled to have some slight inkling as to the great importance of the work he has so carefully done in helping to clear up some of the mysteries which have confronted us in connection with some of our forbears. For example, we did not know the ages of Daniel and Ruth—when they were born or when they died until our co-worker uncovered and resurrected the old field stones in Titicus cemetery at Ridgefield, whereon had been scratched, with some sharp-pointed instrument, the indisputable though fast-disappearing records. We say indisputable because we feel that these old inscriptions, found and read by Mr. Sherwood as herewith noted, can no longer be gainsaid, but should be accepted as final.

GRAVES OF DANIEL, RUTH and SARAH SHERWOOD
In the foreground of Titicus Cemetery, Ridgefield, Connecticut

Inscription on gravestone of Daniel Sherwood.

Note:—The stone is a common field stone (limestone?) about two feet high. The inscription may be deciphered with difficulty, and then only when proper light is thrown upon the stone.

HERE LIES The
Body of mr daniel
Sherwood who died
Ye Aug 28, 1749, aged 63 yrs.

The footstone is marked DS. The D is a bit old-fashioned—being reversed.

To the north a few feet and on the same plot there is a brown field stone which reads as follows:

HERE lies the
Body of
RUTH SHERWOOD
Wife of Daniel Sherwood
who died on december Ye 11, 1748,
aged 58

On the footstone is inscribed RS.

The accompanying cut not only shows the graves of Daniel and Ruth as they appeared to Starr Sherwood, but would seem to indicate that he had with him a kodak; and the beautiful lines which follow, that he must also have possessed what is still better—a spark of "the divine afflatus."

TO DANIEL AND RUTH

By Starr S. Sherwood

All tenderly, with tearful prayer,
Our kinsmen paused in sorrow there;
In mem'ry raised a weathered stone,
Then drifted on a sea unknown.

Long are the weary years unnumbered,
Wild raged the storms thro' which they've slumbered,
While in the bosom of these hills,
Awaiting word from Him who Wills.

O kinsmen of that long ago,
All that I have I'd give to know:
I'd give to know you as of youth—
When you were young—Daniel and Ruth.

We don't know how it is with you, reader, but our hat is off to the writer of this little gem! We have asked Mr. Sherwood for his "line", and though entire strangers we are pleased to find that, with us, he ties up to Daniel and Ruth. In other words, one of his great-grandfathers—John—was rocked in the same cradle as one of our great-grandfathers—Daniel. We have never seen our kinsman, but like the Hon. George L. Rockwell (who has seen him), we have learned to love the man.

Starr Sherwood's Line.

Thomas (1) Sherwood—wife, Mary Fitch; Isaac (2) Sherwood—wife, Elizabeth Jackson; Daniel (3) Sherwood —wife, Ruth Bradley; John (4) Sherwood—wife, Hannah Stebbins; Benjamin (5) Sherwood—wife, Sarah Olmstead; Benjamin (6) Sherwood—wife, Betty Raymond; Albert (7) Sherwood—wife, Eleanor Turkington; William T. (8) Sherwood—wife, Louisa J. Godwin; Starr S. (9) Sherwood—wife, Grace Eloise Mackenzie.

They live at Bethel, Conn. They have no children.

DANIEL SHERWOOD (4), second child and eldest son of Daniel and Ruth (Bradley) Sherwood, was born at Ridgefield, Conn., Nov. 21, 1714, and died there, we know not just when, but at some time prior to April 13, 1782, at which time his son, Ebenezer, was appointed administrator. W. L. Sherwood, the genealogist, has it that he died May 17, 1766, but we would doubt if this date is correct as applied to Daniel (4). Mr. Rockwell, the historian of Ridgefield, says in a letter that Nathan and Lois, Daniel and Jerusha, John and Hannah, are Sherwood couples listed in his book, and suggests that the Daniel who died May 17, 1766, was probably one of their children, and a grandson of Daniel (3), the miller.

Daniel (4), the subject of this sketch, was also a miller and prominent like his father, both in the Church and out. Rev. John H. Chapman, a former rector of St. Stephens in Ridgefield, once wrote us, saying: "I am sorry that the parish records are so incomplete, but at least you can see that the first Daniel was prominent in the Church, and that his son Daniel followed in his footsteps."

Yes, we can see it, and the one thing that impresses us most in the case of the two Daniels of Ridgefield and their wives is the strong stand they took for religion and the active part they played in the religious affairs of the day in which they lived. It is a matter of supreme satisfaction to the writer to find that these families, who were his forbears back some five generations ago, were spiritually-minded men and women who stood for the right as it was given them to see the right. The evidence is conclusive that they were not of an irreligious type, but strong believers in God and in His Son Jesus Christ; and though they lived so long ago that where some of them lie buried is no longer known, yet their godly lives come down to us from out the past like a benediction.

Daniel's wife was Jerusha Whitney, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Whitney, to whom he was married April 29, 1736, and by whom he had ten children, namely: Daniel (1), born Jan. 21, 1737; Ebenezer (2), born Jan. 15, 1739; Jerusha (3), born 1740—married Nehemiah Barlow; **Henry** (4), born Nov. 18, 1742—married **Lois Lee**; Elizabeth (5), born May 4, 1744—married John Lobdell; Ruth (6), born June 11, 1746; Mary (7), born Nov. 8, 1747—

married Nathan Foster; John (8), born Dec. 4, 1749; Sarah (9), born Aug. 4, 1751; Richard (10), born March 21, 1754.

Jerusha was descended from the well known Olmstead and Whitney families of Connecticut. Richard Olmstead was of Hartford in 1640, where he was constable in 1646, fence viewer in 1649, and deputy in 1662-3, when he moved to Norwalk. In 1661 he was appointed with **John Banks** (who married Mary the widow of Thomas Sherwood), and Joseph Judson to run lines between Fairfield and Stratford. His son John married Mary Benedict, by whom he had ten children, one of whom (Elizabeth) married Henry Whitney June 14, 1710.

John Whitney married Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Richard Smith of Norwalk, March 17, 1674-5. One of their three sons, Henry, born Feb. 21, 1680, married Elizabeth Olmstead, "daughter of ye late Lieut. John Olmstead," June 14, 1710, as stated above.

Concerning Jerusha's parents (the Whitneys), the following appears in the **Norwalk Records**: "Henry Whitney took to wife Elizabeth Olmstead, ye daughter of ye late Lieut. John Olmstead, June 14, 1710. John Olmstead was chosen Lieut. of Norwalk Training Band in May, 1691. His father was John Olmstead of Norwich. Lieut. John died in or before 1705, as his widow Elizabeth appeared concerning his estate at the October term of court in 1705."

The **Whitney Genealogy** says of Jerusha: "Born in Ridgefield Dec. 18, 1714, according to the town record, but true date probably 1713." Starr Sherwood says he don't just get the reason for the last date, and thinks the town record should be sufficient. Perhaps the trouble is due to the manner of reckoning time in those days—whether old style or new style.

Jerusha, in naming one of her sons for her father, seems to have introduced a name (Henry) into our family which has been handed all along down the line.

Daniel Sherwood bought land in Ridgefield township of his brother Nathan, March 18, 1747, which lay next to the Colony (N. Y. State?) line, and was bounded east by the brook running through Mopoo's bog. He sold portions of this land to his sons Henry, Ebenezer and Daniel, Jan. 17, 1763. Our kinsman, Mr. W. L. Sherwood, the genealogist, who, with the writer, is descended from Thomas through Isaac, and to whom we are under many obligations, says that at the death of Daniel his remaining estate was divided into 11ths, although there were but ten children—his son Daniel probably receiving two parts as the eldest son. This is so stated in the order of distribution of Daniel's estate in 1786.

Said order of distribution was found in the probate records at Danbury, Conn., by Starr S. Sherwood, who has gone to no little trouble to copy the same for us, as follows:

"Pursuant to an order from the court of Probate for the district of Danbury—to us the subscribers, directed to distribute the estate of Daniel Sherwood late of Ridgefield, deceased, according to law and we being under oath as the law directs, have performed the same in manner following, viz.

"IMPRIMUS, We distribute to Henry Sherwood third son to said deceased, five acres and a half of land lying on the north side of the Home lot, so called, be it more or less, the same is two rods and eleven feet wide at east end running that width to the BRANCH, so called and from said Branch Westward three rods in width to the State line, bounded east by highway, north by land of Abraham and Abijah Rockwell west by State line and south by said deceased land, sized and set at 26.18.6 it being his equal share of said estate.

"ITEM. We distribute to John Sherwood, fourth son to said deceased, six acres, one Rood and thirty Rods of ground, be the same more or less, lying in the HOMELOT, so called the same is three rods and nine feet wide at east end and running that width west to the Branch, so called and from said Branch westward three rods in width to state line, bounded east by highway north by land which we this day distribute to said Henry Sherwood west by the state line and south in part by land of JOHN WALLACE and DANIEL COLEY and part by deceased land, sized and set at 26.18.6 it being his equal share in said estate.

"ITEM: We distribute to Sarah Sherwood youngest daughter to said deceased six acres of land lying in the homelot so called, be it more or less, the same is four rods and a half and five feet wide at east end and running that width westward to the Branch, so called, bounded east by highway, north by land, which we this day distribute to said John Sherwood west by the Branch, foresaid and south by deceased land, sized and set at 26.18.6 it being her share of said estate.

"ITEM: We distribute to Jerusha BARLOW wife of Nehimiah Barlow, eldest daughter to said deceased five acres three roods and thirty rods of ground, be it more or less, lying in the homestead, so called, the same is four rods and thirteen feet wide at east end and running that width westward to the Branch so called bounded east by highway, north by land which we this day distribute to said Sarah Sherwood, west by Branch so called and south by said deceased land, sized and set at 26.18.6, it being her equal share in the estate.

"ITEM: We distribute to Richard Sherwood youngest son to said deceased—four acres and a half and twenty rods of ground lying in Homelot, so called, be it more or less, the same is three rods ten feet wide on the east end, running that width westward, to the Branch so called bounded east by highway, north by land which we this day distribute to Jerusha Barlow, west by said Branch and south, by said deceased land, sized and set at 20-18-6 also another piece of land lying in the Eastwoods, so called in quantity about six acres, bounded north by highway and east and south by COMMON-LAND and west by Daniel Rockwell's land, set at 6.0.0 being his equal share of said estate.

"ITEM: We distribute to Daniel Sherwood eldest son of said deceased two shares out of said estate as follows, viz—four acres and a half twenty two rods of ground being in the homelot so called, be it more or less, the same is three rods and a half wide at east end and running that width west to the Branch, so called bounded east by highway, north by land which we this day distribute to Richard Sherwood, west by the Branch, so called, and south by said deceased's land, sized and set at 20.12.0—also the dwelling house standing on said land set at 25. also another piece of land lying in the EASTWOODS, so called in quantity about eleven acres be it more or less, bounded east by land of Abraham Rockwell south by land of Daniel Rockwell and NATHAN-SHERWOOD, west by common land and said Daniel Rockwell's land and north by common land—set at 8.5.0 being his whole share of said estate.

"ITEM:—We distribute to MARY FOSTER wife of Nathan Foster fourth daughter to said deceased, four acres three Roods and thirty Rods of ground, be it more or less lying in the Homelot, the same is three rods and thirteen feet wide at the east end and running that width west to the Branch so called, bounded east by highway north by land that we this day distribute to said Daniel Sherwood west by the Branch and south by said deceased's land, sized and set at 21.18.6 also the barn standing on said Homelot, part of it on said Mary Fosters and part on said Daniel Sherwood's shares of land, set at 5.0.0 being her whole share in said estate.

"ITEM:—We distribute to Elizabeth Lobdell wife of John Lobdell, second daughter to said deceased, in Movables, which appear evidently by an announcement made by the deceased in his life time to her, said Elizabeth, to the amount of 26.18.6, which is her whole share in said estate.

"ITEM:—We distribute to Ruth Sherwood, third daughter to said deceased, six acres of land lying in the Homelot, be it more or less, the same is four rods and ten feet wide at east end and running that width to the Branch, so called, bounded east by highway, north by land which we this day distributed to Mary Foster, west by the Branch so called and south by said deceased's land—sized and set at 26.18.6, being her whole share in said estate.

"ITEM:—We distribute to Ebenezer Sherwood second son to said deceased, five acres three Roods and twenty-eight Rods of ground lying in the Homelot, be the same more or less bounded east by highway north by land which we this day distribute to Ruth Sherwood, west by the Branch, so called and south by land of JOHN BURT and ABNER WILSON and land of Daniel Coley, where said Branch lets into said Coley's meadow lot and also we distribute to said Ebenezer about twenty-two rods of ground called by name of Common Land, bounded east by highway north by said Ebenezer's land that was this day distributed to him, west by land of said Burt and Wilson and south by land of Uriah DeForest said land being all of the remainder of land belonging to the deceased estate and all sized and set at 26.18.6, it being all of his share of the estate.

"The above and foregoing (errors excepted) is an equal distribution made of the estate of the above mentioned Daniel Sherwood deceased by us the subscribers according to law.

"Ridgefield, Nov. 27, 1786.
Attest: Daniel Coley
Thomas St. John
Distributors.

"At a court of Probate held in Danbury in the district of Danbury, Jan. 2 A. D. 1787—present Joseph P. Cooke, Esq. Judge.

"The foregoing distribution being exhibited for probate is approved and ordered recorded.

"Test. Joseph P. Cooke, Clerk."

This document is of interest in more ways than one. M. J. Sherwood says: "The instrument is very interesting in many ways, particularly in the one showing values of property at that time. They certainly do appear weird at this date. I could wish the family had retained a few acres on the main street of Ridgefield, which would be worth considerably more long before this than the appraiser fixed the value in 1786. It strikes me that 25 lbs. for a dwelling and 5 lbs. for a barn and 1 lb. per acre for woodland was ridiculous, unless dwellings, barns and woodlands were so plentiful that the market was glutted."

There were 'weird', quaint ways of doing business in those days. Our good friend Rockwell, in his History of Ridgefield, p. 56, while speaking of Daniel's brother, John Sherwood, says: "Borrowing and lending went on in the early days as now, only the collateral in many instances was entirely different. An old document still held in the Sherwood family tells us that John Sherwood, son of Daniel, the Miller, held a note against Theophilus Stebbins. The note was for '£40', and the security for its payment was a feather bed, bolster, checker woven blanket, tea kittle, four puter platters, twelve puter plates, earthern punch bowle, six china tea cups and saucers, five linen sheets, six pillows, six linen table cloths, all at ye value of £20."

As was said of his grandfather Isaac (2), but little has come down to us concerning Daniel (4) and some of his descendants. Like his honored father, we know that he was a miller, and interested in the milling business; that he lived and died in Ridgefield; yet strange to relate we know not where he and his wife are buried, or his children if we except Henry; while with but few exceptions the same is true of his brothers and sisters. They seem to have disappeared from off the face of the earth.

And this seems passing strange, especially as our coworker, Mr. Starr S. Sherwood, has long been on the lookout for these graves. He has looked through all the old cemeteries for miles around and says, "I cannot find hide nor hair of them." He says: "I cannot understand this, because Daniel (2)—Daniel Sherwood (4)—died at Ridgefield and I've always supposed that his brother John (one of my great-grandfathers), died there too, and so I say I am puzzled to know where they lie.

George L. Rockwell writes: "I think some Sherwoods must be buried in the old graveyard where the Ridgebury Episcopal Church stood. Both Starr and I are agreed on this. That Sherwoods, including the writer's great grandfather (Henry), were living there at the beginning of the

Revolution, is a well-known fact. Some of these Sherwood families (there was more than one of them), are known to have been supporters of an Episcopal Church then in existence at that place.

It should be remembered, however, that because of vandalism befitting savages the old Ridgebury cemetery (Episcopal?) has not only been desecrated, but practically destroyed by the removal of the old gravestones, with their quaint and hard-to-read inscriptions; the stones, it is said, having been used for foundations under buildings, and for fills—so that we cannot say that no Sherwood is buried there. In fact may it not be, if the truth were known, that a number of them are resting there—the old-time tombstones having been purloined? We know not. We only know that after a careful examination of the cemeteries at Ridgebury, Ridgefield, Danbury, South Salem and others, our faithful co-worker says, "I cannot find hide nor hair of them," but adds: "I am going to keep right on looking."

We have sometimes wondered if they might not all have been interred in Oaklawn cemetery, near Fairfield, "where many Sherwoods are buried," but Starr Sherwood thinks not. We have even wondered if Thomas the pioneer might not be lying there. The Place was hardly a day's journey from Ridgefield, and we can easily understand how conditions of environment in the old home town at the time of the Revolution, or various other causes for that matter, may have induced them to choose Oaklawn, notwithstanding the fact that Daniel and Ruth had already been buried in Titicus.

Their final resting place—the graves of a household, where they laid them down in a sleep that knows no waking in this world—seems to be shrouded in mystery. That Daniel and Jerusha, like Daniel and Ruth, lived and died in Ridgefield seems to be a pretty well established fact, but where shall we look for their bones and the bones of their children? Indeed (with the single exception of Henry), where are the graves of Daniel and Jerusha and their sons—

Daniel, Ebenezer, John and Richard? Yes, and Daniel's brothers—Nathan, Isaac and John?

On the whole, we think we would soonest look for them among the descrated graves at Ridgebury of which we have spoken; desecrated, it may have been, because they were nothing but the graves of Loyalists? Starr Sherwood says he is morally sure they lie in this desecrated plot; old Mr. Coe having told him he had played among the gravestones there when a boy, and that it was then known as the Sherwood property. Mr. Sherwood further says that some of them were men of considerable means for those days, and believes their graves were well marked.

The writer, with others, has heretofore labored under the impression that these people, being Loyalists, went off to Canada at or near the close of the Revolutionary War. That some or all of them sympathized with the Mother Country in that struggle, may, we suppose, be true; but that all of them went off to Canada is, we think, far from being established. We are willing to grant that a few (we will say one, two or three), of them may have done so, but would sooner believe that some of them went, we might say, to Dutchess county, N. Y., or possibly to Fairfield, Vermont, where Sherwoods are known to have located.

Some have supposed that Daniel himself, of whom we are writing, went to Canada. That such could not have been the case, but at best only an idle tale, will be only too apparent, if it be true, as W. L. Sherwood, the genealogist, says, that Daniel died May 17, 1766; or even if he died as late as 1782; or, again, if we stop to consider a few matters of record; since legal documents duly recorded should, we think, have the preference over traditions handed down from one generation to another.

That he was certainly dead early in the year 1782, there is proof positive, since a probate record at Danbury reads: "April 13, 1782. Ebenezer Sherwood appointed Administrator of Daniel Sherwood's estate." And yet it was more than a year thereafter (namely, in the spring of 1783), when the Connecticut Sherwoods (whoever they were—and there may have been a number of them, but not many, we think, in our line), are said to have landed at St. Johns, in New Brunswick, Canada.

So that we are perfectly safe in assuming that Daniel (2)—or more properly perhaps, Daniel Sherwood (4)—did not go to Canada, but had gone, we hope, to Heaven—nor was his property confiscated.

And yet something must have happened. We think there must have been trouble of some kind. Was it that the property had never as yet been distributed and was not as yet in possession of the heirs, so could not be confiscated? Or had the Sherwoods been admitted back into the patriotic fold? For while we can find no notice of confiscation, we do find probated in the Danbury probate records the order of distribution of Daniel's estate under date of Jan. 2, 1787. (See the order printed in full on a previous page).

Now in the same records our tireless co-worker, Mr. Starr Sherwood, has found the following statement: "Richard Sherwood, Feb. 25, 1786—Whole estate both real and personal forfeited to state. 4½ acres 20 rods—homestead of Daniel Sherwood—1 piece of Woodland in the Eastwoods—6 acres—whole 26-18-6." And Starr says: "No misunderstanding the above"—after having said in former letters that he didn't believe any Sherwood properties were ever confiscated, in which we have been fully agreed.

But how about the above? Isn't it plainly a record of confiscation? Well, yes—and no. It looks it, but let us examine it a little more closely before deciding. What about **the date of "confiscation"? It reads Feb. 25, 1786,** does it not? What about the date of distribution? It reads **Nov. 27, 1786**—probated **Jan. 2, 1787**—does it not?

In other words, the property—and note well that in both cases it is identically **the same property**—was distributed (that is, turned over to the heir), nine months **after** it was taken from him and confiscated!

How shall we explain this? As we have said, it looks like there had been trouble somewhere. Yes, something must have happened. What was it?

With the very last probate record reading that the property was actually turned over to the heirs, and that we have been unable to find any record showing that Sherwood properties were ever really confiscated, we are of the opinion that all the stories which have been printed in genealogies or elsewhere, or handed down as traditions, concerning such confiscations, are unwarranted and untrue.

In the record of distribution which was probated Jan. 2, 1787, all ten of the children (even including Richard), are named as receiving their portions; yet it must have been nearly or quite five years after Daniel died, and more than three years after the war had ended (which was when the Peace of Paris was signed, Sept. 3, 1783), and nearly two years before the Constitution went into operation, which was March 4, 1789.

Starr Sherwood says: "I don't believe that Daniel (4) went into Canada, or that any of his property was confiscated. The distribution of his estate mentions him as 'late of Ridgefield', and if any of his property was confiscated, why not all? True, I have not been able as yet to locate his grave, or the graves of his brothers—Nathan, Isaac and John—or of his children.

"Now John was one of my great grandfathers, and died in 1788. If he had gone to Canada I think I would have known about it. I'm sure he died here, and I'll everlastingly look about for his grave. He married Hannah Stebbins, daughter of Benjamin Stebbins, who was a notorious Tory, yet his property was not confiscated, though his son is said to have led the British from Danbury to Ridgefield, and to have left with them, going into Canada. To have property confiscated, it must have been for an act—and not an opinion."

Desiring to present this matter in its true light, and with a view to a better understanding of the case, we have asked for the opinion of the best lawyer with whom we are acquainted—namely, the Hon. M. J. Sherwood of Marquette, Mich.—and here is his reply:

"That property was 'confiscated' and that it was also 'distributed' by the Probate Court of Danbury January 2, 1787, is ridiculous. Are you not laboring here under a mistake? Have you any record of the confiscation of this property, or is it merely a rumor that has been handed down? I am inclined to think that you will find that the probate record is correct and that the story of confiscation has no foundation.

"You ask whether this property could be distributed so long after his death. Undoubtedly it could. As you know, many estates have never been probated in the past and are not being probated to-day. The father dies leaving one or two children who are well known to be his only heirs and frequently those children take the estate of the father, real and personal, and transfer it by deed, which deed is accepted without ever going through the probate court. And frequently the heirs of a man dying without a will hold the property in common and no order of distribution is entered in the probate court for years after the death of a man. I have recently examined abstract of title to property in this state where the order determining heirs of the deceased has not been entered until many many years after the death of the original owner. And in one case, orders were entered determining heirs of A, the original owner, and at the same time of B, his heir, and of C, the heir of B, through which the property had descended, and all and each of these, years after the death of A, B and C. So that it need not disturb you that the order determining heirs and distributing estate was entered in the probate court in the case of Daniel (4) so many years after his death."

More recently we have learned from a new volume presented to us by Mr. Sherwood (**The American Revolution in New York**, p. 348), that the State of New York, on the 22nd of October, 1779, passed an act for the forfeiture and sale of the property of Loyalists; while from an article entitled **The Connecticut Loyalists** by G. A. Gilbert, in the American Historical Review, Vol. ix (the Macmillan Co.), we are told that the Legislature of Connecticut at a special session of both branches in Hartford, on Dec. 4, 1775, or nearly four years before similar action was taken in New York, passed "An act for restraining and punishing persons inimical to the liberties of this and other of the united colonies; and that later, in 1776 and '77, "still more drastic acts were passed," including "an act enjoining upon all freemen the 'Oath of Fidelity';" "that Loyalists were to forfeit their estates, be imprisoned for not to exceed three years, and be disfranchised," etc.

Then in the same article we are told that "In the summer of '77 the Loyalists began to repent and were (many of them), admitted back into the patriotic fold, including some who had been imprisoned and their estates confiscated. Which was all brought about by a liberal act passed by the Assembly in May, 1777."

And we are asking ourselves if this may not, in some measure at least, serve to explain a problem which has long baffled us. Did our Sherwood loyalists share in any way in this 'liberal act,' so that their property was not really confiscated? We do not and may never know as to this, yet it would not surprise us to find that such may have been the case. It would not surprise us to find that after long delay, during which it had come to be regarded either as unlawful or inexpedient to confiscate the Daniel Sherwood estate, it was ordered distributed to the heirs.

In closing this chapter it should be plainly apparent that we do not accept the traditions as to confiscation of property, though perfectly willing to admit that some of the Ridgefield Sherwoods, in fact nearly all of them, were Loyalists, and that a very few of them may have decided that a home in Canada would be more to their liking, and by their own choice did go there; possibly, in some cases, after the War of the Revolution had closed.

With, it may be, but one single exception, they were all allied with the Anglican Church. The records show that some of them were even 'pillars' in said Church, the clergy of which were notoriously loyalist. Moreover, they lived in

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

close proximity to the state line, just across which was Westchester county, N. Y., one of the storm centers of loyalism, where loyalists are said to have outnumbered the patriots. So that it would seem quite logical, and not so very strange either, that these good people sympathized with England, their native land.

As we have before intimated, feeling ran high in those days. The Tories were often persecuted, so that thousands of them were obliged to flee into Canada, "where their descendants still remember with bitterness the treatment of their ancestors."

It is related, so we have understood, in Hurd's **Fairfield County**, p. 640, that on the 9th of Aug. 1779, the Tories of Ridgefield who had harbored the British on the occasion of Tryon's raid to Danbury, were taken by the indignant citizens to the river late at night, and there treated to a prolonged 'ducking.'

And our Ridgfield Sherwoods—who are said to have believed in sprinkling—were any of them immersed? The writer knoweth not.

Quite likely we shall be found referring to these matters again in the next chapter, when writing of Henry Sherwood and his attitude in the Revolution.

CHAPTER IV

HENRY SHERWOOD (5) AND LOIS LEE AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

DANIEL SHERWOOD——NOAH SHERWOOD
WILLIAM LEE SHERWOOD——CHLOE SHERWOOD
CALEB SHERWOOD——SETH SHERWOOD CURANCE SHERWOOD

We know the upright lives they led,
  Which lend to age an added charm;
We know they toiled to win their bread,
  On lands they cleared and called "a farm."

Yet, better still, it is to know
  They blest the world, both now and then,
Since in the years of long ago
  They left earth better off for men.

Our Henry Sherwood and Lois Lee,
  'Twould seem, were quite unknown to fame;
And yet they were, for you and me,
  Ancestors worthy of the name.

HENRY SHERWOOD (V), fourth child and third son of Daniel and Jerusha (Whitney) Sherwood, was born at Ridgefield, Conn., Nov. 18, 1742, and died at Marathon, N. Y., August 22, 1827, in his 85th year. The records in the county clerk's office at Ridgefield say he was born Nov. 18, 1741, but the old family Bible says Nov. 18, 1742. The descrepancy is doubtless owing to old and new style.

His wife was LOIS LEE, daughter of William and Sarah (Bates) Lee, and the scion of a very old English family of repute. She was born at Ridgefield, Conn., April 12, 1751, and died at Marathon, N. Y., April 16, 1836, aged 85 years.

Their children were seven in number, five sons and two daughters, namely: **Daniel** (1),**Noah** (2), **William Lee** (3), **Chloe** (4), **Caleb** (5), **Seth** (6), and **Curance** (7).

According to Mrs. Fellows, the genealogist, and the records of Mr. Ralph William Lee, the Lee line runs as follows: **Lieut. William Lee** (2), was the son of **Hugh Lee** (1). Hugh Lee came from England and was of Saybrook, Conn., between the years 1648 and 1664. Lieut. William was an officer in King Phillip's Indian war. He was born at Saybrook, but was of Norwalk from 1671 to 1697, when he removed to Ridgefield, where he died in the year 1741. He married, 1st, Mehitable Ruscoe, daughter of John and Joanna Ruscoe; 2nd, **Phoebe Chapman,** daughter of John Chapman who was the eldest son of Capt. Robert Chapman of Saybrook, who died Oct. 13, 1687. His children were Rebecca (1), married———Finch; Noah (2), married Elizabeth———? died 1743; Phoebe (3), married Seth Merwin; Joseph (4), born April—1690, married Mary Dibble; Mehitable Lee (5), born in 1692; Enos (6), born Aug. 21, 1705, married Joanna Guyre; **William** (7), born Jan. 20, 1709, died Jan. 6, 1791, in his 82nd year.

The will of Lieut. William Lee was probated April 1, 1741, by Jonathan Fairchild, executor—his widow, Phoebe Chapman Lee, having refused to qualify as executrix. It was witnessed by John Williams, Josiah Whitney and Samuel Olmstead.

William Lee (3), removed with his father to Ridgefield, where, in 1728, he married **Sarah Bates**, and their children were: Sarah (1), baptized Sept. 18, 1730, married——Mallory; Hannah (2), born Dec. 2, 1731, married——Sanford; Susannah (3), died; Mary (4), born March 4, 1733 married ——Dean; Lydia (5), born May 12, 1737, married—— Smith; John (6), born June 15, 1739, died at 84 years; Ruth (7), born Jan. 16, 1741, married Stephen Bradley, and died Jan. 14, 1815; Daniel (8), born Nov. 4, 1744, married 1st Esther Banks, 2nd, Anna Sherwood; Elijah (9), born Sept. 21, 1745, married Isabella——; Abigail (10), born May 10, 1748, died in 1755; **Lois** (11), born April 12, 1751, married **Henry Sherwood**, and died, April 16, 1836; William (12), born April 12, 1753, killed Sept. 1776, in the War of the Revolution; Seth (13), born March 25, 1755, married Eunice Hull, and died Oct. 16, 1790.

It is interesting to note from the foregoing that Ruth, a sister of our ancestress Lois Lee, married Stephen Bradley, which Mrs. Fellows says gives evidence of the close relationship of this Stephen to our other Bradley ancestors. It also hints at a possible kinship with Miss Eugenia Bradley, who we understand, is descended from Stephen Bradley, and is now the wife of our good friend, Mr. Elmer F. Maryatt, of Oakland, Cal.

The only lineal descendant bearing the name of our Lee family, of whom the writer is cognizant, is Mr. Ralph William Lee, born March 10, 1866, who, with his estimable wife, Carrie, resides in Washington, D. C., and has two sons, Ralph William, Jr., and Fredrick Stevens.

It has long been claimed that the Sherwoods, through Lois Lee, were related to the great Lee family of Virginia—"Light-horse Harry", Gen. Robert E., and others; but if any such relationship exists it must be very remote we are sorry to say; too remote in fact to be worth considering in this connection. The writer is not informed as to the exact relationship between the New England and Virginia branches of the Lee family, but his understanding is that they both go back to the same ancient stock, the Lees of Coton Hall, in Shropshire, England, whom we find from the beginning of the 13th century in positions of honor and trust.

About all we can say is, that Lieut. William (2) was a brave officer in King Phillip's Indian war; while William Lee (4), a brother of our Lois Lee, was a brave soldier on the American side, killed in the War of the Revolution; showing them to have been not unworthy kinsmen of Robert E. Lee, the great Virginian, whose character as a man would have assured him high rank on the rolls of fame had he never been one of the greatest military figures in all time; one which General Fitzmaurice of the British army, in his book, "Robert E. Lee: Soldier," has recently placed above Wellington, and on the same plane with Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon.

The Hon. George L. Rockwell, in his **History of Ridgefield, says:** "Among the old families in the town of Ridgefield none is more prominent than that of William Lee and his descendants.

In the same most excellent work the author has given us a few of the inscriptions still to be found upon the stones in the old Titicus cemetery, just outside of Ridgefield, from which we quote the following:

Here lies
the body of
Mr. WILLIAM LEE
who departed this life
January the 6th, A.D. 1791
in the 82nd year of his age

In memory of SARAH
the wife of William Lee
who died June the 25, 1785
Aged 75 years

They that are prepared to die
May triumph in that hour
Nor fear the force of Death to try
Since Jesus spoiled his power.

William Lee
Died in Revolutionary War
Sept. 1776
Aged 23

If we are sorry that we cannot seem to connect up more closely with the Virginia Lees, we are more than pleased to find that we are directly descended from the Connecticut Lees.

HENRY SHERWOOD (5), the subject of this chapter, was a merchant in the town of Ridgebury, Fairfield county, Conn., at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, but on the 25th of Feb., 1785, was living in the State of New York, at which time his part (one eleventh) of his father's homestead in the town of Ridgefield was taken on execution and set off to the creditor, William Forrester, who was put into possession "by turf and twigg."

This turf and twig business so excited the curiosity of the writer that he submitted it to his lawyer-cousin, Hon. M. J. Sherwood of Marquette. Mich., whose reply is so very interesting that we are taking the liberty of quoting it:—

"I am somewhat surprised at the contents of your note to the effect that you find a statement among the archives of one of our ancestors to the effect that one-eleventh of 'his father's homestead was taken on execution and set off to the creditor who was put into possession by turf and twig.' It has been a good many years since I read anything on the subject of 'conveyance by turf and twig.' Blackstone's Commentaries state that that was the manner of investing the purchaser or new owner of real estate at one time under the Common law of England. I have not at hand a copy of Blackstone and cannot refer, therefore, to it and may not be accurate for that reason in my statement. I am speaking now of something that I read forty years ago. If my memory is still clear on the history of that proceedure, it prevailed prior to written instruments of conveyance. The seller or the Lord of the Manor went upon the property being conveyed with the new purchaser and in the presence of witnesses, broke off a twig from a tree standing on the land and took up a piece of the sod or turf and gave both to the new owner, uttering words of conveyance at the time.

"It is surprising to me that there was any record of conveyance of real estate in any such manner as that in this country. I do not remember ever to have seen any record of common law conveyance under the old common law customs in the United States. I can see no reason why any such conveyance should not be legal in the absence of a statute to the contrary. We have today in most of our states, in fact I think without exception, statute to the effect that real estate cannot be conveyed by parole or by word of mouth or action; that it must be done by a written instrument. Of course such a conveyance by turf and twig or by any of the known methods of the common law would not be effective in the face of such a statute.

"It is also surprising to a lawyer to know that an undivided portion of an estate could be taken on execution and sold. I am not familiar enough with the common law method of execution to know whether that was good and lawful procedure or not. If it was effective, it certainly was, but many things are done in the name of the law which are not lawful. I can see one thing, however, that is very charactistic of the Sherwood family. This fellow of the old days was troubled with very much the same complaint as all of us, namely, a shortage of cash. I don't know of any others that have been forced to pay by legal proceedure and I feel confident that in searching the records of the family you will find that, like Barkis, they have always "been willin," whether they were able or not, and creditors have not been compelled to resort to the law to enforce payment of honest indebtedness."

All of which is mighty interesting reading, coming as it does from one of the foremost lawyers in the state of Michigan; while some of his sentences are well worth recording, i. e. "Many things are done in the name of the law which are not lawful."

HENRY SHERWOOD was of Catskill, N. Y., March 29, 1787, and was of Coxsackie, N. Y., "in ye County of Albany," April 15, 1791, when he and his wife Lois sold to her brother John Lee, of Ridgefield, Conn., five and one-half acres of land, "being a part of William Lee's home lot, late of Ridgefield, deceased."

In 1804 he removed from Ridgefield to Cincinnatus (called Marathon since 1818), in Cortland County, N. Y., and bought a 640 acre military tract, which was described as being "a mile long and a mile square!" and which lay along the highway on Merrill's creek, about a mile or two out of Marathon, where his son Daniel was already living, he having preceded his father and brothers by some four or five years, in a locality which has ever since been known as "Sherwood Street."

HENRY SHERWOOD lived in the trying times of the Revolution, when some of his brothers were, as noted in the previous chapter, sturdy old "Unity of the Empire Loyalists," who, immediately after the recognition of American independence, either from choice or necessity withdrew from the new Republic, many thousands of them seeking homes in the wilds of Canada. It may even be that some of Henry's brothers took a more or less active part on the side of the Mother Country in that struggle, but there appears to be no evidence whatever that this ever applied to Henry himself.

Tradition has it that Henry Sherwood stood with his mother's family, the Lees, for American independence, and not with his brothers, with whom he seems to have differed in that struggle, and from whom he seems to have separated at its close; his sympathies having been with the patriots, so that he remained in the country, residing in various places, but finally settling on a 640 acre military tract in Cortland county, N. Y. He lost some of his Connecticut property in 1785, it is true, but never any of it by confiscation. The writer's father, Albert Sherwood, once described him to us as an old man when he was a little boy, "who always sat by the fireplace with his old hickory cane, just as if all his work were done, and told his grandchildren stories of his early manhood days, and of the great Revolutionary War, when the British 'shot up' Ridgefield and killed General Wooster, and how some of his own kindred afterwards left the country, and left him to mourn because he seldom heard from them any more."

All of which has come down to us from out the past by word of mouth from Henry himself, and we are quite willing to accept what a grandfather told to his grandson. We might say grandsons, for when we afterwards asked our uncle, Hiram Sherwood, if he had ever known about the trouble some of the Sherwood families were in at the time of the Revolution, his reply was: "Yes, I have always known all about it."

The Canadian exiles to whom we have alluded and who, after the Revolutionary War, left the United States rather than live under the new flag, were evidently men of strong convictions, which we have found to be also a marked characteristic of the whole Sherwood family. They settled in New Brunswick, and all up and down the St. Lawrence river, coasting the entire way in rowboats, or carried their effects on pack-horses through the wilderness which intervened between their abandoned dwellings in the old Colonies and the country of their choice. We look with amazement upon the almost superhuman task with which they were confronted; we regard with admiration the courage and endurance—the fortitude and heroism—required in that great migration. The toils and sufferings through which they passed, and of which the world will never know, were incredible; and even after arriving at their destination their labors and privations were great for many years. At first their milling was done by hand, or the grain was ground in steel hand-mills, furnished, along with three year's provisions, by the British government, one for each township; and after water-mills were built they often coasted from fifty to a hundred miles to have their grinding done. Or where the distance was not so great, their grain and flour were carried for many miles upon their backs. See **Case and His Contemporaries,** Vol. 1, p. 3.

Elsewhere we learn that in consequence of laws still in force against the loyalists, several thousand Americans found it necessary to abandon their country when the British army left. A considerable portion of these exiles be-

LEWIS CL[illegible] [illegible]AL SCHOOL

longed to the wealthier class—officials, merchants, large land-holders, and conspicuous members of the colonial aristocracy. Many of them still retained much wealth, though suffering from the confiscation of their lands. Those from the North (including the Sherwoods), seem to have settled principally in New Brunswick and Ontario.

A band of such people, largely from the state of Connecticut, after embarking somewhere on the coast of Long Island, sailed to New York, where their sloop made one of a fleet of twenty. The story of their migration is told as follows in an article entitled **The Refugee Loyalists of Connecticut,** by Prof. W. H. Seibert, and printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Vol. X.

"On April 26, 1783, the fleet of twenty transports filled with American exiles sailed from New York for the river St. John, in what is now the Province of New Brunswick, and a fortnight later arrived at Partridge Island, and the next day was moored in the harbor of St. John, but the company remained aboard until a location was explored, the place selected being Kingston, of which they were to be the founders. Of the 210 passengers on the Connecticut sloop, 118 were from that state—38 from Stamford, 34 from Norwalk, 14 from Redding, 9 from Stratford, 7 from New Haven, 4 from Fairfield, 2 from Milford, 2 from Danbury, and 1 each from New Milford, Killingsworth and Newtown."

It will be noted that in this list none are credited to Ridgefield, though 5 are indefinitely assigned to 'Connecticut.'

Prof. Seibert goes on to say that "Mr. Bates tells us that when the women and children set eyes on the unbroken wilderness, 'they did not refrain from tears.' Most of the company spent the night on the sloop which, after a landing had been effected the next morning," (which the writer understands was on the 18th of May), "took its departure. Tents were set up the first day. On the second day the settlers were greatly alarmed by the approach of ten canoes filled with Indians of the Mimac tribe. Yet the visit proved a friendly one, the spokesman of the Mimacs greeting the whites with a generous and readily understood remark, 'We all one brother,' which was made convincing by liberal presents of moose meat, which the little colony in the wilderness received with gratitude."

Lieu't. Col. Arthur Percy Sherwood , a resident of Ottawa and Chief of the Dominion police, is descended from the United Empire Loyalists. In a letter to the writer he states that his great-grandfather, Captain Justus Sherwood, came from Connecticut and lived for some time in St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and that his letters written to the Earl of Haldiman, then Governor-General of Canada, are preserved in the archives there.

We have information, though never as yet verified, to the effect that one of Henry Sherwood's brothers settled in Ontario and two in New Brunswick; but the only persons we have met with who seem likely to have sprung from them are Prof. Ambrose H. and Mr. Bertram W. Sherwood, living at Everett, in the state of Washington, but who hail from King county, New Brunswick. The Professor is not able to trace his genealogy, but Mr. Bertram W. traces his line back through Albert, William and James, to (he thinks) John, and (he thinks) John was a Revolutionary soldier on the English side.

As may be readily imagined the writer regrets having to record that any of Henry's brothers were loyal to the Mother Country in the Revolution; yet upon reflection he does not feel like condemning them overmuch. It was no doubt quite in accordance with human nature, considering the circumstances under which they were placed. We should remember that the father and grandfather held positions of honor in, and were zealous members of, the Mother Church, the tendency of which may have been (and was, according to the generally expressed opinion of historians), to bind them more closely to the Mother Country. At any rate, the case of Henry seems to have been somewhat different from that of his brothers, since tradition has it that he was not, like them, an adherent of the English Established Church, but (with some of his descendants), had a leaning in religion toward Universalism, yet never accredited, so far as is known, with having been at any time a member of that organization, nor yet as relying entirely upon its tenets for his own salvation.

As we have said in the preceding chapter, the clergy of the Anglican (Episcopal) Church were notoriously loyalist. G. A. Gilbert says of one of them in the **American Historical Review**: "Rev. John Beach, Episcopal pastor at Newtown, Conn., and one of the most energetic Loyalists in the state, continued the public exercise of his ministerial functions throughout the war, protesting that 'he would do his duty, and would preach and pray for the King, till the Rebels cut out his tongue.'"

Weldon U. Pickel, of Tompkins, Saskatschewan, ("a Baptist, a Prohibitionist, and a school-principal for twenty years"), says his mother and his father's mother were Sherwoods, and writes that he and a friend of his have maps and plans of the early settlements of United Empire Loyalist Sherwoods, together with the names of nearly three hundred descendants of Justus, Andrew and Adiah; that Andrew has been a favorite name among New Brunswick Sherwoods (he knows of at least five), and that Sherwoods are found in at least four counties and ten different places in that Province, as well as at several places in Ontario and British Columbia; that they have the number of lots granted to them in St. John, N. B., where they landed May 18, 1783, and the farms they settled on, with their large families, and says there is considerable romance associated with the history of this ancient family before they came to New Brunswick, "which connects them with the Royal Plantagenets and the proud Mohawks"!

But which American Sherwoods, we suspect, will be inclined to think partakes rather more of the nature of fiction than of real romance.

Mr. Pickel says in his letter that several published histories place the total of U. E. Loyalists at fifty thousand.

HENRY SHERWOOD and his children were all living at one time on adjoining farms; fine farms they were, too, lying along the said Sherwood Street, mostly on "the mile long and mile square," in a lovely rural vale, through which meandered Merrill's creek. But all are now gone, and Henry and Lois are peacefully sleeping the years away, in a little cemetery on a grassy slope, overlooking the scene.

In this hallowed spot, sacred to the memory of past generations, the writer, with his brother, Mr. Clark Sherwood, once stood and gazed across the fields to Merrill's creek, which, one hundred years ago, was a never-failing stream of pure, limpid water, teeming with fish and lined with willows. Strange were the emotions which came over him as he thought: Here in this beautiful vale, here in this immediate locality and along the banks of yonder stream, is where his father and his father's brothers first saw the light, and here is where they lived and played in the happy, halycon days of their childhood.

It seems both fitting, appropriate and commendable, that a goodly number of the descendents of those who lie buried here (of which there are several besides Sherwoods—as the Fralics, Smiths and others), have erected around the plot a substantial iron fence. This was done in the spring of 1905, and was done, we are told, at the suggestion and solicitation of Mrs. Daniel L. Fralic (nee Miss Anna M. Sherwood, now Mrs. Anna M. Harrington), and Mrs. Robert Dillon (nee Miss Elizabeth Sherwood). Following is a list of the persons who contributed money for this purpose: Mrs. D. L. Fralic, Mrs. Elizabeth Dillon, M. H. Fralic, Henry Sherwood, Clark B. Sherwood, Dr. Robert B. Smith, Lawyer M. J. Sherwood, George B. Sherwood, Mrs. George Carter, Mrs. Laura Hinman, Mrs. Charles Bliss, Mrs. T. R. Hitt, Solomon Ketchum, Willard Fralic, Milton Sherwood, Norman Sherwood, Polly Sweet, Martin Sherwood, Edward N. Sherwood, A. R. Dillon, E. Burke Smith, Anson Parsons, Seth V. Hinman, Mrs. Julia Barry, Mrs. Alice Allen, John Stalker, Mrs. Valentine Taylor, Mrs. John Bowen.

As we have mentioned on a preceding page, Henry Sherwood by his wife, Lois Lee, had seven children, five sons and two daughters, who, with their descendants, are herein mentioned.

DANIEL SHERWOOD (1), son of Henry Sherwood and Lois Lee: See Chapter V.

NOAH SHERWOOD (2), son of Henry Sherwood and Lois Lee, was born in 1791 and died in 1851, aged 60 years. He and his wife are buried in Sherwood Street cemetery near Marathon, though he is believed to have lived at Upper Lisle. He is said to have been an expert millwright, who understood the planning and building of mills, and who assisted his brother Daniel in building a mill in Pennsylvania.

In 1833 he appears to have been trying to purchase a tract of land (timber land ?) at or near Cincinnatus, N. Y., through his brother Daniel. Mrs. C. W. Bliss of Killawog, N. Y., has kindly given to us some of the original correspondence with reference to this matter, which is so very interesting as revealing the modes of expression and manner of writing letters one hundred years ago that we are copying it.

"Prospect Hill, Greenbush, N. Y., July 29, 1833.
Daniel Sherwood, Esq., Upper Lisle, N. Y.,
Dear Sir:

"I should be destitute of memory and gratitude if I had forgotten your kindness and attention, when you were in the Legislature in 1822, and I beg you to ascribe to the following reasons my delay in answering your letter of the 3rd of May last. I could not do it, in a satisfactory manner, without consulting the owners of the lot which you wish to purchase, who are my children by my first wife, and who have ceased to be my wards, since they have ceased to be infants. Their intention, after having fluctuated, is now to proceed to a partition of their joint interest, in the lands which remain unsold or undivided, and of course until the said partition is completed, no sale will take place. If the part of the lot in Cincinnatus falls to the share of one who is willing to sell, I shall communicate to him your letter. I should in the meanwhile consider it as a favor, if you would let me know your offers, which would be of service to enlighten the referee or referees, entrusted with the partition, on the probable value of the interest of the heirs in the said lot.

Clinton Tallmadge died last winter; he was only one of the heirs of the property of his mother, daughter of the late George Clinton. He has left two brothers, a sister, and a widow. General James Tallmadge his uncle, is I believe his only surviving executor. He keeps his office in Wall Street, New York.

"With much respect and a sincere attachment I remain,
Dear Sir
Your ob't. servant,
E. C. Genet."

The George Clinton mentioned is thought to have been he who was governor of New York in 1801, and uncle of Dewitt Clinton, governor in 1817.

Noah Sherwood's wife was REBECCA EVERETT of New Berlin, N. Y., who was born in 1799 and died in 1863, aged 64 years. Their children were **Tracy, Diana, Clark, Henry Lee, Annis, Tyler, Elizabeth** and **William.**

Tracy Sherwood married **Diana Burgess,** and is said to have suicided by cutting his throat, while temporarily deranged, leaving a daughter, **Grace,** who married a Frenchman, **Felix Molineux** by name, but left no children. Grace was killed on Geddes St. crossing in Syracuse, by a N. Y. Central train, about the year 1880.

Our first and only acquaintance with Tracy happened when the writer was a lad of some eight or nine years. One day, while returning from school, he and his young cousin, Warren Sherwood, jumped on the rear of a passing sleigh which happened to be going their way. Two men were in the sleigh, on the driver's seat in front, and both to our amusement and amazement they would frequently look back and "make up faces" at us. We had never seen them before, but evidently they had a notion that we were Sherwood kids. Imagine our astonishment when they drove right up to Cousin Warren's home and his parents came out and greeted them just like they were old friends. It was none other than Tracy and his brother Tyler.

Diana Sherwood married **Noyes Salisbury**, and they lived the most of thier lives in Killawog, N. Y., where they died and are buried. Their children were **Albert** and **Emma.** Albert died at Waterville, N. Y., March 10, 1923. Emma died at Binghamton, N. Y., May 16, 1922. Her husband was **Arthur Griffin,** who was cashier in a bank at Binghamton, and who died Dec. 15, 1907. Their children were **Emma Zoe** and **Elizabeth M.** Emma Zoe died Dec. 5, 1906, while Elizabeth M. is a teacher of geometry in the prison town of Dannemora, N. Y., and is said to be highly efficient as such.

Clark Sherwood was born in 1827, and died in 1897, aged 70 years. He married **Lovina Weed** of Steuben county, N. Y., who was born in 1829 and died in 1888, aged 59 years, both being buried in the Marathon cemetery.

Clark is remembered by the writer; he having had the great good fortune to receive a visit from him many years ago, in Mansfield, Pa. He has never forgotten their rambles through the forest in quest of a possible supply of elm timber for the manufacture of wheelbarrows, in which Mr. Sherwood was interested. During his stay—all too brief—the writer learned to love the man and to esteem him as far above the average of humans.

Clark's children were **Susan, Francis, Edward** and **Adella.**

Susan married **James O. Peebles** in 1871. He died July 5, 1902, while she died Jan. 31, 1907. Their children were **Clark Sherwood Peebles,** born May 18, 1874, and **Helen Peebles,** born Sept. 30, 1882. Clark married **Elma Whitford,** and these are their children: **Leslie Arden, Dorotha Whitford,** and **Clara Elizabeth.** Helen married, 1st, **Frederick E. Lainhart,** who died Nov. 2, 1902, and by whom she had a son, **John Kenneth Lainhart;** 2nd, **L. Burton Tracy,** who died Apr. 22, 1913; 3rd, **Manley Goodale.**

Francis married **Chas. B. Greene in 1876.** No children. **Edward** married **Anna Casler in 1888.** One son, **Henry A. Sherwood.**

Adella married **John M. Swartwood** in 1888. No children. The writer is greatly indebted to this intelligent lady for much valuable data pertaining to Sherwoods. Her home is in Marathon, N. Y.

Henry Lee Sherwood was born May 17, 1828, and died Dec. 3, 1894. He married **Emily Lee** (of Indiana, we believe), a clever woman and writer of ability. They had no children. He was an officer in the Civil war, getting a bullet through his cap in one of several engagements in which he fought. He was a Lieu't. in the 12th Ohio reg't., but promoted to Ass't. Quartermaster in the 2nd brigade, West Virginia U. S. Volunteers, which promotion entitled him to the rank and title of captain. After the war he was an attorney and government pension and claim agent in the city of Washington. He and his wife (who was a charter member of the D. A. R., and who later became Mrs. William Ryon), are buried on Arlington Heights.

Capt. Sherwood was a man whom to know was to love, and who had a host of friends; and the writer esteems it as one of the greatest boons that ever came "down the pike," his long-time acquaintance and friendship with this man of culture and refinement; an attachment which ripened during the writer's stay at his home in Washington in the days of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson; and again at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial in

1876, when it was the pleasure of the writer and his wife to visit Mount Vernon. Possessed of a most pleasing personality, generous-hearted, gracious, suave, and with a rare faculty for saying and doing just the right thing at just the right time and place, he was, perhaps, about the best type of gentleman the writer has ever known.

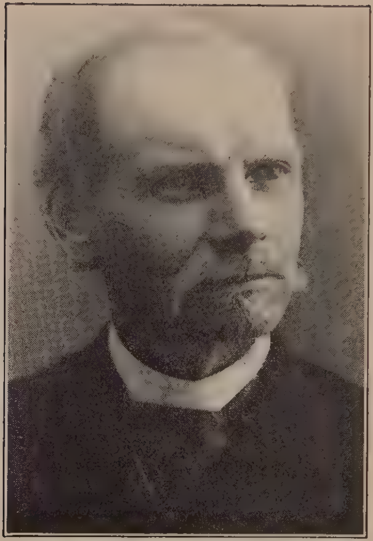
Annis Sherwood married **Nelson Parsons.** They may have lived at Upper Lisle, N. Y., since they are buried there. Their children were **Anson, William** and **Willard**—William and Willard being twins. Anson and Willard are dead. Anson married **Ella Davis**, and they had a daughter, **Elizabeth.**

Tyler Sherwood married, 1st,——**Williams**; 2nd, **Hattie Eliza Omohundro,** of Central Plains, Virginia. By his first wife, Tyler had one child, **Edward**, who married and had two children, **Arthur** and **Mildred**; Mildred now being **Mrs. O. C. Ball. Edward** ("Eddie") died at Mechanicsville, N. Y., in 1924.

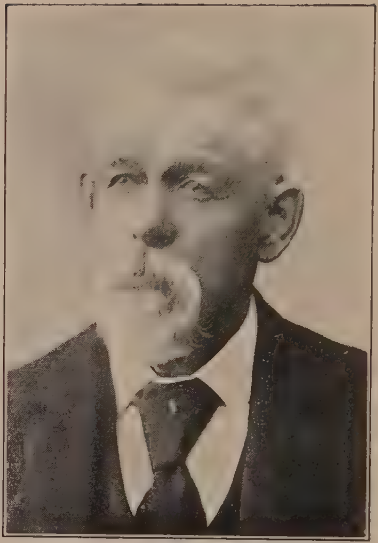
Tyler Sherwood, by his second wife, had two daughters, **Ada Blanch** and **Minnie Eliza.** Ada married **William Henry Dickerson,** of Baltimore, and left a son, **William Tyler Dickerson,** who married **Nellie O. Moody**, of Richmond, Va. Ada died Nov. 31, 1906. Minnie, who is a graduate of the Mansfield, Pa., State Normal School (now the State Teachers College), married **H. Frank Meetze,** of Manassas, Va., who has long been a Pullman conductor. Their home is in Richmond, Va. In the summer of 1925, they had a wonderful vacation, going by boat from Norfolk to Boston, and thence to Portland, Maine, where they stayed for some time, taking many boat trips up and down the coast.

Tyler was a soldier in the Civil war. He and his wife, Hattie, are both dead and are buried in Arlington cemetery, near the city of Washington, where they lived many years.

The compiler can with difficulty refrain from saying a word in praise of this family, several of whom it has been his pleasure to know very well indeed. The mother, Hattie Eliza, who died May 31, 1922, at the age of 83, was one



HENRY LEE SHERWOOD



TYLER SHERWOOD

ELIZABETH (Sherwood) DILLON

of the finest old ladies of the South living in the nation's capital city; while the daughters, Ada and Minnie, are not often excelled among women; and Mr. Meetze is a gentleman.

Elizabeth Sherwood—good-hearted, big-hearted, true-hearted Elizabeth—married **Robert Dillon,** whose trade was that of a glass-blower, and by whom she had two sons, **Allen** and **Harry. Harry** and his father are buried at Upper Lisle, N. Y., while the mother, who died while living with her son, Allen, in Kansas City, was never brought East for burial.

It is a matter of much regret to the writer that he is unable to give any further data regarding this noble woman, whom he remembers with emotions of love and admiration from his earliest childhood.

William Sherwood married **Betsey Young,** by whom he had a son, **Charlie.** William lived in Marathon, but later in Binghamton, N. Y., where he died in 1902-3, aged about 60 years. He is buried in Marathon. His son likewise is said to be deceased.

WILLIAM LEE SHERWOOD (3), son of Henry Sherwood and Lois Lee, and familiarly known as "Uncle Billy," married **LOIS HINMAN,** of Bainbridge, N. Y. He was born in 1784 and died in 1861, aged 77 years; while she was born in 1780 and died in 1837, aged 57 years. Their children were **Eliza, Perry, Dorcas, Cyrus** and **Norman.** His second wife was **Lydia Van Ness** born in 1791 and died in 1877, aged 86 years.

Eliza Sherwood died in 1836, aged 18, and **Perry Sherwood** in 1841, aged 20. They never married.

Dorcas Sherwood married William Wiles, but left no living children. She was born in 1815 and died in 1874, aged 59.

Cyrus Sherwood was born in 1810 and died Aug. 16, 1864, aged 57 years. He married **Maria Smith,** born in 1813, died in 1885, aged 72, and their children were **Smith, Eliza, William H.** and **Delilah.**

Smith Sherwood was born in 1835 and died in 1910, aged 75. His first wife was **Abigail Conrad** (born in 1839, died in 1872), by whom he left no children. His second wife was **Annie Sheerar** (born in 1855, died in 1905), by whom he had two children, namely: **Harry,** who resides in New York City, and **Ina (Mrs. George Shapley),** who resides in Tully, N. Y.

Eliza Sherwood was born in 1837 and died in 1867, aged 30. She married **Alonzo Davis**—no children.

William H. Sherwood was born in 1839 and died in 1895, aged 56. He married **Martha Vunk,** by whom he had four children, namely: **Fred C., Frank W., George J.** and **Mark T.**

Fred C. Sherwood was born in 1865 and died in 1918, aged 53. His wife was **Margaret McCarthy.**

Frank W. Sherwood was born in 1868, and is still living at Marathon, N. Y., where, he says: "I am about the last remnant, and a very poor one at that, of what was once the Sherwood family here; but just the same, I am very proud of some of the characteristics which have been transmitted to me from former generations of Sherwoods."

To which we would add that we have found Mr. Sherwood very much of a gentleman; and furthermore, we are under many obligations to him for valuable data concerning William Lee Sherwood and his descendants. Frank's wife was **Pearl F. Gilliland.**

George J. Sherwood was born in 1875 and died in 1920, aged 45. He married, 1st, **Estelle Fox,** 2nd, **Florence Porter,** and left a son, **W. Stuart Sherwood,** who lives at Cortland, N. Y.

Mark T. Sherwood was born in 1885, and is now living in Detroit, Mich. His wife was **Edith Swan,** and they have a son, **Mark J.**

Delilah Sherwood, daughter and youngest child of Cyrus Sherwood, was born in 1844 and died in 1917, aged 73. She married **Alonzo Vunk**—no children.

Norman Sherwood—or "Norm" as he was usually called—the youngest child of William Lee ("Uncle Billy"), Sherwood and Lois Hinman, was born Dec. 6, 1824, and died May 7, 1910, in his 86th year. His wife—who died May 27, 1908—was **Eliza Rosenberg** of Marathon, whom he married Sept. 3, 1848, and by whom he had two daughters, **Lois (Mrs. George Carter),** born Feb. 7, 1857, died Nov. 17, 1916; and **Ella (Mrs. Deland Beach),** dec'd., neither of whom left any children.

Of Mrs. Carter, her cousin, Mrs. Anna M. Harrington, once wrote as follows: "Lois married George Carter, and they live on the farm that was Norman's. They also own another farm that they occupied when they were first married. They have no children, but have everything else that heart could wish for. She is a good woman, and it is one of the best places in the world to visit, since they do everything possible to give one a good time. She makes me a short visit occasionally, but they are very busy people."

The writer entertains very distinct and very pleasant recollections as to Norman Sherwood, having known him well, and he takes pleasure in copying what follows from an extended notice in the **Cortland Democrat** of March 12, 1909, which carried a fine half-tone portrait of Mr. Sherwood, and which said among other things:

"In politics Mr. Sherwood is a Democrat of the old school and has never seen any reason yet why he should be otherwise. He well remembers the stirring events of the earlier days, when the country around what is now known as 'Sherwwod Street' was a mass of woods, which was inhabited by wild beasts. At one time he can recall seeing a deer come running to the house right through the dooryard, jumping over a fence on its way. Two dogs were in hot pursuit, and the frightened animal was making all kinds of moves to escape them.

"His father lived for many years in a log house, from whose doors no stranger ever went away hungry. In those early days the people lived and let live, each one trying to outdo his neighbor in extending a helping hand to one whose larder might be about empty, owing to sickness or a poor year for crops. During the long winter evenings the ox teams were brought out and all would assemble at the home of some one in the neighborhood, where a royal good time was sure to be had by all present.

"Those good old days have long since been relegated to the past. And with the passing out of those early settlers this spirit of friendliness also took its flight. But the memory of this beautiful custom is still with us, and will be cherished by these older inhabitants while they live."

CHLOE SHERWOOD (4), daughter of Henry Sherwood and Lois (Lee) Sherwood, was born in 1781 and died in 1870, aged 89. She was often mentioned by the endearing name of "Aunt Chloe." She was blind, or nearly blind, for some time before she died. She married **ROSWELL HINMAN,** who was born in 1782 and died in 1854, aged 72. They were buried in Sherwood Street cemetery, near Marathon. Their children were **Lois, William** and **Lyman.**

Lois Hinman married **Jared Ketchum,** and their children were **Caroline, William** and **Solomon.**

William Hinman was born March 30, 1805, and died March 3, 1893, aged 88. He married **Agnes Lowe,** who was born Dec. 17, 1808, and died Jan. 20, 1895, aged 87. Their children were **Roswell, Sarah, Laura** (died in infancy), **Abigail** and **Katherine.**

Rosswell Hinman was born Nov. 28, 1831, and died Dec. 1, 1891, aged 60. He married **Laura Waterman,** born July 6, 1834, died Nov. 15, 1913, aged 79. They had two children, **Bertha** and **Addie.**

Addie Hinman married **T. R. Hitt.** They have no children.

Bertha Hinman was born April 6, 1862, and married **Charles W. Bliss,** by whom she has had four children, namely: **Gladys Laura; Robert Hinman** (married **Leah Harrington**—three children: **Barbara, Robert** and **David); Graydon Calvin** (married **Louise Stone**—three children: **Graydon**

Calvin, Jr., Charles Everett Stone, and **Malcolm Mitchell);** **Addie Mae** (married **Frank Lawrence Stembler**—one child).

Bertha Hinman (Mrs. Charles W. Bliss), lives at Killawog, N. Y. She is evidently a most excellent lady, to whom we are greatly indebeted for much valuable information, which she has been most zealous in obtaining for us.

Of the other three children of William Hinman: **Sarah** married **John Stalker**—two children; **Abigail** married **John Burghart**—three children;**Katherine** married **Milo Bull**—three children.

Supplemental to the foregoing, and written one year later, we are greatly grieved to have to append a note so sad as that which follows.

Under date of May 25, 1927, Mrs. Bliss writes saying: "I have been through much sorrow since receiving your card last June. My husband was ill. as you know, all last summer. He died September 17th, and on the 30th of Jan. my youngest son, Graydon, died of pneumonia, leaving a wife and three little boys, besides all the rest of us who loved him so dearly. Then my daughter's husband, Frank Stembler, a World War victim whose mind had not been right, was running a chicken farm, and a 'Tea House' across the road from us which burned last Sept., and which so upset Mr. Stembler that he was taken to a Gov't. hospital in New York. On the 11th of March, while being removed to Binghamton, he got away, and everything indicates he jumped into the river. His body has not as yet been recovered. So you will see I have had an excuse for not writing."

Surely all Sherwoods will sympathize with dear Mrs. Bliss, thus suddenly bereft of her husband and children.

Lyman Hinman was born————? and died————? His wife was **Caroline Smith**, and their children were **Seth, Julia, Helen, Elizabeth, Alice** and **Melissa.**

CALEB SHERWOOD (5), son of Henry Sherwood and Lois (Lee) Sherwood and familiarly known as "Uncle Cale," married **LYDIA BENTLEY,** by whom he had **Lewis, Sally** and **Mary Ann.**

Caleb Sherwood and wife, with their son Lewis, (who married Wealthy————?), removed from Marathon to Huntington, Ohio, in the year 1851, but in 1854 he and his son seem to have been living on a farm at Lyndon, near the village of Cuba, in southwestern New York. The writer has two letters written by Caleb, one from Huntington, and one from Lyndon, to his brother, William Lee Sherwood, of Upper Lisle, N. Y. These letters are very interesting, disclosing, as they do, a strong Christian character, comparable only to that of his elder brother, Daniel; and as disclosing the prices of farm produce and wages in those days. The price of wheat in Huntington, O., in 1851, was 58 cts. per bushel, and corn 20 cts. for a bushel of ears; while around Lyndon and Cuba, N. Y., in 1854, hired labor on the farm was paid in some cases as high as $1.00 per day, with flour at $9.50 per barrel, corn 75 cts. per bushel, shelled, buckwheat 75 cts., potatoes 37½ cts., and good apples 50 cts., per bushel.

In the Huntington, O., letter from "Uncle Cale," to "Uncle Billy," under date of Sept. 29, 1851, after alluding to the death of some member of the Sherwood family at Marathon (we imagine it was Betsy, the widow of Seth Sherwood), he goes on to say: "We feel to mourn and to sympathize with our friends, and especially the children, Milton, Harriet and Betsy. It is news that we have expected to hear. She was so low when we left that we feared she would not survive many months. One more of the number gone, and in a few days now all the members of our family that lived so long and so happily together in that place will be in eternity; our bodies will be with their mother dust in different lands, but we shall all appear at the Judgment, the same as if we were all together, and it is my sincere desire that I, yea, and all that remain, may so live that God will be honored in all we do, and so that we may die rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. I feel solemnly admonished by the events which have taken place in the family in the past few months. I realize that time is short, especially with you and me, and that it becomes us to set our houses in order, and to be also ready."

In the "events" mentioned above we suppose reference is had to the death of their brother Noah, and to Betsy, the widow of their brother Seth, both of whom died, we believe, in 1851.

In his letter to his brother William, written from Lyndon, N. Y., under date of Oct. 7, 1854, among other things Caleb says: "I confess I owe you an apology for not answering your letter before, but we have been so busy gathering in our crops that it has been almost impossible for me to write, and even now I am writing by candle light because I do not wish to defer it any longer.

"Your letter found us enjoying good health and many of the comforts of life, altho we have had to be very steady at our business, having seen many weary hours, yet I esteem it a great blessing to be able to labor. I had always rather be tired than to be sick.

"I feel it is through the goodness and mercy of God that we are spared. It is almost a wonder to me, sometimes, that my strength and faculties are continued to me as they are. Except for rheumatism, I enjoy life as well, perhaps, as I ever did, altho I am not to do as I could when I was young.

"I am not far behind men that I pay a dollar a day. I went into the meadow last summer with Lewis and the hired man to mow, and when we had mowed two bouts it made a swath a hundred and sixty rods long. I told Lewis I had done it as easily as I had done so much in twenty years. Then I went to spreading, and I can spread more hay than any man I have yet had in the field. I mention this to let you know that the Lord has dealt bountifully with me, for which I feel very grateful.

"You spoke of my visiting our friends at Mansfield, and so we did, and had a firstrate visit. I found our brother, Daniel, in the hay field. He was in good health, and very smart for one of his age—80. He would go in the field and catch up the horses (as Albert was out of health), and harness them. He did so when we went up to Abijah's.

" We have been doing some business again this year keeping drovers. We have kept one hundred and seven men, fifty-seven horses, two thousand seven hundred and eighty-one head of cattle, and about ten thousand sheep. Some of the drovers say that we have the best place for cattle between Ohio and Philadelphia, on account of the water and feed. The little brooks which run across the farm are supported by springs that rise about a mile and a half to the west, and never go dry.

"I suppose that the cars are running on the Binghamton railroad, and I suppose it is as much of a sight to some in Marathon to see the cars as it was to me the first time I saw them. Now, however, it is not much of a sight, for I have seen from two to fifty cars in a train, and have been on board when they traveled a mile a minute. It is a very pleasant way of traveling, but is expensive."

All of which is rather interesting, disclosing, as it does, that the writer was a man of considerable education for those days, while revealing some of the conditions which existed in our family and country some seventy-five years ago.

SETH SHERWOOD (6) son of Henry Sherwood and Lois (Lee) Sherwood, married **BETSEY FRANCIS**, of **Columbus, N. Y.**, and their children were **Sophia, John, Milton, Irene, Mary Ann, Harriet, Nelson, Noah** and **Betsey.**

Seth was both a farmer and a lumberman, buying quite a quantity of timberland and building a mill on the Otselic river, above Upper Lisle, where he manufactured lumber, which he rafted to market down the Susquehanna river. Once, while at Columbia, Pa., with his rafts, and not feeling well, he took by mistake a quantity of saltpeter, instead of salts, and died there, from its effects, May 20, 1835.

His wife died in 1851, at Upper Lisle, N. Y.; while of their chldren, **Milton** was born in 1812 and died in 1905, at the advanced age of 93 years. His wife was **Jennie Blakesley**, who died in 1926. They lived at Upper Lisle, but had no children. **Nelson** was still living at Davenport, Iowa, when in his 85th year, and **Betsey** at Trumansburg, N. Y., when in her 75th year.

CURANCE SHERWOOD (7), daughter of Henry Sherwood and Lois (Lee) Sherwood, married **JOHN DAINS,** and had, we believe, seven children, of whom we have the names of only three: **Caleb, Chloe, and Gilbert.**

The Dains lived on their farm on Sherwood Street, adjoining the mile square on the north, where he died and was buried. He was supervisor of the town of Marathon in 1823. After his death the family broke up and most of them went West, but to what part we know not.

Dain's pond, at the head of Sherwood Street, east from Marathon, is named for John Dains, so we are told.

CHAPTER V

DANIEL SHERWOOD (6) AND ANNA STEVENS

O sad the scene which met our gaze
When Grandpa crossed "the great divide;"
O earth can have no sadder days
Than was the day that good man died.

Yet full of years—some eighty odd—
We did not enter our complaints,
Since precious in the sight of God—
'Tis written—is the death of saints.

There's Grandma, too, where angels reign,
Who died while we were yet unborn:
She dwells beyond the reach of pain,
On mountains of immortal morn.

Sometime, when in the better land,
We'll bask with them in brighter suns;
Sometime we'll take them by the hand,
These tried, these true, these faithful ones.

DANIEL SHERWOOD (VI), eldest child of Henry and Lois (Lee) Sherwood, and sixth in line from Thomas the pioneer, was born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, Oct. 23, 1774, and died at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, April 7, 1859, in his 85th year. When a little child of only two and one-half years, in the time of the Revolutionary War, he was living in Ridgebury, a few miles north from Ridgefield, where his father had a store, and distinctly remembered having heard the firing of the cannon at the sacking of Danbury by the British on the 26th of April, 1777, and again two days later at

HON. DANIEL SHERWOOD

the battle of Ridgefield, when the American general Wooster was killed.

When around twenty-five years of age, probably in the year 1799, after having stopped awhile at Catskill-on-the-Hudson, he went "West", crossing the Catskill mountains by way of the old Catskill turnpike, presumably on foot, though possibly by stagecoach or on horseback, to Rockdale, Chenango county, and later to Cincinnatus, (known as Marathon since 1818), in Cortland county, N. Y.; having preceded the rest of the family by some four or five years, and having bought a tract upon which he was living at the time of their arrival in 1804, and which adjoined, or was part of the tract, "a mile long and a mile square," afterwards bought by his father, both lying along Merrill's creek; the road running through them becoming known as Sherwood Street.

An incident connected with the crossing of the Catskills ("the Rocky Mt's." of those days), was related by Daniel to the effect that when on the summit he was above a stratum of low-lying cloud, which carried rain, with lightning-flashes and thunder-peals, while up where he was the sun was shining.

Daniel Sherwood's wife was **Anna Stevens**, daughter of Abijah Stevens, of Bainbridge, Chenango county, N. Y., and they were married at her father's home, March 30, 1800. She was born May 8, 1783, and died Feb. 9, 1848, in her 65th year, at Mansfield, Pennsylvania.

Abijah Stevens was a skilful orchardist and horticulturist of some note for those times, of whom it is related that he once had a small apple tree girdled by mice, which he saved by planting three small apple trees (seedlings), around it and then inserting the tips under the bark of the trunk above the wound by a process of grafting, or inarching, where they grew, and on which the tree was at last supported when the original stock below the wound was decayed and gone; as was observed by the writer's father when, as a boy, he visited his grandfather Stevens. This might not be considered a difficult thing to do now, perhaps, but was regarded as quite a feat in those days.

By his wife, Anna Stevens, Daniel Sherwood had nine children, namely: Henry, Abijah, Sally, Phebe, John Stevens, Daniel Lee, Infant Son (born and died June 12, 1811), Hiram Mason and Albert. For additional information concerning some of these, **see Chapter VI.**

Daniel Sherwood was the first supervisor in the town of Marathon, and held the office three years, from 1819-21. In 1822-23, over one hundred years ago, he represented the county of Cortland in the New York State legislature, which was before the day of railroads, when he sometimes made the journey to and from Albany on horseback, and sometimes by stagecoach. For a record of his service see **the New York Red Book.**

Once, when returning from the State Capitol, Daniel purchased what was then considered a large and handsomely illustrated family Bible, which he brought all the way home in his lap in a stagecoach, and which is now in possession of the writer. In the year 1849, when he was nearing his 75th birthday, he wrote into this Book of books his family record, at the end of which he penned these words: "Children, this Record was written by your father in the 75th year of his age, with his own hand." The book is now over one hundred years old.

Hon. Daniel Sherwood was Master of the Masonic lodge in Cortland county, and the writer has in his possession a very handsome and unique silver medal which was presented to him by his brother Masons, March 1, 1814, when he was in his 40th year. A little later on, however, and during the remainder of his life, he took no farther interest in Masonry, or in any of the secret orders or fraternities, having transferred his activities to the Church. The ground he finally took, we believe, was that while Masonry, as a religion, might be acceptable to some, yet it was a religion without the Christ, and dangerous to its followers, for the reason that out of Christ there was no hope for mankind beyond the grave. He complained that the name of the world's Redeemer was left out of the Masonic ritual; that Christian, Jew, Turk, Mohammedan—the best of people and the worst of rascals—might all worship together at the same shrine; that much of its work might be, and was, above criticism; but that in order longer to have his whole-hearted support it should make Christ its Lord and Master. Whether or not he was right in this, and whether or not he ever violated any of his pledges, is not for us to say, perhaps; all we can say is, that every last one of his sons grew up to be strongly anti-Mason.

In the fall of 1830 Daniel went to Lambs Creek, on the Tioga river, some two or three miles below Mansfield, in the county of Tioga and state of Pennsylvania, where he found an opportunity to engage in the manufacture of pine lumber for the tidewater markets on Chesapeake bay, at the mouth of the Susquehanna. This came about, or rather was necessitated, from the fact that he had lately lost his property at Marathon—his fine farm and brick mansion—through the failure of his son, Henry, who was in the mercantile business at Upper Lisle, N. Y.

That he was enabled to make this venture in Pennsylvania a little later was largely owing to the sympathy and generosity of a friend, tried and true, one Joseph Moss, a wealthy manufacturer of cloth at New Berlin, N. Y., who, out of the goodness of his heart, had offered to aid Daniel in his time of need by giving him a large tract of land near Detroit, Mich., and to the extent of two hundred dollars in cash; and who afterwards did give him a large amount of cloth (muslin), which was even better than the cash, since it became of very great service in paying for hired help—not in Michigan, but in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Clark B. Sherwood has in his possession the original letter of Joseph Moss written to Daniel Sherwood under date of June 20, 1831; and we seldom, if ever, have read a letter that betrayed a more magnanimous heart, or a grander Christian character. For pure unselfishness it is a model; and so long as such men are to be found here and there

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

along the dusty thoroughfares of life, it cannot be said that beneficent acts have perished from the earth. We as Sherwoods will ever hold his name in grateful remembrance, and gladly pass it on as one worthy of an everlasting tribute.

Thus aided, and with the promise of further aid if needed, by his good friend, the said Joseph Moss, Daniel returned to the above place, Lamb's Creek, in the spring of 1831, accompanied by his brother, Noah, who was an expert millwright, and by his sons Abijah and Daniel L., and they helped him to build a sawmill on the Tioga river, about three miles north of Mansfield and about half a mile below the mouth of Lamb's creek, on lands of Daniel and Harry Lamb.

Owing to the insolvency of Daniel, the business, after having been inaugurated in the names of his brother Noah and son Daniel L., seems to have been conducted for the most part by his sons, Daniel L. and Albert—Albert having arrived from Marathon after the mill had been constructed. They had entered into a contract with the Lambs for a mill-site on the following terms:—

"**Articles of Agreement** made and concluded on the 8th day of June, 1831, between Daniel Lamb and Harry Lamb of the township of Richmond and county of Tioga, in the State of Pennsylvania, of the first part, and Noah Sherwood and Daniel L. Sherwood of the town of Marathon and county of Cortland, in the State of New York, of the second part, witnesseth:

"That the parties of the first part agree that the parties of the second part may at any time after the signing of this article, themselves or their heirs or assigns, enter upon the premises of the first parties, or so much thereof as may be necessary for building and operating a sawmill, with the privilege of building a good and sufficient dam to raise the water at the head of the Island four feet and six inches above low water mark and repairing the same from time to time as may be necessary, with the privilege of occupying said Island for a Board-yard and such other uses as may be necessary in the business, for the term of ten years from the date of this article, and at the expiration of the said term the parties of the second part may take off from the premises all the mill irons that may then belong to them without any hindrance or molestation of the parties of the first part, their heirs or assigns, or the parties of the first part agree at the expiration of the said ten years to pay the parties of the second part the fair value of the said mill and dam if they can agree upon the value, if not then the value to be ascertained by the appraisal of disinterested men, or to sell and execute to the said parties of the second part a Deed of the above named privileges, or to their heirs or assigns, for the fair value thereof, and if the parties shall not agree upon the value then the value to be ascertained by the appraisal of disinterested men, so that either of the parties may have the privilege of either buying or selling as the case may be, in consideration of which the parties of the second part agree to saw to the best advantage all the logs that the parties of the first part shall bring to the mill for one half of the boards in preference of sawing any other timber on shares; and in erecting the said dam accross the main stream nearly opposite the house of Harry Lamb, due care is to be taken to place the north end of it a little down the stream from the south end thereof.

"In testimony whereof the parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

"In presence of
Daniel Sherwood
Gad Lamb

Daniel Lamb (SEAL)
Harry Lamb (SEAL)
Noah Sherwood (SEAL)
Signed Daniel L. Sherwood (SEAL)"

This able document, or rather contract, no doubt was largely the work of the son, Daniel L., afterward to become distinguished along judicial lines. Under its provisions lumbering operations were carried on for a number of years, the logs being obtained for the most part from a near-by tract of virgin pine forest which they had secured from the State, later known as the Levi Cooper place. The logs came easily down the sloping hillside to the banking ground, which was on the top of a thirty or forty foot perpendicular ledge of rock at the side of the mill pond. They were hauled with oxen; and once, before a large log could be detached, it rolled over the cliff taking the team with it down into the deep water of the pond, yet strange to relate, without the slightest damage to the oxen, which swam ashore.

The mill—which was one of the old "up-and-down" kind, built long before the day of circular saws—was located in a romantic spot, green with laurel and rhododendron and sheltered with pines and hemlocks, under the overhanging mountain on the west side of the river; while their quarters—a small cabin hardly worthy to be called a home—was located in the willows on the opposite side of the stream. During the fall and winter months they would contrive to get out lumber enough for one, two or more large rafts, which they would run out on the spring freshets, some three hundred miles or more to Port Deposit, at the head of Chesapeake bay, where they would sell the lumber, usually for about four dollars per thousand feet board measure, getting back home with just money enough to get some more rafts ready for the following spring, which went on uninterruptedly for many years.

This rafting business was attended with many exciting and even dangerous experiences, such as running over and through the various dams and rapids along the way; while the return trip, some of it by stage but more of it on foot, was fraught with no little discomfort and fatigue, one 40-mile stretch being hardly more than a blazed trail across the Alleghenies, through an unbroken wilderness, where now is a paved highway—the great Susquehanna Trail. Yet it had the redeeming feature of supplying an almost inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and adventures, which the old time raftsmen never tired of telling around their firesides in after years.

An incident of this business occurred after they had given it up and were removing to Mansfield. It had been stipulated that they should have the right to remove the mill irons that might belong to them; but when after a little time they returned for these irons, what was their surprise to find them missing and gone and nowhere to be found.

Years afterwards, in the untrodden snow of a winter's morning, might have been seen—and was seen, it is said—the tracks of a certain woman answering to the given name of Rebecca, leading to and from a certain barn which had burned during the night; and there under the haymow, when at last the fire had died out, lay the long lost mill irons.

At or near the close of their operations in lumber, or about the year 1839, Daniel, with his sons, Daniel L. and Albert, removed to Mansfield, to the Rev. Asa Donaldson and Ebenezer Burleigh estates, which were adjoining farms, and which the sons had purchased in the year 1838, and of which no finer or more beautiful locations were to be found in that entire neighborhood, both being river farms, but extending back to and including some of the equally-prized uplands.

Here, on the Donaldson place, and in the home of Albert, his youngest son, Daniel and his wife, Anna, passed the remainder of their days, in the calm assurance that all was well; and here, on the 10th day of April, 1840, he took the first steps toward organizing The First Baptist Church of Mansfield; which he did by bringing together at his home and securing as charter members twelve individuals of like faith, as follows: Daniel and his wife, Anna; their sons, Daniel L. and Rev. Abijah and their wives, Caroline and Maria; E. P. Clark and his wife, Fanny; Oliver Elliott, Thomas Jerald, Martha Utter and Lorena Ripley.

The organization and founding of this Church should be considered, perhaps, as the most important and far-reaching event in a long and useful life. Today it is said to be the largest and most prosperous church in a city noted for its schools and churches. Though it has been subjected to some trying ordeals during its existence of nearly ninety years, yet it has been the means of doing a great deal of good in the world, since it has not only been instrumental in the salvation of men, but has been a place of great spiritual uplift for thousands of God's saints who have passed through this vale of tears on their way to the Celestial City.

While thinking of the Old Church, organized and founded by Deacon Daniel Sherwood, we have quite unwittingly gone off into rhymes, some of which we will attempt to repeat here under the title:—

THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

O a blessing upon her, rich be her reward,
Love, service and faith her adorning;
It was there that we first gave our hearts to the Lord,
It was there we found peace in life's morning.

It was founded in love, it was vibrant with prayer,
'Twas dear to our fathers and mothers;
As in days that are gone may we still gather there,
In the same bond of love with our brothers.

It was there that our fathers sang praises to God;
Their songs, we'll forget them? No, never;
We are going the way which our fathers have trod,
And the old Church is dearer than ever.

One by one they have gone by the old pilgrim-way,
That leads through the conqueror's portal;
At the end of the way we shall find them some day,
Safe at home on the mountains immortal.

On the uplands of life, on the highlands of rest,
Which rise in their grandeur above us,
God will bring us at last, when the time seemeth best,
To those friends who remember and love us.

As when waves die away on a pebble-paved bed,
'Gainst peacefully-slumbering islands,
So life's tumult grows still when we think of our dead,
Who are safe on the glory-lit highlands.

Dear old Church of our fathers, long may she abide,
While saving lost souls is her mission;
Never leaving her task, never turning aside,
From this greatest, most holy ambition.

Long as time shall endure be her candlestick bright;
From discord and strife, Lord, defend her;
So in "books of remembrance," in letters of light,
Will be found, Lord, a record of splendor.

Daniel Sherwood was a Spirit-filled man, if ever there was one. Spiritually he was a giant. Early in life he broke away from cold, dead formalism on the one hand, and, on the other hand, from belief in universal salvation, and, casting his lot with the Baptists, he was immersed by a minister of that denomination; thereby starting something which, already, (including himself), has resulted in five generations as members, and four generations as deacons, in said denomination and in his direct line, without a break; a record which it is thought might be difficult to duplicate.

Moreover, and what is of far greater significance, he started a ball rolling for God, for Christian living, and for the old-time religion, which, please God, shall roll on forever. God said, "Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever." Even so may it be His will concerning Daniel, the son of Henry, that in his line there shall not want for a man to stand before the Lord forever.

Horatius Bonar said, We are remembered, and remembered only, by what we have done. Measured by this rule ("remembered while the years are rolling on"), Daniel Sherwood's influence for righteousness, and for the faith of our fathers, will never be known, or the stars in his crown be counted, until "the judgment is set, and the books are opened."

Tennyson said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." After what has already been said we do not need to add that Daniel Sherwood was a man of prayer. As was said of Moody, he had prayed his way farther into the mysteries of godliness than some college men have ever been able to get by study. In the little Church which he had organized he was the beloved and only deacon until the day of his death, in 1859; being known to all by the endearing name of "Father Sherwood"; and when any were sick, or in trouble, it was always Father Sherwood who was sent for to come and pray with them. All the members, as well as the whole countryside, trusted in his integrity, his sincerity and his spirituality, and somehow they seemed to think that he was "in touch of heart with God." They somehow believed that his prayers were efficacious; and we have heard people say who had "listened in" that never did they hear the like.

This coveted gift—if gift it was—was transmitted to none of his sons, but was possessed by one of his daughters (Phebe), since the writer can testify, that among all the women to whom he has listened, she could "talk with God" as none other ever did. And Phebe left a son who was likewise gifted.

Not to mention the spiritual side of this man would be rank injustice, to say the least. It would be like taking from the rose its fragrance, or from the diamond its lustre.

Yet we do not believe this man ever made a fetish of prayer, nor do we believe he was a Bible-worshipper. Strongly as he believed in both, he yet worshipped neither—he worshipped God. With him, prayer began by wanting to use God, and ended by wanting God to use him. So that when he prayed for the salvation of the lost, he did not stop there, but went forth and by personal appeals did what he could to bring about the desired answer to his prayers.

We have said that, spiritually, he was a giant, and fortunately we have a number of letters in his own hand which go very far toward proving the statement. It seems he had a brother—"Uncle Billy" as he was familiarly called—whom he evidently regarded as being "out of Christ," and to whom he addressed these letters—with what tenderness, with what pathos, we leave the reader to judge. As to the effect upon Uncle Billy we know not, but as for the writer, he stands with bowed head in the presence of such pleading—such entreaty—and has to confess to being moved, even to tears.

He has to confess that they are an incentive and an inspiration to a closer walk with God, on his own part, and he takes no little pleasure in presenting herewith the following excerpts from these wonderful letters. Notice, you who read, the great love, sincerity, tenderness and earnestness so plainly manifested; notice the soundness of his theology and close adherence to the Word of God, at a time when Bible institutes had not as yet been established; notice his style and beauty of diction—remembering that his boyhood was passed at a time and on a frontier where schools of any kind were practically unknown.

The first of these letters was written from Mansfield, to his brother William L. of Marathon, Jan. 1, 1852, when he was in his 78th year, and reads in part as follows:

"Now, dear brother, I have been speaking to you of worldly things, but as this may be the last time I shall ever speak with you, I want to say a word on the subject of the religion of Jesus, which is of more interest to me than all earthly things. You know that for many years I have professed to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and I want you to know that I still consider that religion to be the one thing needful to yield happiness, both in this world and in that which is to come; and that as I draw nearer to the grave I prize it more and more."

Then after quoting Paul in the 8th of Romans (Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his), he goes on to say: "Christ, in His Sermon on the Mount, Matt. 5th, 6th and 7th chapters, has given the best instructions that could possibly be given to the sinful sons of men. And when He came to close up that Sermon, He said: Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. Please to take your Bible and read the whole three chapters with care, and especially the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th verses of the 7th chapter.

"And now, dear brother, let me ask how the matter stands with you? Have you set your house in order? Have you built upon the Rock? If so the rains may descend, the floods may come, and the winds may blow, and beat upon it, but it will not fall."

Farther on, toward the end, he adds: "I have thought of late of the situation of that place where you live, from a religious point of view, whether there was one that called upon the name of the Lord in all that section, when the Scripture has pronounced a curse on the families of the earth that call not on the name of the Lord. Can it be possible that that place is in a worse state than Sodom? There was one there that was called righteous, even Lot, but in all that region where you dwell I know of not one praying man (since our brother Caleb left), from the Otselic to old Clinton. There may be one exception, but if there is I don't know it, and the man is to be pitied who lives where the Lord of life and glory is not owned or acknowledged. Let us all remember that the dying thief in the last hour of distress called on the Lord to remember him when He came into His kingdom, and was heard, and had the promise: This day shalt thou be with me in paradise. Then why should we despair of being heard and saved if we call upon the Saviour?

"I could write much more upon this subject, but will close by wishing you grace, mercy and peace from our Lord Jesus Christ. That you may be saved, and have a crown of life, is the earnest prayer of

"Your affectionate brother."
(Signed) Daniel Sherwood.

Two years later, Feb. 2, 1854, he again wrote as follows—

"Dear Brother:

"I am writing to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and through the rich blessing of my

Heavenly Father am in the enjoyment of a comfortable degree of health. I feel a strong desire to see you once more, but can hardly hope that we shall ever meet again on earth. But my brother, there is a better world than this, and if we are so happy as to meet there, our anxieties for each other will all be over, and we shall be forever with the Lord. This is my belief. Jesus prayed: Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am. That prayer was heard, and will be answered in every case for all who obey Him.

"The Revelator says: Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. O my dear brother, if we are ever so happy as to enter the gates of gold our happiness will be complete.

"Our blessed Saviour told His disciples to strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many would seek to enter in and would not be able. O my dear brother, let us ever strive.

"Wishing you much grace, mercy and peace from our Lord Jesus Christ, and subscribing myself

"Your affectionate brother."

(Signed) Daniel Sherwood.

A year later, March 24, 1855, he again wrote saying—"I am in the enjoyment of a good degree of health and have been all winter—better I think than I have been for a long time—but I am so far advanced in years that I feel it must be of short duration, yet if I can only improve it while it does last, to the glory of God and for the best good of my fellow men, I shall not feel like complaining.

"We are having a great deal of cold unpleasant weather these days, and there must be a change soon or the maple sugar season will be short. I had almost made up my mind to just slip out there about sugar time and see how some warm sugar would set on my old stomach, but have pretty much given it up.

"The people of Mansfield and vicinity are about to make some large improvements. They have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of building a Seminary on a large scale. The building is to cost the sum of twelve thousand dollars, and is to be built of brick, one hundred feet front, with a wing, or ell, on each end, seventy-eight feet long, and all to be four stories high.

"There is also a large iron furnace almost ready to commence operations—it will start in May. So you see we are doing something in the way of improvements. But whether we are growing any better I know not, nor do I pretend to say.

"Remember me to all my friends, but especially to sister Chloe, and may the best of Heaven's blessings attend you and yours, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate brother."

(Signed) Daniel Sherwood.

The foregoing is interesting historically, since it goes back to the very starting point of the Mansfield Classical Seminary, which later became the Mansfield State Normal School, but is now, we believe, known as a Teacher's College; as also from the fact that it establishes the beginning of the Mansfield iron furnace, which utilized the ores mined in the vicinity, and was a business enterprise of considerable importance to Mansfield for many years.

Some six months later, under date of Sept. 3, 1855, Daniel wrote again to his brother William, when it appears that he did really make his contemplated visit mentioned in the previous letter as likely to be abandoned, but whether in time to try the warm sugar "on his old stomach" he does not say.

"Dear Brother:

"I am writing to let you know how it is with me, and how it has been with me since I left you. Through the tender mercy of my Heavenly Father I am permitted to enjoy something more than usual health at the present time. Nearly ever since I left you my health has been remarkably good, and I have been able to labor the greater part of the time, doing some pretty good days work through haying and harvesting, yet tiring easily.

"After I got home from visiting you I went out to make our brother Caleb a visit. I had a very pleasant time. I found them all well, and as far as I could see, enjoying themselves in their new home—extremely happy I think. They have got a very good place, and they seem to be well situated, and I think they are doing well. They are situated on the great cattle road leading from Ohio to Philadelphia, with good feed and water, and by keeping the drovers and their cattle over night they can turn their grass into money without milking or churning. They also have a ready market for all they have to spare.

"As for the season here, I think I can safely say I have never seen the like of it. It has been rain, rain, rain, day after day, or every other day, all summer, and the river has been as high or higher than in the spring at rafting time. When wheat was ready for harvest we had rain eleven days in succession. Some wheat started to germinate, but not so as to spoil it. We had excellent wheat, but had much trouble to save it. Oats are a fine crop. Dan. L. is now threshing his grain. He finished his oats this forenoon, having 326 bushels; and his wheat, which was very stout and harvested without much injury, is now going through the machine. Hiram and Albert each had good crops of wheat and oats and a good surplus of hay. Not much wheat will be sown here this fall, as owing to the rains there has been no chance to burn new fallows. I think the corn crop will be light; it has been too wet, so the grain has not hardened. Potatoes never bid fairer than in the early part of the season, and until the middle of August, when the tops suddenly died, as if scorched by fire, leaving the tubers very small.

"As regards health: Dan. has been for a few days afflicted with a bad cold; while Albert's wife doesn't enjoy very good health. Dan's John was taken sick yesterday while threshing. They thought at first he was threatened hard with fever, but this morning I have not heard from him.

"I long to see you once more, but as this may never be, I will close by wishing you an abundance of grace, mercy and peace from our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Your affectionate brother."
(Signed) Daniel Sherwood.

An incident having to do with the rainy season mentioned in the foregoing letter is remembered by the writer, although he was a very small boy at the time. Remembered, we suppose, for the reason that it had to do with the wheat crop of "Dan. L." (Daniel's son and the writer's uncle), "which was harvested without much injury."

As the letter states, it was a time of excessive rains, when farmers were greatly worried over the probable loss of their wheat; a very serious matter with them, since in those days they had to grow their own "bread-timber." The wheat was cut and in the shock, but was beginning to sprout, which meant that it would soon be ruined, and that meant that the farmer and his family would in all likelihood go hungry, more especially as the potatoe and corn crops had already failed.

Such were the conditions when on Sunday morning, Sept. 2, 1855, the sun shone out bright and clear, so that many farmers, including "Dan. L.", started the work of gathering their wheat and threshing it.

It so happened that "Dan. L's" field lay on the south slope of Pickel hill, in full view from the Baptist church, where his brother, Rev. Abijah, was the pastor, and where he held services that very afternoon.

It was a lovely day, the sun seemed unusually bright and warm, after having been a long time hidden by clouds, and the large windows in the church were all wide open. The subject of the discourse was that commandment which reads something like this: Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

More than seventy years have gone by since then, yet the scene and the episode come back to the writer as plainly as though it were only yesterday. Again he is listening to the preacher as he goes on in support of his text; again he sees the audience gazing furtively through the open windows in the direction of the wheat field, where the men and teams, in full view, are busy hauling in the wheat; gazing until finally the speaker stops for a moment to gaze with his hearers, and then, in no uncertain language, expresses disapproval of the work going on in the wheat field.

What did he, or does he (the writer), think of it? He who has always been something of a stickler for the keeping of one day in seven?

He thinks in this case that the layman was right and the minister was wrong. Under the circumstances he believes the layman was justified in trying to save his wheat. Yet he is not condemning the minister in so far as his remarks were in support of the general observance of a day of rest.

Under date of April 18, 1856, after his usual preliminary of "Dearly beloved brother," he goes on to mention some matters of unusual interest, as follows:

"I am enjoying good health this spring, so that I have been able to go with the boys this week into the woods to help make a canoe; and I told the boys about the scrape you and I and Captain Davis got into eating the turpentine while making a canoe at Unadilla.

"I suppose I may not even hope that you enjoy much health at present, since Elizabeth wrote that both you and Lydia are very greatly afflicted. But I hope that God will give both of you grace to bear up under all your trials, so that you may not be left to murmur or complain. I think of you daily while on my knees before my Maker, to ask that his mercy may be extended to you, and when done with this sinning world that we may be permitted to meet in heaven, there to hear that blessed applaudit of Well done, good and faithful servant, and there to enjoy the presence of the blessed Jesus forever.

"Albert has professed religion, and was baptized last Sabbath a week ago (April 6), and a girl (Mary Ann McCarty), that lives with us. There are others; among them young Dan. H. and his wife (Emily), who will be baptized soon.

"I don't know as these things will be very interesting to you, but it is the joy of my heart to see sinners coming to Christ.

"May the God of peace bless you, for Jesus sake."

(Signed) Daniel Sherwood.

The "boys" which Daniel mentions in this letter were his sons, Daniel L. and Albert. There were, however, in that company two real boys in the persons of his little grandsons, Warren and the writer (Andrew), who carelessly wandered away in the woods in search of wintergreen berries, until they became lost, and had some difficulty in finding their way back to where their parents were working on the dugout; for such it was, which they were hollowing out of a large tree —a fallen pine. This boat must have been twenty feet or more in length, and was capable of carrying a number of people. It was a partnership affair, used by the two brothers for many years for crossing the river; and as the work of craftsmen, showing the woodman's skill with the axe, we have never seen the equal of the old canoe, except among the Alaskan Indians.

The last of these wonderful letters written by Daniel to his brother William is dated Dec. 24, 1857, when he was in his 84th year. The gist of it is as follows; and the reader will note with what yearning, with what tender pathos and eager longing, he is still pleading with this brother. Seems as if he could not bear the thought of giving him up. Did it ever amount to anything, was it ever of any avail? The writer cannot say; eternity alone will tell.

"I have been for some time thinking about writing to you to let you know how I am getting along on my earthly journey, which I think is very nearly ended now.

"Through the tender mercy of that God whom I try to serve I am still spared and in the enjoyment of good health. Nearly all the time since I was at your home I have been highly favored with health and strength, so that I have been able to labor more or less all the time. I have kept well and my appetite has been good. How long I may be so highly favored I know not, but I hope I feel thankful for past blessings, and I pray that I may still be under the watchful care of my Heavenly Father, and that while I live I may glorify Him, so that when the end shall come—no matter how soon or how sudden the great and last change shall be—I may be found in peace with Him.

"My advanced age admonishes me that what I do must be done quickly, or left undone forever. So now, my brother, as this may be the last time I shall ever address you, may I ask how the case stands with you? Can you assure me that you indulge a well-grounded hope in the blood and righteousness of the Savior of sinners; that you have been born again; that you have been redeemed from the bondage of sin and Satan; that you can now say, Come welcome death, thou end of fears, I am prepared to die? If so, my brother, then I may hope to meet you in heaven, if I see you no more on earth. But if it is not so with you, my brother, then be not angry with me if I urge you to seek the religion which saves the soul. You, as well as I, are advanced in age, and our time must be short. O brother! how dreadful the thought that, because of our neglect, we may have to say at the last, The summer is ended, the harvest is past, and my soul is not saved.

"A short time since I received a letter from brother Caleb, saying they were all well with the exception of Wealthy; she had been a long time ill, but was getting better. He stated that he had enjoyed more than usual health during the summer, and had been able to do more labor than he had for some years past. As for our family connections here, they are all well so far as I know. I saw Elizabeth and she was well. The season here has been the most un-

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

favorable I ever knew—rain, rain continually. We had to get our haying and harvesting done between showers and save our corn as best we could, but I hear that much corn has moulded since being husked. Business of all kinds is here, as everywhere else, in a sad state of stagnation for the want of money.

"I have a very great desire to see you all once more, but hardly dare hope ever to visit that country again, and have little expectation that you will ever be able to visit me. However, you may, and I assure you I should see you with joy and gladness of heart.

"When you have read this letter please hand it to sister Chloe, and give my best regards to your children and all my friends there.

"My old hand is tired now and I must bid you farewell, wishing you much grace, mercy and peace from our Lord Jesus Christ, and subscribing myself

"Your affectionate brother."
(Signed) Daniel Sherwood.

The reader will place his or her own estimate upon the author of the foregoing letters, but to the writer he stands forth as a man among men, whose life and example have made for righteousness, and one whom we might do well to emulate. The world may be full of shams and tricksters, but he was not one of them. As a pioneer, and as the husband of Anna Stevens; as a member of that august body, the N. Y. State legislature; as the father of a clergyman of repute; of a statesman of no mean ability; of a merchant and of two prosperous farmers; as a lumberman; as the founder of a Church, and deeply interested in the salvation of men—we have to confess to a certain feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge that there was ever in our line just such a man as Grandfather. If he was anywhere near a fair sample of our progenitors, then we have reason to be proud of the stock from which we are descended.

How did this man look, and what were some of his characteristics—for the writer was a boy of nearly eleven years when his grandfather died.

He is remembered by him as being an exceptionally well-proportioned, fine-looking man of commanding presence, six feet tall, and who had weighed not less than two hundred pounds; a man who was cast in the heroic mold, who had gray eyes with a suggestion of brown, who was never bald but had beautiful snow-white hair, and who always appeared with his face smooth-shaven. A man who stood perfectly erect, and able to do (and often did do), a man's work up to the time he died—being one of the youngest old men we have ever known. A man who was scrupulously neat in his person and careful as to his personal appearance, never wearing any ragged or dirty clothing, but usually dressed in a suit of plain gray, and in winter wearing a fur cap; while on Sundays he was wont to appear in a dark suit, with high collar and black cravat, after the fashion of a gentleman of the old school in those days, when (being a man of much natural dignity), he might, in England, have been readily mistaken for a barrister, or even a member of the House of Lords.

And Grandmother—what about her? She died some four months or more before we were born, but we have been told by those who knew her that she most nearly resembled her youngest sons, Hiram and Albert, while in figure she was said to have been slightly petite, yet nevertheless of a high type, both of womanhood and of motherhood. She died of tuberculosis, while grandfather died of pneumonia.

His death was witnessed by the writer, on whom, as a boy, it made a profound impression, notwithstanding it was peaceful. He and his son, Albert, were both sick in the "front room", at the same time, and with the same disease. It was in the days when not much was known about that dread disease, pneumonia, and when it was thought the proper thing to do was to keep the room closed "tight as a drum," so as to exclude every bit of fresh air from without. In such a place, so lacking in life-giving oxygen, and only fifteen minutes or so before the sufferer breathed his last, we can still seem to hear the attending physician saying, "He is getting better."

In conclusion, it may be thought by the reader that the writer has placed a pretty high estimate upon him who is the theme of this chapter. But the fact is that "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain" this man was as innocent as a little child, and is worthy of all honor—with just two exceptions. Good and kind as he appears to have been, he yet was guilty of things—two things—which could only be regarded with disfavor by a boy.

"Once upon a time," when the writer was tormenting his little brother, as older brothers are not infrequently given to doing, "this mean old grandpa" said to him: "Never mind, Clark will handle you some day!" Which little speech so wounded the writer's pride, and seemed so absurd, that he has never quite forgotten it from that day to this.

The second offense occurred about the same time. There was "an ole swimmin' hole" in Corey creek, up by the bridge near Gaylord's, and not far from the district school which the writer attended when he was a lad of ten, and where the kids were in the habit of going at the noon hour for a swim. The writer's father, finding it out, said he must go there no more; but when the noon hour came, and the other boys started for the swimmin' hole, the temptation was too great to be resisted, so away and into the water he went with the rest. Then, looking up, who should he see but "that mean old grandpa," standing there on the bridge, looking down at him; and what did he get from his father when he got home from school that night? Why, a good flogging, of course—just what he was looking for. And ever since he has had a "hunch" that his grandfather happened around there just then for a purpose, and ever since he has charged it up against him (?).

How indelibly impressed upon the mind are the little incidents of childhood! Important events in after life may be, and often are, soon forgotten, while the little things that happened when we were children—they live on and on.

And so it is that even now we can see grandfather when we fancied he was getting his pay with interest for informing on us in connection with this swimming episode.

It was late in the fall of that very same year when he undertook to cross the river on the ice and it proved too thin to bear his weight. We can still seem to see him struggling in the chilling stream, where the water was deep, the ice giving way every time he attempted to climb upon it; until at last some one pushed a plank out far enough for him to lay hold of it, when he succeeded in reaching the shore, but not until he was shivering and shaking from the cold.

It was a narrow escape, yet no narrower perhaps than when, in the spring, he was standing in the doorway and some one from the opposite side of the river shot at a duck, when the bullet glanced from the water, imbedding itself in the door frame, not one foot above his head.

Chapter VI

THE CHILDREN OF DANIEL SHERWOOD (6) AND ANNA STEVENS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

Henry Sherwood—Abijah Sherwood—Sally Sherwood—Phebe Sherwood—John Stevens Sherwood—Daniel Lee Sherwood (See chapter VII)—Infant Son, born and died June 12, 1811—Hiram Mason Sherwood—Albert Sherwood (See chapter IX).

Beyond, beyond—away, away,
  Our peerless friends their goals have won;
In bow'rs of rest they wait for us,
  Somewhere beyond the setting sun.

HENRY SHERWOOD, son of Daniel Sherwood and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., March 16, 1801, and died at Lisle, N. Y., April 5, 1829, at the early age of 28 years. He is said to have been a very good man indeed, having been a merchant at Lisle, where he died from tuberculosis. After losing his health he failed in business, carrying his father down with him financially, both losing everything they had, though it seems never to have been insinuated that Henry was in anywise to blame for the disaster. It was simply one of those misfortunes in life such as are liable to overtake the best and shrewdest of men.

Henry Sherwood's wife was ——— ———? by whom he left a son **Daniel Henry** (familiarly known as "Daniel H.," to distinguish him from Daniel L.), who was born June 16, 1827, at Lisle, and died June 30, 1906, at Westfield, Pa., aged 79 years. After the death of his father he went to live with his uncle, Abijah, under whose roof he grew to manhood, and became, like his father, a very good man indeed. He followed farming and school teaching, and was with the Union army in the Civil war, but in just what capacity we are not informed, though probably not as a soldier, since while a lad he had a fall upon the ice, which crippled him for life in one of his hands. He lived the most of his life near Mansfield, then near Covington, then at East Charleston, finally settling at or near Westfield (all in Pennsylvania), where after many years he died at the home of one of his sons.

His wife was **Emeline Miller,** a daughter of Elias and Eliza Miller, who was born at Columbia, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1830, and died at Westfield, Pa., June 4, 1904, aged 74 years. By her he had six children, namely:

Frank A., born March 10, 1854, died Nov. 13, 1861; **Mary M.,** born June 4, 1856, died Nov. 7, 1861; **Nora,** born Oct. 20, 1859, died Nov. 13, 1861; **Ira,** born May 20, 1863; **Eliza,** born May 3, 1866, died (as Mrs. Perry), July 31, 1893; **John E.,** born May 3, 1866.

The reader will doubtless notice what seems very sad in connection with this record: that three of these dear children died in the short space of six days—two of them on one and the same day—and all from that dread scourge, diphtheria. This took place while the father was away in the army and the mother at home alone with the children. The writer never has forgotten the shadow which this untimely event cast over the whole surrounding country, and his eyes grow moist even now at thought of it.

Ira and **John** are still living in Westfield, where, we understand, they are looked upon as among the leading citizens.

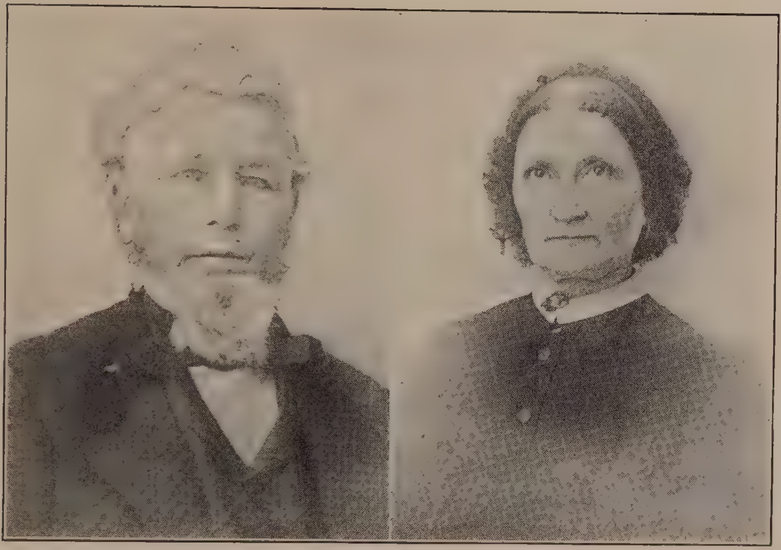
ABIJAH SHERWOOD, son of Daniel Sherwood and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, and twin brother of Henry Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., March 16, 1801, and died at Mansfield, Pa., March 15, 1880—within a few hours of his 79th birthday.

With the birth of this man there came into the world a very diminutive specimen of the genus Homo, since he weighed less than three pounds, yet one who was destined to tip the scales at probably not less than two hundred pounds, and to be as well developed mentally as he was physically. With his advent into the world there came a child who, later, was to become a Baptist minister of repute, and who was to leave the world better for his having lived in it.

While still a young man he felt called of God to preach the everlasting gospel. The writer once asked him how it was that he came to be a preacher. His reply was—and which he said would not "down," but kept ringing in his ears—"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." At another time, when the writer questioned him as to how he got his education, his terse reply was: "At the plowhandles." In those days there were no theological seminaries or Bible institutes, and instead of science, and nature, and literature, and politics, and evolution, (and God knows what!) it was fashionable to preach the gospel in its simplicity, which we know he tried hard to do.

While still a young man he was ordained to the Baptist ministry at Centre Lisle, N. Y., where he served as pastor, as well as at Maine, Union Corners, and perhaps Mount Morris; and, it may be, at other places in the State of New York of which the writer has no knowledge; besides some in Pennsylvania, as at Covington and Stony Fork, and at least one other—Mansfield—where he was, to our certain knowledge, the greatly beloved and greatly revered pastor for a period of about twenty years. He was present and assisted his father in the founding of said Church, which has since become a strong organization, in a great educational center.

When Rev. Abijah started in his life-work, and in fact nearly to its close, ministers as well as laymen were tillers of the soil; and so it was that $100. "and a donation" was reckoned amply sufficient for a minister's salary. But you will never be able to make the writer believe that some of those ministers didn't preach some mighty good sermons. One such, and from this same Rev. Abijah, was delivered



REV. ABIJAH SHERWOOD AND WIFE

from the Methodist pulpit in Mansfield, where he had been invited by the Methodist pastor, Rev. H. Lamkin, and is one of the outstanding and best remembered sermons ever heard by the writer, the text being Job's great words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

The reader may be able correctly to imagine the grand sweep of that sermon founded upon such a text, but the writer shall never portray it, notwithstanding he can still seem to hear the Methodist minister's ringing "amens."

It was, however, in the old Baptist Church, in his own pulpit, and before the days of the Civil war, that the writer best remembers him as a preacher and as a pastor. What a flood of memories roll in upon us! Again we see the saintly forms and faces of those God-fearing men and women who were its charter members in 1843, and every one of whom we have known and well remember, with one single exception. Again we are sitting in the old "meeting-house," with its great pulpit, its pews (each with its little door), its gallery over the entry, its large windows with small panes, and its two big box stoves. Again, in fancy, we seem to see our dear uncle Abijah's head and shoulders above the pulpit (when he is standing up), and once more we are listening to his solemn words as he "remarks again" from some text like that in Isaiah: "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." There in that same great and imposing pulpit—it may have been by invitation of "Elder" Sherwood—we can see old "Elder" Sheardown, who was a renowned pulpit orator in our boyhood days, as he stood there for the last time, palsied and trembling with the infirmities of age, and preached most eloquently—and as it seemed to us appropriately—from the text in Matthew: "What went ye out in the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?"

And O the worshippers that come again at the bidding of Memory and take their places on those uncushioned and straightbacked pine seats! There is the writer's venerable grandfather, the founder of the Church; there are his uncles and aunts and their families—Sherwoods and Ketchums; there are E. P. Clark and "Aunt Fanny" his wife and their children; there are Rev. D. P. Maryatt and wife Corinna and their children; there are Benjamin Fralic and his wife Rebecca, Levi Cooper and his wife Rachel, Deacon Putnam, Russell Watson, Daniel Williams, Joseph Whipple, Frederick Schusler and L. H. Brewster; and there are Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Bradway, Mrs. Ripley, Mrs. Gaylord, Mrs. Holden, and the Misses Ann Culver, Diana Buttles, Roxina Davis, Mary Gifford, Mary McCarty, Ruby Vandearin, Carrie and Mary Gaylord, and Isabella Holden. These and others whom we do not at this moment recall—for we are writing from memory—who, with us, have listened to the voice and heard the earnest pleadings of Rev. Abijah Sherwood, in days long gone by; a company which included some of the rarest Christian characters we have ever known; men and women whose names, we believe—with that of the sainted pastor—are written in the Book of Life; all—or nearly all—gone up from that old Church to Glory Land. And Oh! do you know, we cannot speak about that little company of worshippers but we think how we shall meet them soon, somewhere beyond the setting sun.

Not much, either written or printed, has come down to us regarding this servant of God. The writer has a letter written by him from Centre Lisle, N. Y., to his parents in Mansfield, Pa., under date of Oct. 21, 1838, in which he seems to be deeply concerned over the spiritual destitution of Mansfield; also, he has a portion of the Minutes of the Tioga Baptist Association held in Mansfield in June, 1848, wherein we find the following under the heading, "American and Foreign Bible Society," which seems to have the right ring:

"Whereas the American and Foreign Bible Society is engaged in the great work of giving to the world the pure Word of God, untrammeled and free from sectarian notions and prejudices; your committee therefore recommend to this body that the Churches and members composing this Association give more liberally, and pray more fervently, that the Bible—the pure Word of life—may soon be given to every nation, kindred, tongue and people under the whole heavens; so that all may have it in their own language, and by the truth be made free.

"In behalf of the Committee,

"Abijah Sherwood."

Many years ago, while the writer was still in his teens, an incident occurred in which this godly man and his brothers (Daniel L., Hiram and Albert), were the actors. At a little family reunion at the home of Albert, after a bountiful repast, they had strolled out in front of the house, that beautiful day, to the river-bank, and were visiting, when Abijah ("Bige," his brothers called him), spoke up and said: "It seems like only yesterday when we were boys playing along Merrill's creek, and here we are, all old, grey-headed men." To which all assented; but said they would not, if they could, stop the flight of time; "that the future had more in store for them then the present." And the faith, the assurance, the confidence, expressed by those four brothers that June afternoon—"life's afternoon"—made a vivid and lasting impression upon the mind and heart of the boy-listener.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Enos A. Watson, a nephew of Rev. Abijah on his mother's side, was likewise at one time "a boy-listener." He relates the following incident, which he says he has always remembered, which we quote as showing the devout and highly reverential character of the man.

"He was standing in an open door, with his snow-white hair and beard, looking at an unusually bright rainbow, and saying: 'God's bow of promise! God's bow of promise!' "

When, the night before he died, the writer visited him, his last words at parting were, "We may not meet again." Then, as though moved by the instinct of immortality, and by remembrance of what is taught in Holy Writ, he added, "Yes, we shall meet again."

When, in the morning, the Angel of Death had touched the eyes of God's servant with a dreamless sleep, it was but the passing wind that shakes from the tree its ripened fruit. For he was indeed ripe, and ready to be gathered to his fathers. Like "the loving disciple," God had permitted him to become full of years, and why should he not enter into rest—he who needed rest so much? Why should not the decrepit form, wasted and worn by disease and the infirmities of age, be permitted to put on immortal youth and beauty? Why should he not be allowed to fasten his wonder-stricken eyes upon all those amazing scenes in the mighty vistas which open on the spirit disenthralled? Why should he not be privileged to walk the pavements of the Golden City, there to look upon the face of Him who spake as never man spake; there to experience, as he never could before, the full meaning of His words: Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life? Why not?

We greatly regret that this brief sketch should be so incomplete and every way so unworthy, since the one of whom we are speaking was not only engaged in a great work —that of preaching the everlasting gospel—but as a man was so above reproach and suspicion as to command our admiration and our respect. We suppose there may have been greater, more eloquent preachers, but there have been few of more upright character, as well as many who were not so eloquent. He used to say that his first sermon was anything but a success—and the very next time he was sent for from a distance to go and preach a funeral sermon! Yet from such humble beginnings his labors came to be honored of God; poor and weak Churches were never ruined or wrecked by him, but built up and strengthened, and new ones established; while many souls were saved through his instrumentality. So that we feel like exclaiming in the words of another—

Servant of God, well done!

That his life and his work were so eminently successful may well be attributed in a great measure to the character of her who was his helpmeet. His first wife was **Anna Hinman,** of Lisle, N. Y. Unfortunately we do not know very much about her, since she soon died. He then married **Maria Page,** also of Lisle, who was the bridesmaid at his first wedding, and who was a daughter of Rufus and Chloe Page. No queenlier woman, and none more ideal as a pastor's wife, ever lived. She and her husband had no children of their own, but left two foster children, viz.: Mr. D. H. Sherwood, of Westfield, Pa., and Mrs. Chamberlain (nee Emma Williams), of Mount Morris, N. Y., and through their tender regard, but more especially, perhaps, because of the kindly sympathy and ministrations received in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Watson, on the Newtown road near Mansfield (Mrs. Watson being a sister of Mrs. Sherwood), where, when he was no longer able to preach, their last days were spent, and they were made very happy indeed. She died Feb. 26, 1887, in her eightieth year, having been born Nov. 25, 1807. She was a member of the Mansfield Baptist Church at the time of her death—having also, at another and earlier time, been one of its charter members. Her funeral, like that of her husband, was largely attended, her pastor, Rev. F. H. Cooper, officiating.

We close by saying that the subject of this sketch deserves something more than a passing notice. She was a good woman—as we have said, the ideal minister's wife. No word ever escaped her lips but it was the language of wisdom. She possessed a grace of manner and a dignity of bearing—the inimitable grace and dignity of naturalness, which may be equaled but is seldom or never surpassed. The preacher, in his eloquent words from the text: "And Enoch walked with God," compared her to the calla lily. Those who knew her, and who know the calla's place among flowers, will note the beauty and truthfulness of the simile. And if, as he said, to love the things that God loves, and to hate the things that God hates, is Christianity, then we think she must have been a true Christian.

Fittingly, beautifully, did he compare the closing scenes in the lives of all such to those glorious autumnal days, when the great Artist, as it were, has touched the mountain slopes as with a brush of gold.

SALLY SHERWOOD, daughter of Daniel Sherwood and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1803, and died Jan. 31, 1831, in her 28th year. She married **Levi Leach,** who, after her death, is said to have married again. By him she had a daughter, **Adaline Leach,** who was born at Marathon, May 25, 1825, and who, after the death of her mother, went to live with her maternal grandparents, in whose home she grew up to young womanhood or until the year 1846, when at the age of 21, she married **Chester A. Clark,** who was born April 14, 1824, and was the son of Loren Clark, who, with the writer, was descended from Lieu't. William Clark, a famous fighter in the old Indian wars of Colonial times.

They had six children, as follows: Clarence B., Orlando F., Fannie D., Catherine Louise, William and Addie M.

Clarence B. married **Ella Bennett,** by whom he had two children: a son, **William L.,** who was born March 25, 1875, and died April 24, 1902; and a daughter, **Addie—Mrs. George B. Harding.** Clarence resides in Buffalo, N. Y.

Orlando F. was born August 10, 1853, and died March 23, 1879, in his 26th year. He never married.

Fannie D. became Mrs. Murphy, and she, with Clarence, lives in Buffalo.

Catherine Louise married **Charles Henry Harding,** and they, with their two children and six grandchildren, are living in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Their daughter, **Coila,** is the wife of **Frank Leon Reese,** and their children are **Kathryn Louise** (who is attending Stephen's college, Columbia, Mo.), **Charles Harding, Adaline, and Frank Leon, Jr.** Their son, **Wayne,** and his wife, **Laura Lambiotte,** have two children —**Coila Louise and Wayne, Jr.**

William—"Little Willie"—died at the age of one month.

Addie M. married **E. E. Brace,** dec'd., and her home is in Baltimore. She has a daughter, **Ella Celia,** who is said to be one of the very best violinists in the United States at the present time; appearing nightly with a trio on station WBAL of Baltimore, and as a soloist on Tuesday evenings, which she has been doing since she was 13. According to the daily papers her range of solo work includes everything of high class that is playable, while the tones produced on her violin are said to be among the most wonderful, most pleasing features offered on radio today.

Chester and Adaline had their home and spent their lives in Covington, Pa., where he was a trusted and valuable employe in the Covington glass factory, having charge of the packing of all the glass for shipment. Their home was a pleasant one, noted for its hospitality, and as the home of the honeybees, which Mr. Clark kept in considerable numbers and with remarkable success for those times. They also had a farm at the foot of the Armenia mountain. He died on the 22nd of Dec., 1889, in his 66th year, and she on the 9th of March, 1899, in her 74th year. With two of their children, Orlando and "Little Willie," they are buried in the Glass-factory cemetery, not far from their old home.

The writer has but scant knowledge as regards this family, save the little he gained in his childhood, when they with us were often visitors back and forth; and saving, too, the data so kindly supplied by Mrs. Harding, who as stated, lives in Fort Smith, and who bears the reputation of a most excellent woman.

One of their visits to father's, when they brought Clarence with them, turned out to be a real blessing in disguise for the writer, as the sequel has shown.

We, with Judson Hadley (son of Rev. Hadley), were boys together, of ten years or so we imagine—playmates we were—and the pranks that one couldn't think of another could. So in the afternoon, when the old folks had all gone to call on a neighbor, Judson suggested that we have a smoke. No sooner said than we got the old clay pipes down from the pipe-holder under the mantel and filled them good and full with what is thought to have been the vilest, rankest tobacco that ever grew.

Then, having laid in a supply of matches, we sallied forth in search of a place where we could puff smoke—just like the old folks, you know. But being new at the business, we naturally preferred some quiet, secluded place, where we would be undisturbed and unobserved; and what place more in keeping with, or more suitable for such an escapade than the loft in father's pig-pen?

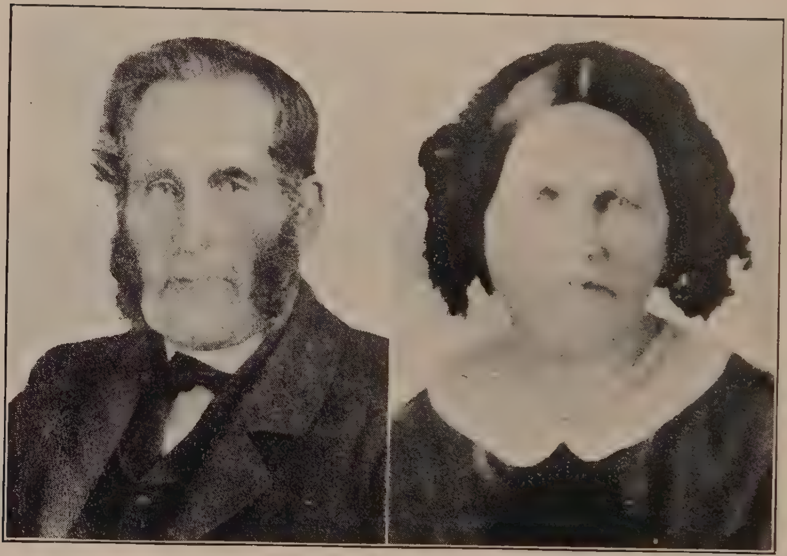
So into the loft, over the pigs, we climbed, and, lying down on a pile of straw, we lighted our pipes and started in to enjoy our first (and what for the writer was his last), smoke. We started off all right—just like we had always been making chimneys of our noses—but we had not puffed very long until we said we believed we had had enough of that.

But the truth of the matter was, we had already had by far too much, for we soon began to get both deathly pale and deathly sick. Indeed, we rapidly went from bad to worse. Sick? Sick was no name for it—and neither was the vomiting! Three sicker boys you never saw. We were even afraid we were going to die, and we are still thinking we must have come mighty near to dying—so near that the writer has never cared for a repetition of the experience. We don't know how it may be with Clarence and Judson, but we know that Andrew has had no use for tobacco in any form from that day to this.

PHEBE SHERWOOD, daughter of Daniel Sherwood and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., May 2, 1805, and died at Mansfield, Pa., Sept. 5, 1859, in her 55th year. She married **Joseph Ketchum,** of Lisle, N. Y., probably about the year 1830, by whom she had five children, namely: **Frances Anna (1), Sally Maria (2), Harriet Henrietta (3), Albert Hiram (4), Electa Ann (5), Lewis Wallace (6).**

"Aunt Phebe", as we always knew her, was a wonderful personality. In her features, her form and her bearing, and in her mentality, she resembled her father in a marked degree; while spiritually she was no less noble in her

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL



JOSEPH KETCHUM AND WIFE

character. Either through inheritance, or bestowed direct from the Lord himself, she was the only one of her father's children, so far as we know, who had, like him, the gift of prayer; and we shall remember her as having made the best and most noteworthy prayers we have ever heard from the lips of woman. Moreover, she was femininity and motherhood at their best.

And "Uncle Joe"—sunny-minded, happy-hearted Uncle Joe, of blessed memory—what shall we say of him? A few words revealing an incident in the life of the writer will serve to portray the character of the man better than any extended eulogium which we might write. It was while visiting at father's, and we were walking home from church, Sunday, on the 28th of June, 1863, when we were nearing our 15th birthday, that we said to him we wished we were a Christian; when, like the true man of God that he was, as we walked on he told us about the love of Jesus, unfolding the way of life and salvation; and when we reached the house, which was some time in advance of the rest of the family, he knelt down and prayed for the writer.

It was a manly act on the part of Uncle Joe—God bless him! No man ever did a grander service for another; and we hope—aye, we fully expect—to meet him some day in the beautiful land whither he has long been gone. There is no doubt in the mind of the writer but he is there, wearing an imperishable crown.

Joseph Ketchum was born Sept. 12, 1803, and died at Mansfield, Pa., Feb. 14, 1884, in his 81st year. From his grandson, Rev. William Wallace Ketchum, of Chicago, we have the following interesting bit of information. He says:

"I have looked up some very interesting information about the Ketchums and verified what my grandfather, Joseph Ketchum, used to tell me about them. He said that his father for service in the Revolutionary War received a grant of a tract of land where the city of Rochester now stands and traded it for timber land in Broome county, N. Y., "because he wanted to put his sons to work." His name was Jesse Ketchum, and he had quite a large family.

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

In the Genealogical Library at New York I found confirmation of this fact. I also traced back the Ketchums to 1600 and something—I have forgotten the date. They came, I believe, originally from Scotland and settled either on Long Island or somewhere on the New England coast. They came over as free men, so the record goes. The name, it seems, has been variously spelled—Ketchum, Ketcham, Ketchem, Catchum, Cetchum—with the variant endings."

As already stated, Joseph and Phebe Ketchum had six children. They were—

Frances Anna Ketchum, born July 8, 1831, at Lisle, N. Y., died Sept. 30, 1886, at Binghamton, N. Y. Her husband was **Albert Hess,** born at Rensselaer, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1827, died Oct. 18,1906, at Binghamton. They were married Sept. 4, 1849, at Lisle, and their children were: **Clarence Albert, David, Arthur, Hattie Maria, and Charles Wilbur.**

Sarah Maria Ketchum, born in 1834, at Lisle, died in 1877, at Albany, N. Y. Her husband was **Andrew Jackson Phelps,** born in 1830, died in 1903, at Syracuse, N. Y. They had one child, **Ella,** now Mrs. **Ella Phelps Howlett,** of Syracuse.

Harriet Henrietta Ketchum, born in Lisle, Dec. 5, 1834, died in South Lansing, N. Y., Apr. 16, 1906. Her husband was **John Milton Barden, M. D.,** born in Benton, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1834, died in Canandaigua, N. Y., June 8, 1917. They were married at her home near Mansfield, Pa., by Rev. Abijah Sherwood, Jan. 5, 1860. Dr. and Mrs. Barden had four children born to them, namely: **Kate, Estella, John Laverne, and Otis.**

Kate was born at Osceola, Pa., Jan. 10, 1861, and married **Albert Watt Stevenson,** Oct. 19, 1886. These people are strong Christian characters of a very high order, intelligent and well educated; both being graduates of the Mansfield, Pa., State Teachers College; and to Mrs. Stevenson ("Kit" as we know her), we are indebted for much valuable information regarding the Ketchum family. Their home is in Canandaigua, N. Y., and they are the parents of three children, namely: **David Foster,** born Sept. 10, 1887, married **Anna Leonard,** and has a son, **John Albert,** born Dec. 24, 1913; **Bessie Margaret,** born Oct. 6, 1891; **John Lester,** born Jan. 16, 1896, died March 2, 1906. And John Lester's untimely death was an irreparable loss, because of his many and fine qualities as a boy.

Estella was born at Roseville, Pa., Aug. 10, 1864, and died at Woodbury, N. J., March 14, 1925. She married **Jonathan Colegrove Gallup,** by whom she had two sons, one of whom died in infancy.

John Laverne was born at Roseville, Pa., Jan. 16, 1867, and died there Feb. 1, 1901. He married **Mary Benson.**

Otis died in infancy.

Dr. Barden was a graduate of the Homeopathic Medical College of New York, and was not only a physician of good repute, who ministered to all alike (charitably to the poor), but was a most worthy citizen, loved and respected by all who knew him. A charter member of the Roseville, Pa. Baptist Church, he exemplified the Christian religion by his daily walk and conversation.

His wife, also, was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and lived in accordance with the precepts of the Master. She with her husband was a charter member of the Roseville Church. The Mansfield Advertiser said of her: "Thus has passed into rest a devoted and faithful wife, a kind and indulgent mother, a true counsellor and friend and an earnest Christian."

That she had some sparks of the divine fire in her soul, or, in other words, the art of writing verses that express beautiful thoughts in beautiful words, we shall always believe; and so we take pleasure in quoting the following lines from the pen of this gifted woman. They may or may not lack a little for rhythm (seeing she was not in the habit of writing for the press), but we submit that the sentiments are much more than ordinarily good, and expressed in language genuinely poetical, of which the author needed not to be ashamed.

"When I am dead don't look upon my face and weep,
But think and look upon it as in profoundest sleep;
I am weary, and where is there so sweet a place to rest
As in the arms of Jesus, on the loving Saviour's breast?

My burdens with my flesh laid down,
I leave the cross, in Jesus' name, to wear the crown;
He is my refuge and my strength, on Him I call;
Jesus is mine—in life, in death, my all in all.

Jesus is mine, no other name is half so sweet;
I find sweet peace and comfort at the Redeemer's feet;
He bears my burdens, for my trials gives me grace —
What shall it be to be like Him and see Him face to face?

Jesus is mine and I am not afraid to die;
My Saviour has prepared for me a mansion in the sky;
I have this promise through no work or worthiness of mine,
But through the merits of my Saviour, saved by blood divine."

Albert Hiram Ketchum was born at Lisle, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1838, and died at his home in Worcester, Mass., Feb. 24, 1897, aged 59 years. He was named for his uncles, Albert and Hiram Sherwood. He married **Mary Bostwick Smith**, daughter of James Smith of Corning, N. Y., who was a most amiable and lovely woman of rare grace and beauty of character, and who died in 1899. By her he had two sons—**Charles Albert**, born 1865, and died at the age of about nine years, and **William Wallace**, born March 1, 1870.

When a young man he resided for a time with his parents at Mansfield, Pa. Later he became a conductor on the Rochester division of the Erie, between Corning and Rochester, which position he filled for a period of years, being one of the best known and most valued conductors in the service of the Erie R. R. He was a man of extraordinary worth, hale and vigorous, with a great heart and great force of character and intellect, as well as a most upright and honorable man.

He was a Christian from early life, but it was not un-

ALBERT HIRAM KETCHUM

til he had come to the years of manhood that he began fully to realize how much a certian One called Jesus Christ had done for him. It was at this time that he read a little tract entitled "Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment" (which identical tract, by the way, is now a treasured possession of the writer), and then it was that he began telling the story, "Saved by grace." Not much of gossip, worldly affairs or politics, ever entered into his conversation, but the subject of all his talk was, "Saved by grace." Such things are out of fashion now, but sixty years ago and the writer stayed up more than once into the small hours of the night to talk about—what? **The love of Jesus.** Which may sound foolish to the average reader of today, but to the writer it meant a spiritual uplift which seems more than likely to prove lifelong.

Albert Hiram (or "Al" as he was familiarly known), became a profound student of the Word of God, and had the happy faculty of being able to impart his knowledge to others, so that he was fast becoming somewhat well and widely known as a Bible reader. It was his practice on Sunday afternoons, in the summer, to give a Bible reading on Boston Common, at which there was always a great crowd, larger in fact than could be found inside the churches. He was a great admirer of A. J. Gordon, A. T. Pierson, D. L. Moody, and other evangelical leaders, and he made it a point to attend the conferences of Christian workers for the study of the Word, in various parts of the country. Like the great Moody, with whom he sometimes came in contact, he was a man of one book and one theme, and like him he despised the sensational trash emanating from many of the preachers of the present day as "my opinion" about this, that and the other thing, in lieu of the pure gospel of the Son of God.

A gentleman who was once at his home in Boston said he had never forgotten a prayer which he heard him make, and in which he said, "We come pleading not our own righteousness, but the righteousness of Jesus Christ." Which expresses the attitude in which he lived and moved; and so much did he magnify Christ, and salvation through His blood, that he was sometimes ridiculed and often called a crank. But quite different doth he appear to us. We delight to think of him as one "Of whom the world was not worthy," and who is loved and honored in the Holy City. He always mourned because he could not do more for the One who had done so much for him. But the writer knows of one at least who can testify that he did not live in vain, and who will ever remember him as an ideal Christian man, whose faith and words and whose life and example have been exceedingly helpful to him, and who fully and certainly expects to greet him some morning on the other, and what, bless God, seems now a near-by shore. For Heaven is not for away.—

What place our mortal vistas end
  There lie the shores of which we dream;
So near to earth doth heaven trend
  "A covered bridge" might span the stream.

And since we feel, as oft before,
  That those we've lost are close at hand,
And come to cheer us from that shore
  We sometimes call "The Better Land"—

We no more think 'tis far away
  Where lie those sun-ripe realms of rest,
But know the golden coast of day
  Is nearer by than we have guessed,—

So near that from that silent land,
  As comes at eve some hallowed tune,
They come and all around us stand,
  Who dwell where reigns eternal June.—

And ever whisper in our ears:
  "We are not far from you removed;
'Twould quell thy spirit's inmost fears
  To know how small the river proved."

Rev. William Wallace Ketchum, son of Albert Hiram and Mary Bostwick (Smith) Ketchum, was born March 1, 1870, at Corning, N. Y. In 1892 he married **Anna Augusta Allen** of Lansing, N. Y., a young woman of most excellent reputation, and standing high in the esteem of all who knew her. To them one son was born—Albert Allen Ketchum, Feb. 12, 1894.

William Wallace (or "Will" as he was generally known), became a student in Auburn Theological Seminary in 1894, where he soon acquired the reputation of being a young preacher of much promise. He graduated in the class of 1897, and was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry by the Cayuga Presbytery of the Synod of New York; later holding pastorates in Presbyterian churches at Afton, N. Y., Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Forty Fort, Pa.; and still later (1912-13), in the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, New York City.

From 1906 to 1912 he was a member of the faculty, and associate to the president, of the Biblical Seminary of New York; and from 1914 to 1921 a member of the faculty, and director of the Practical Work Course and the Evening Classes, of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

Rev. Ketchum writes that he had a good offer to go into business and accepted it. Says he is now the western manager for the Duplex Electric Co. of New York (electric protection for bank vaults and safes), with office at No. 8 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

He also says, "I have a very sweet memory of my father and mother, who were very earnest Christians, as I believe you know, and who died confident in the faith."

Yes, indeed, we are not ignorant of that fact. We agree with you that they lived most exemplary, blameless lives, above reproach and every way worthy of our imitation.

Rev. William Wallace Ketchum is one of the only two ordained ministers showing up along our whole long line reaching back to the fifteenth century, and if there is anything at all in heredity we shall expect him to prove the worthy son of his noble sires. That he will do so would seem to be indicated by a sermon of his published some time since in one of the newspapers, which he preached from James 1:2, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." In the close of that wonderful sermon he gives voice to a great truth when he says: "How many of us think of prosperity as temptation? Yet the Word says: 'They that will be rich, fall into temptation.' I sometimes think that nothing so tests Christian character as prosperity. Many a Christian has shipwrecked his life spiritually on prosperity's rock. He prospered and then he forgot God; he forgot the Bible; he forgot to pray; he forgot the Church; and today, though wealthy, he is a spiritual derelict."

Electa Ann Ketchum, daughter of Joseph and Phebe Ketchum, was born July 19, 1840, at Lisle, N. Y., and died Feb. 2, 1904, at her home in Albany, N. Y., aged 64 years. Her first husband was **Seth Clark,** a singer of note and son of the pioneer, Elijah Clark, whom she married in the early sixties, and who was born June 18, 1836, at Mansfield, Pa., and died at Albany, May 21, 1881, aged 45 years. He was a trusted employe of the N. Y. Central R. R. Her second husband was **George W. Johnson,** of Albany, whom she married in 1885, and who survived her. She was buried in Mansfield, by the side of her first husband and her two youngest children.

By her first husband she had three children, two of whom died in infancy, while the third, **Wilbur S. Clark,** who was in business for many years in Utica, N. Y. (and where his wife and children are supposed still to reside), died suddenly on the 13th of Feb., 1921, while on a trip to the Bermuda Islands.

The writer greatly regrets that he has so little data regarding this lovely woman—one of the most amiable of all those whose names are recorded in this book, where so many fine characters of the feminine gender are mentioned. If the writer may be permitted to judge, no royal princess ever possessed more admirable qualities of mind and heart, or more of real beauty. Most attractive and winsome in her personal appearance and in her manner of dress; soulful and noble, and heavenly-minded; such an one may be equaled but seldom surpassed. Moreover—and what is even better still—she was no stranger to that spirit of veneration and worship which so characterized her honored and saintly parents; and so it was that at the time of her death the papers said she died trusting for eternal life in her Redeemer.

Lewis Wallace Ketchum, youngest child of Joseph and Phebe Ketchum, was born in Lisle, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1849, and died in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1908. He was buried in Hornell, N. Y.

June 1, 1880, he married **Martha A. Ross** of Hornell, who was born in Dansville, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1849, and who is now living at 231, Baker Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

By her he had one son, **Leon Ross Ketchum,** who was born in Hornell, Jan. 3, 1882, and who married **Bessie Carolyn Robertson** of Syracuse, Dec. 28, 1908. They have two children, **Roland Lewis Ketchum,** born July 1, 1912, and **Gordon Thomas Ketchum,** born Jan. 29, 1922.

Lewis Wallace Ketchum ("Wal.", as we knew him), was just like the rest of the family—big physically and big spiritually. He was a railway engineer, some of the time with the Erie, and some of the time with the New York Central. Big-hearted—good-hearted—a firm believer in the old-time religion—when he died the world was the loser.

JOHN STEVENS SHERWOOD, third son and fifth child of Daniel and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1807, and died there Aug. 8, 1829, when nearing his 22nd birthday.

This young man seems to have had a rugged constitution, with a fine physique, good health and commanding presence; yet he died from tuberculosis, the "quick" kind, known in those days as "quick consumption," which was superinduced by an attack of measles.

This untoward and lamentable event not only cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood, but brought unfeigned sorrow to the hearts of his parents, his brothers and his sisters, who, with one accord and with common consent, had long acclaimed him as the very flower of the whole family. Which is something for our consideration, when we remember that there were others of that family whom nature had richly endowed, and who were destined to be greatly respected in after years.

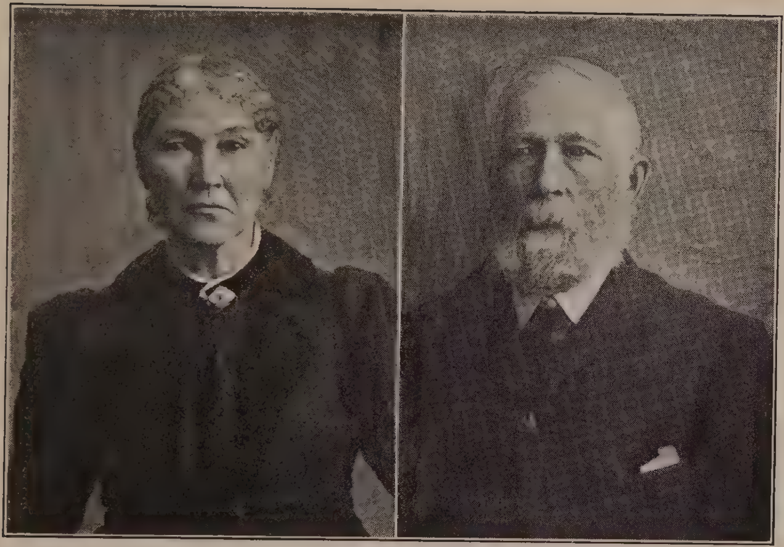
That there was something notable and noteworthy about this John, in the way of native ability, must have been the case, if the traditions which have come down to us regarding him are to be credited. Gifted in many ways with inborn ability befitting him for a leader among men, he yet is said to have had strong military proclivities, and was heard to say that had he been born a little sooner he might have gone over and joined Napoleon Bonaparte in his military campaigns.

Let us hope, however, that had he lived he might have been like his great brother, Daniel Lee, a man of peace.

DANIEL LEE SHERWOOD—See chapter VII.

HIRAM MASON SHERWOOD, sixth son and eighth child of Daniel and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1815, and died at Mansfield, Pa., Sept. 6, 1899, in his 85th year. July 3rd, 1836, he married **Electa J. Faulkner,** daughter of David Faulkner, with whom he lived 63 years. She was born Oct. 2, 1819, and died April 6, 1901, in her 82nd year. They had no children of their own. He came to Tioga county, Pa., from Marathon, probably in the summer of 1831, and helped his father to build a mill on the Tioga river, some three miles below Mansfield.

He was a carpenter and builder by trade, and had charge of the building of the Baptist "meeting-houses" in Mansfield and Covington. Previous to the year 1852 he



HIRAM M. SHERWOOD AND WIFE

lived for a time at Blossburg, Pa., where he worked at his trade; and after that date on his farm—until at the last, when he lived in a home he had built and owned in the city of Mansfield.

His farm, where he spent the major part of his life, was located on what is known as Pickel hill, near Mansfield. Owing to the favorable atmospheric conditions, and to the red, iron-impregnated soil, as well as to the good care he gave them, his apple and pear trees were wonderfully productive of high-class, high-flavored fruit. The apples he grew in our boyhood we can almost imagine are tasting good even yet; and he had a kind of pear—the Virgalieu—which, while it was not very good to eat out of hand, yet was exceptionally fine—the best ever—when canned.

And Aunt Electa knew how to can them. For she was not only a good woman, but a good cook, and knew right well how to can and preserve all kinds of fruits and vegetables. "Odd as Dick's hat band," yet we liked Aunt Electa. Her health seemed never to be real good; "she has been dying," one of her neighbors said, "for thirty years;" yet she lived to a good old age; while in our memories she will live forever—she will never die.

Hiram and Electa started out in the Christian life while still very young, and were members of the Baptist Church until they were excluded, at the time of the great political controversy (mentioned in the next chapter), when Hiram joined the Episcopals. Electa, however, consistently remained a Baptist, and was reinstated at the time of the reconciliation. They both died in the triumphs of faith—he being the last survivor in a family of nine children, of which he was the eighth. By his own request the pastor of the Baptist Church, Rev. L. M. Gates, officiated at his funeral, as it so happened he did at hers, both of which were largely attended.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic in the make-up of Hiram was his indomitable courage. "He was grit to the backbone;" scorn of wrong and injustice would summon the crimson to his cheek, the fire to his eye; yet he was never known as an engenderer of strife. He might, though reluctantly, endure an imposition as concerning himself, but never for an instant would he stand to see a friend imposed upon, or insulted, no matter what the odds might be.

As evidencing the utter fearlessness and intrepidity of the man, a very few "specimens", we think, should suffice.

Walking along the road with his father one winter's day, there came a man passing by in a sleigh, who was known as a big, overbearing, quarrelsome fellow, and who, it appears, had been at loggerheads with Hiram's father over some trivial matter. Hiram and his father had stepped aside into the deep snow to let the man pass, when he stopped close to where they were standing and, after a few words with Hiram's father, shouted out to him: "You're a damn liar!"

The words had no sooner fallen from his lips than Hiram handed him a "lemon". Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky he landed a righthander on the point of the man's jaw, knocking him clean off his seat and out into two feet of snow. Then, shaking his fist, he said: "Now you get a-going, and don't you ever dare to repeat those words to my father again or I'll break every bone in your dirty body!"

"I go," he said, climbing into his sleigh and cracking his whip. And away he went.

At another time (it was when Grover Cleveland was elected president over James G. Blaine), after the Republicans had held their torchlight parade (having heard that Blaine was elected), and when the Democrats, on the strength of later returns, were holding (or trying to hold), theirs, that one of Blaine's followers persisted in holding a lighted torch under the nose of Capt. Pitts' horse—Pitts having been a brave soldier in the Civil war, who was acting as marshall for the Democrats.

When Hiram, who was carrying a large banner, or transparency, on a long pole, could stand it no longer, he brought his banner down on the head of the offender with all his might and main, not only demolishing the banner but sending the fellow sprawling on the sidewalk; who, later, was heard to say: "Gosh! but I never dreamed that old man would hit me a welt like that."

That Hiram was a man of undoubted courage we saw demonstrated to our satisfaction on still another occasion, and we think that some others did also.

It was at the presidential election in 1864. There was a rabid, as likewise an ignorant farmer, a man strong of muscle and tough of sinew, yet withal a coward as the sequel proved, who took great delight in calling his political opponents traitors.

One whom he had thus stigmatized, and who was geting well along in years, came up the street to where Hiram and his young nephew were standing, and, in great excitement and quivering with resentment, informed them that a man had just been calling him a traitor.

"Where is he?" Hiram asked.

"Down yonder with that crowd in front of the polls."

"Come down and show him to me," Hiram said.

And without another word they went straight down there, when the old man said: "There he stands." And Hiram, marching up to the bully, said to him:

"I understand you called Mr. ———a traitor?—**Call me a traitor if you dare!**"

And with his fist within an inch of that man's nose he repeated the challenge: **"Call me a traitor if you dare!"**

For the third time he said: **"Call me a traitor if you dare!"**

And there came over that insolent fellow such fear and trembling as we had never seen before. His face became deathly pale, as 'twere the pallor of death, while in truth his knees actually smote together, and neither he nor the twenty or more men standing all about him (every last one of whom belonged to his own party), dared say a word or lift a finger in the presence of the resolute man who stood there single-handed and alone that day.

More than sixty years have rolled away since then, and the bitter partisan animosities of that period have about disappeared, thank God; yet somehow the writer has to confess to a certain feeling of admiration, even yet, for the amazing courage and bravery displayed on that occasion, and can think of no name quite so befitting the hero as the old Indian name: "Man-afraid-of-nothing."

ALBERT SHERWOOD—See chapter IX.

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

DANIEL LEE SHERWOOD AND SIX OF HIS SONS

Beginning at left:—1, Orville; 2, George; 3, Warren; 4, Henry.

Second row seated, beginning at left:—

1, Porter; 2, Daniel Lee; 3, John.

Chapter VII.

DANIEL LEE SHERWOOD (7) AND CAROLINE SHARP.

Our Uncle Daniel L. is dead,
A sapphire stone of purest ray,—
Ev'n Daniel L., of whom 'twas said:
A kingly man has passed away.

A man of men, so void of dross,
So grand that we could but revere;
Ideal man! we mourn his loss,
And weep around his honored bier.

Aunt Caroline: none takes her place,
None ever did, none ever could;
We loved to look upon her face—
She was so good—she was so good.

'Tis fitting, friends, that we should sing
Of loved ones who have gone before;
Some garland weave, some tribute bring
To those who will return no more.

They'll not return, who yet are near,
And sometimes walk with us unseen;
We see them not, but hold them dear,
And ever keep their mem'ries green.

Come we now to the name we have chosen should appear on the title-page of this volume; which we have chosen because of our love and veneration for the man; and which is none other than **DANIEL L. SHERWOOD**, sixth child and fourth son of Daniel and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, born at Marathon, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1809, died at Northumberland, Pa., Oct. 7, 1886, in his 77th year.

His wife was **CAROLINE SHARP**, one of five children of John and Maria Sharp. They first met at Chumnug, N. Y., in the year 1831, while he was on his way with his father to Pennsylvania, and were married sometime the following year. They had eleven children, namely: John, Hannah, Henry, Anna, Porter, Almira, Abel, Warren, George, Orville and Mary. (See Chapter VIII).

His wife's parents were farmers at Chumnug, but afterwards removed to Osceola, Pa., to the home of George Bonham, whose wife was Lovisa, their daughter, and whose son was Myron B. Bonham, where Mr. Sharp died about the year 1860, whereupon Mrs. Sharp went to live with her daughter, Caroline, at Mansfield; later going with her to Northumberland, where she died about the year 1874, very old.

With all due respect for her, yet Maria Sharp was seemingly, rather an eccentric piece. Very much of a recluse, and with a readiness to anger, she was something of a terror to the youngsters of the neighborhood. She seldom left her room, but when she did the kids were not long in finding it out; and woe betide the one who ventured into her apartments. One of her great-grandsons has described with some gusto a bit of his own experience as a lad. He says: "I recall her very distinctly and I recall also that she had a temper of her own. I remember as a little fellow going to visit Grandfather Sherwood at Mansfield and going in to pay my respects to Grandmother Sharp. Grandmother Sharp at that time seemed to be older than the hills. I recall she walked with a cane, and when I went in to see her (and this happened on more than one visit), she would immediately approach me and would say, 'Oh, this is Porter's boy?' To my 'no' she would say, 'Oh, it can't be Henry's boy?' On my saying 'No' again, she would say, 'Well, who are you?' and I would say, 'John's boy,' and she would say, 'Oh, all right, run along,' and by the aid of her cane and her other outstretched arm she would hustle me and whoever was with me out of the room. I can recall—little devils that we were—that it was great sport to annoy Grandma Sharp. She would be taking her nap in the old four-poster bed that she had curtained all around with the curtains well drawn, and would become quite annoyed when we went into her room and one pushed the other against the curtains, only to receive a good sound whack from her cane, and thereafter it was a tussle not be the one pushed against the curtains."

Daniel L. spent his boyhood and grew to young manhood, along with his brothers and sisters, on "Sherwood Street," which is a mile or more outside the village of Marathon, in the beautiful vale where flows Merrill's creek. There they had a good home, and were people of good repute and in good circumstances, the father being at one time a member of the New York State Assembly. Yet educational advantages were slim thereabouts in those days; Daniel L. had hardly seen the inside of a district school until he had graduated therefrom, and was entered as a postgraduate in the Academy of Hard Knocks—the University of Life; yet he grew up to be a remarkably well-informed man; proving it true, what some one has said, that the best education in the world is that gotten by struggling to get a living.

Thus equipped, and with a good stock of native energy and ability, united with a sanguine temperament, he, in the spring of 1831, accompanied his father, his uncle Noah and his brother Abijah, to Lambs Creek, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, where they built a sawmill, which was operated by Daniel L. and his father, and then by Daniel L., his father and his youngest brother, Albert (who came later), until about the year 1839, when they gave up the milling business and removed to Mansfield, some three miles farther up the Tioga river, where they purchased adjoining farms—the Ebenezer and Elijah Burleigh, and the Rev. Asa Donaldson farms. (For further details regarding the milling enterprise see **Chapter V.**)

Not long after locating in Mansfield Daniel L. Sherwood began to loom large in the affairs of his town and county, so that his friends and neighbors were soon thinking him qualified to fill any office they might have it in their power to bestow. And so it was that in the years 1842 and 1843 they sent him as Representative in the State Legislature at Harrisburg from the counties of Tioga and Potter; and in the years 1844, 1845 and 1846, as Senator from the counties of Tioga and Bradford; being made Speaker and Lieutenant Governor in 1846; at which time he had become so well and favorably known throughout the state that he was insistently urged to make the race for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

It was on Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1846, that he was elected Speaker of the Pennsylvania Senate over his competitor, Charles Gibbons. By virtue of his office, under the laws of those days, he was both Speaker and Lieutenant Governor, with the reputation of being the ablest executive officer which the Pennsylvania Legislature had ever had up to that time.

His office was an important one, and to be elected to it was considered a high honor and a big political plum, for the reason that in those days, in Pennsylvania, they had no lieutenant governor to act as presiding officer of the senate, so that in case of the death of the governor, the speaker of the senate would become governor.

At the close of this period of public service the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood was known as one of the foremost men in the state, so that the leaders from a distance often came to advise and consult with him, evidently considering his counsel as the very best to be had, while they often sought his help at both Harrisburg and Washington.

But when they wanted him for governor, he said, No, he had had enough. The fact was, he had but little love for a political life. Its wrangling, tumult, jangling and worries, greatly displeased him. He was of a retiring nature, preferring a more quiet life, and caring but little for the honors and emoluments of office. Had it been otherwise, or had he cared to mingle in public affairs, there is, we imagine, no telling to what heights he might have attained, but doubtless to the halls of Congress, either as a representative or a senator. Few men have been better qualified for such a position, and few would have outshone him there. That is where he should have been by rights—in the Congress of the United States.

Either there or on the bench of the supreme court. For he had a judicial bent of mind, and nature had designed him for both a parliamentarian and a lawyer. He never practiced law, yet the writer once heard him plead a case for a neighbor, when the opposing attorney undertook to confuse and embarrass him by using some Latin law term (if memory serves us correctly it was **res adjudicata,** or something of the kind), but which recoiled upon him greatly to his discomfiture when Mr. Sherwood let it be known by the court (which he was not long in doing), that he knew a great deal more about the proper use and meaning of the term than the attorney did.

The subject of this sketch, like all his brothers, was a great home-lover, who preferred the bosom of his own family to the turmoil of public life; and so it was that at the close of his legislative experience he withdrew to the peace and quietude of his farm, there to become the daily companion of a large and growing family.

That he greatly preferred and would choose this kind of a life was evidenced in his reply to the writer, when as a young boy, and while thinking of a future vocation in life for himself, he once asked him if he would advise a boy on becoming a man to dabble much in politics, and he said, No, he would not. Which reply came as something of a surprise, since to our youthful mind he impressed us as one who had been very successful along that line. He, however, seemed to think that greater peace of mind and more real happiness was associated with almost any other calling; and said that the glamour of a political life had but little charm for him. We had supposed the contrary to be the case; that the desire for place and power would be the great incentive; and did not know, as we afterwards did, that his sole and only inspiration was the pure joy he had from battling for principle. Yet never have we known a man more ready and willing than he was to stand up for what he believed to be the right, or who seemed to take more pleasure in doing so.

He had what, at that time, was a most excellent, most interesting and most attractive farm, lying, as it did, on either side of the Tioga river. He lived, then, on the east side, but later (we imagine not far from the year 1861), he built a new residence, and new farm buildings, on the west side, where he lived for several years, when he sold his farm to John Cole and engaged in the mercantile business for a time with John W. Willhelm.

His homes, both on the east side and the west side of the river, were on plateaus; but it was while he was living on the east side that the following squib appeared in a write-up of some of the leading citizens of Mansfield and published in "Churchill's Flash Poetry for the Theatre," in 1856:

"The celebrated Sherwood, distinguished Daniel L.,
In his bright and sightly mansion on table-land doth dwell.
His torch in legislation, o'er Keystone land did flame,
And in the Senate Chamber immortalized his name."

Is the old saying true, that murder will out? Listen: On Uncle's farm, back in the wooded portion, there was a sugar-camp, where Uncle and his boys were wont to make maple-sugar, in the early springtime.

But tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of

Askelon, that there, one Sunday morning (think of it!) when Uncle and his family were thought to be away to Church, the writer, with another lad or two, stole into that camp, and climbing a tall sapling, they managed by their combined weight to bend the tree over to the earth, when, with a chain, they fastened Uncle's cauldron to the top of the tree, and then let it fly back, carrying the large cast-iron kettle up with it, where it was left dangling in the air some thirty feet or more from the ground.

Dirty business? Well, yes, it was! And how dear Uncle Daniel L. ever got his kettle down without breaking it all to pieces is a mystery to the writer.

Just to think that we could ever have been guilty of such nefarious conduct, and in the case of so good a man as Uncle Daniel, and when he was away to Church!

O we have to confess that were all the descendants of Thomas the pioneer of no better stuff than the one who is making this "death bed confession," then it were better had none of them ever been seen or heard of. Don't you think so, Cousins Warren and Orville? You who alone are now left?

We have referred to his lumbering operations, to his career as a legislator, and to his life as a farmer and merchant, but let it not be supposed that because of his withdrawal from public life he remained no longer a component factor in the body politic, taking no interest in community affairs. He had already helped to organize the Baptist Church of Mansfield—in 1843; he was the Church Clerk and invariably present at its services, including the prayer meetings. He was a good talker, and would give a good "testimony," but as a boy we thought he was something of a failure when it came to offering a prayer.

Years afterwards it dawned upon us that we were more than likely mistaken. The man spoke very low, in an earnest conversational tone, hardly more than audible. But he was talking with God, and not to man, and we now think he was anything but a failure. We are even wondering if his were not the prayers which were heard in heaven rather than some of the louder, more "eloquent" ones to which we have listened.

For what is real prayer anyhow? It certainly is something more than mere lip service, or should be. Letting the Lord himself answer, and taking his pattern as a guide (Matt. VI, 6-13), real prayer need be a matter of but few, if any, audible words—only so it is the real yearning of the heart—nor need it be eloquent and diginified public speaking, but is often best made in a closet.

Sherwood always led the singing; he was an exceptionally good singer, and we can seem to hear his voice, and his tuning fork as he pitched the key, even yet—for it was before the day of musical instruments in Baptist country churches.

In 1854 he helped to organize the Mansfield Classical Seminary, which afterwards became the State Normal School, but is now known as the Mansfield State Teachers College we are told; he was on the Board of Trustees, and was an important member of an important building committee which erected the first seminary building; but all the time declining to accept any other office above that of justtice of the peace, though willing now and then to make a political speech on the questions which were then agitating the country.

For while Daniel L. Sherwood was no longer an office seeker, he yet retained a lively interest in the events which were transpiring at, and just preceding, the time of the great Civil war. He and his brothers were Douglas democrats; and like their great leader, there were no more candid, conscientious or more sincere men living, or truer patriots. We know beyond the peradventure of a doubt that they loved their country—their whole country—and know their greatest desire was for its prosperity. They were Americans in every fibre of their beings. As it was with Douglas, when he left the White House at Washington after pledging his support to the Lincoln administration and to the union saying: "No man can be a true democrat except first he be a loyal patriot," so it was with them.

If they erred it was in human blindness. As time passed, and the clouds of war loomed darkly on the horizon, we well remember with what concern and deep solicitude these good men viewed the situation, and how gladly they would have done anything in their power to avert the impending storm.

Political hatred and animosity ran high in those days—how high no one born at a later day shall ever know—and woe betide the man (yes, and his children), who did not fully concur in every particular with the policies of the party in power. If he did not fully acquiesce in all the plans and measures of that party, he was ostracized, and often branded as a traitor. It was fanaticism gone to seed in those days; and we are amazed now, in these tranquil times, as we look back and remember how such men—of whom there were none more patriotic if we do say it—were often maligned, and their motives grossly impugned.

These men, in reality, were men with ideals not widely divergent from the ideals of Lincoln. At Cooper Union, New York, Feb. 27, 1860, Lincoln said: Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Which was exactly the governing principle in the lives of these men. Today the country is swinging back to the ideals of Lincoln. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," is a principle more widely disseminated today than it was at the time of Lincoln's second inaugural, in 1864.

Daniel L. and his brothers had the inner consciousness of feeling that they were in the right, and in that faith they dared to do their duty as they understood it. They greatly deplored the approach of war, lest it should mean dissevered states, drenched in fraternal blood; they grieved over its bloodshed and waste of treasure, just as Lincoln did; and like him, they would greatly have preferred that the freedom of the slaves should be purchased were it possible; which probably and unfortunately it was not.

President Lincoln wanted to buy the slaves and colonize them in Africa. He knew the North was tarred with the same stick as the South; that slaves were kept in the North until found to be unprofitable because of the long winters, and then were sold in the South; but he could not have his way, for the reason that there were too many hotheads both North and South; and so we had to have four years of fratricidal strife.

There was often criticism of Lincoln from members of his own party. He was not rabid enough to suit the hotheads, yet they hardly dared to intimate that he was a traitor. Now the facts are that the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood and his brothers were not widely at variance with Abraham Lincoln, or with the sentiments expressed in his second inaugural. They, like him, were men of peace, and would gladly have had "malice toward none and charity for all," being actuated by the spirit of Christ; and surely it was wrong on the part of some to brand such men as traitors. For they were not traitors, and yet they were not abolitionists of the John Brown type; and neither were they nullifiers; but they were lovers of their country, their whole country and its constitution, and they greatly desired the preservation of the Union.

Had it stopped with libelous defamations we should have stopped right here, but it did not. Alas that it should seem necessary, in writing of these men, to have to record the fact that politics was at last introduced into the Church of which they were members, which was in the year 1863, but the fact is too intimately interwoven into the very warp and woof of their lives ever to be ignored, or to go unrecorded—in the opinion of the writer. Some might say, Leave it out; but really we cannot conscientiously do so. Knowing these men and their motives as we did, and the battle royal which they fought for the old-time religion with its freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, we fear that were we to hold our peace "the stones would cry out."

Now, assuredly, the members of every Church are politically antagonistic and bound to be, while many of them are likely to know as much or more, than the pastor about secular affairs, and might be able to give him good advice, even though he were a doctor of divinity.

The trouble then, as now, was, we think, too many ministers felt they were nothing if they were not popular; and we think it was this overweening desire for popularity which led many of them to introduce politics into the Church at this time. Yet, just as surely as a house divided against itself cannot stand, just so surely will political questions, if preached from the pulpit, mean a tearing down and a disruption.

It should require no argument to prove that if a minister wishes to preserve the respect and confidence of all of his members, as well as a Christ-like spirit of unity among them—and surely he ought to try to do this—he will not attempt to dogmatize from the pulpit on partisan issues.

As has been well said, men do not, and are not expected or required to go to Church to hear political questions discussed, or dissertations upon literary topics, or even dramatic presentations of the sensational incidents of the day. No, they go expecting to hear the gospel. They go wanting to hear the old, old story, and we believe the minister, who, in lieu thereof, serves up political, temporal, or sensational matters, prostitutes his high office and is unworthy of his calling.

Paul said he preached Christ crucified; and if at the time in question our pastor had done the same, it would, or should, have been satisfactory to all, and there would, and could, have been no trouble.

But when, in his desire to pander to the fanatic spirit of the populace, it came to reading the New York daily papers from the pulpit, and delivering political harangues, instead of telling the old, old story, a large proportion of the adult and intelligent membership would not stand for it; and that not wholly with regard to their political affiliations, for the number included members of both the great political parties.

In vain did these men plead with their pastor to preach the gospel, which was all they ever asked or demanded of him, saying they wouldn't mind going at any other time and place to listen to his political views.

But their repeated and urgent entreaties availed nothing. He made the great mistake of continuing with his ill-advised and injudicious speeches, which no doubt ministered to the passions and prejudices of the majority, especially of outsiders, but, as Daniel L. Sherwood said, it did not feed the Christian, and as we remember, he stressed this point.

It did not, and in the very nature of things it could not, change the views or sentiments of a single individual. Its effect was directly the reverse. There was absolutely no good to come from it. The only possible result was trouble, ending in the downfall of the Church.

Yet, regardless of the prosperity of Zion, and deaf to the entreaties, prayers and tears of some of the best Christian men and women that ever lived, instead of resigning as he ought to have done, went right on, utterly oblivious to everything, apparently, save the plaudits of the world.

He even went so far as to bring into one of the Church meetings a young attorney of some local repute as a speaker and debater, and this fellow got up and delivered himself of a finely-prepared declamation, in which, among other foolish things, he said the Church ought to divide into a Church North and a Church South.

The quick, keen-edged reply of Daniel L. Sherwood to this young demagogue we recall as the most withering, most scorching we have ever heard from mortal lips. We are wondering even yet as to how he could make such a speech offhand and in such well-chosen, yet kindly words. Suffice it to say that the verdant declaimer must have felt a good deal as we imagine a man might feel caught in his neighbor's hen-roost. True, he had stolen no chickens; but he did steal quietly out of that church (the first one to leave), a sadder if not a wiser man; and we suspect that he went away wondering in his mind if after all a man had any business meddling with the affairs of a Church—especally a Baptist Church—of which he was not a member.

There are people still living who heard the pastor of that Church, when, on the Lord's day, he prayed from the pulpit that the tongue of every Democrat might be palsied; and it is needless to say that the rugged character we are here describing was not so spineless that he would consent to listen long or complacently to such preaching and praying, although we believe—and know— that he was possessed of the infinite virtue of patience.

As the prayer would indicate, the pastor preached politics instead of religion, both he and his faction being extremely fanatical, and they continually stung Daniel L. like a swarm of angry hornets; yet be it said to his credit that through it all he remained calm and unperturbed. As compared with the essay-preaching of the present day—which God knows is bad enough—the political harangues from the pulpits of that day were nothing short of nauseating.

At last, however, there came a time—and very properly too—when a large and substantial proportion of the membership—we believe we may safely say more than a third of it in numbers, and not less than two-thirds in financial ability—refused longer to listen to his political harangues from the pulpit on the Lord's day, but absented themselves, and declined paying any farther toward his support—from that time on being known as "delinquents."

With a view of compelling these people to attend and to contribute, a Council, composed of delegates from other Churches in the Tioga Baptist Association, was then called, by the pastor, in the year 1864, we believe it was, which was packed almost if not quite to the last man with those who were of his own way of thinking; and this ex parte council, smarting because of the humiliation received at the hands of one man with whom they could not cope (a man who was easily more than a match for the whole half score or more of ecclesiastics), and governed and controlled by political prejudice, instead of rising to the occasion and advising the pastor, as Paul advised Timothy, to preach the Word, or else resign (as it ought to have done), made the terrible mistake of advising the Church to exclude the delinquents.

Which great wrong, we regret to say, was consummated that same day (if memory serves us correctly), the writer himself having the honor, we believe, of being the youngest of the number who were excluded; he being at the time barely sixteen.

It seems but yesterday since the events we have alluded to were transpiring, yet almost the last of the actors in that drama have passed into The Great Beyond.

One whom we recall, and whose name deserves to be written in letters of light, was Joseph Whipple, who, though opposed to many of the so-called delinquents in political belief (being an uncompromising abolitionist), yet stood firmly with them in that memorable struggle, and with one exception, was their chief spokesman—being Daniel L's. "right-hand man."

Another whom we should mention, who was also an equally staunch Republican, and who wrote a remarkable letter, strongly advising the Church against the wicked and suicidal policy, as he phrased it, of excluding what he not inaptly called the backbone of its membership—but whose advice, though it created some consternation, yet went unheeded—was David Pendleton Maryatt, the son of a former pastor (Rev. D. P. Maryatt), and a prince among the young men of that day. He—believing the pastor should resign—undertook to show how the delinquents comprised nearly all of the older and best paying members, as well as a large proportion of its spiritual strength; and how, if they were excluded, it would mean the wreck of the Church, as they would no longer be able to support a pastor or to meet expenses—all of which came literally true, since the Church was soon without a pastor (he having starved out), and, if we mistake not, was without one for a period of several years.

There were others worthy of mention, both men and women, but especially "Aunt Fanny" Clark, who was a woman of wonderful mentality, and noted for her Christian character, who has left her impress on the Church from which she was excluded.

Chief among the delinquents, of course, was Daniel L. Sherwood. As such, he stood in the very storm center of the great controversy; and that he was a man of great forensic ability, as we have already intimated, was demonstrated to our satisfaction, when he was easily superior to the whole body of clergy and laity with whom he had to contend.

In that engagement it was fondly expected by some that these men would mount guard over Mr. Sherwood. But the task proved in the strenuous finale too much for their combined strength. It were as though a lot of boys had been told to throw and hogtie a well grown young bull, and then were dragged all over the pampas.

That battle was most valiantly and ably waged by Mr. Sherwood, as we distinctly remember. Some of the great underlying principles of the Christian religion, which should differentiate the Church from the world, were at stake; and if the truth were known, we believe it to have been, in reality, one of the greatest struggles between the Church and the world, between Christ and Satan, which ever took place in any age or country; we believe that in a way it deserves to rank with the memorable councils of ancient times; and so we are resolved—highly resolved—that never shall it be said that it was fought in vain, or that its hero lived in vain.

Mr. Sherwood had to bear the brunt of it, but somehow we have a lingering recollection that he did it with Christian fortitude and with consummate ability. He was clearly in the right, his opponents themselves afterwards being the judges, though they could not at the time comprehend it, nor could they, in their narrow fanaticism, measure the vast arc of his humanity and his spirituality.

We seem to see him yet, as on that day he battled against the wrong; battled until a celestial light had overspread his face, and the gleam of the Everlasting Sun was upon his armor! Never since we were cast up on the shores of time have we seen a grander sight than when, almost single-handed, he so earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints; insisting that the great Divine Commission of the Christian minister is to preach the gospel and to feed the sheep; maintaining that the hearts of men are hungering for the bread of life; and that wherever that bread is broken there the people will gather and feed; and though more than sixty years have rolled away, and those turbulent times are fast receding into the dim and shadowy past, we want to record it as our settled belief that he was right—eternally right.

We believe, as he stood there that day, that he was the true representative of Jesus Christ in the earth; that he was "God's man;" and that as it was with another Daniel, in another fiery furnace, so it was with him that day—one like the Son of God was with him there!

With his face to the foe the saint has fought
On many a field till his face has caught
    The gleam of Eternity's Sun;
And there's not among men a kindlier sight:
O in all the world 'tis the kindliest light—
    The light in the face of that one.

Sherwood was a man who had this light in his face—Joseph Cook called it "the solar light"—and years after he had gone to a glorious reward, at the annual reunion in Mansfield in 1898, in a "confession" which he said he wanted to make to the Church before he died, the former pastor, who was his opponent in that contention, said: "No nobler man ever lived than Daniel L. Sherwood;" and again, in our hearing, that "he was, by nature, the greatest man he had ever known."

Still later—this time, as at first, before the Church—he held him up as "a shining example of the ideal Christian man," telling how "he used to come to prayer-meeting from his farm a mile and a half away, over a lonely road and still lonelier path, by the aid of a lantern;" while in a letter to the writer, when he was an old man, he said: "As I look back upon the lives of those who were young with me, I see now that fidelity to truth, to God and His Church is about all that ever amounted to much."

At still another time, and prior to the incidents here mentioned—namely, at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893—this pastor said to the writer: "Oh! if I could only recall what I said and did in the days of the Civil war." But he cannot. "Three things come not back again," says the Arab proverb, "the lost opportunity, the spent arrow and the spoken word."

The people of whom we have been writing—"the delinquents"—were no sooner excluded than the doors of the other Churches in the village were thrown wide open to them; the Methodist, then under the pastorate of an able, fearless and powerful preacher, and the Episcopal, under a most scholarly rector—neither of whom preached politics.

But while they were glad to accept of their hospitality, and to attend their services—for they were not rabidly sectarian—yet they were Baptists, and church-goers, and be it said to their everlasting credit that with but few exceptions they remained loyal to their principles; until in May, 1869, we believe it was, when, through the labors of that godly man of blessed memory, Rev. George P. Watrous, they were invited to return to their own Church, which invitation they accepted—the act of exclusion having been rescinded, which, it will be noted, was about five years after its adoption in 1864.

It was due to Watrous that the Church—what there was left of it—had come at last to see and realize the great mistake they had made in keeping a pastor on the job in the face of a strong opposition; their one and only excuse being that they had been more concerned for the pastor and his welfare than they had been for the Church. It was due to Watrous that an explanation was made by way of amends and apologies to the delinquents for the great wrong done them when they were excluded some five years before; and it was due to him that the delinquents were now asked to return, which they willingly did; and due to him that the Church was reunited once more.

It was prior to this event however, and during the time of the rupture, that the amazing spectacle was presented of Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood having to go to the Methodist church to hold the funeral services of his son, Abel, who had been killed by the cars.

The writer, as we suppose, is the last survivor of those who were excluded—the last and only eyewitness and participant who, from actual observation, could relate the events herein recorded—and it is with the sole desire of being absolutely truthful and impartial, as well as absolutely just, that he has referred to the great struggle in the Church. He has mentioned it for the reason that he could not well ignore one of the great outstanding events in the life he is attempting to portray, and which to ignore would be a good deal like the play of Hamlet "with Hamlet left out."

It is far from him to cast any reflection or reproach upon the minister who was pastor of the Mansfield Baptist Church at the time in question. Time heals the worst of scars, and he has nothing but love in his heart for him, or for any who had a part in that bitter controversy. That he is in heaven, and with Daniel L. Sherwood is even now singing halleluiahs, the writer is perfectly willing to believe. As the years went by "he grew in grace," and though he never, perhaps, became quite perfect, he yet became one of the ablest and best-loved preachers in the Tioga Baptist Association.

That he made as a young man some terrible mistakes as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ it would be idle to deny; mistakes which he himself was free in after years to tell the writer he would be careful not to make again; saying he would give the delinquents letters, instead of demanding their exclusion. That he was clearly in the wrong when he preached partisan politics, which resulted in the exclusion of a large proportion of his members, and the near destruction of the Church, goes without saying.

The writer thinks that under the circumstances, and in the face of such opposition, he should have had the sense to resign; yet thinks we should take into consideration the trying times in which these events were happening, and thinks the minister in question could hardly be classed with certain "reverend" gentlemen who, in their self-importance, or it may be for notoriety, or yet again in some cases, it would seem, "out of pure cussedness"—go about ruining and wrecking Churches; wolves in sheep's clothing they are. For such "troublers of Israel," whose only purpose is to rule or ruin, and who generally stay right on the job until their end is accomplished, it is needless to say that we have but mighty little respect.

That Daniel L. Sherwood stood for the old-time religion for which our fathers died is perfectly clear to the writer. Were he living today his religion would be that of the "Fundamentalist;" had he been living in the time of the martyrs it would have been that which often took men to the stake, there to die for their principles. He was of that band, and the grand old hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers," applies to him, as to them, henceforth and forever:

"Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

In closing this record of what has been not inaptly called "The Church Row," we take the liberty of quoting from the letter of a valued correspondent, who was familiar with the events herein mentioned and who says:

"Daniel L. Sherwood was a Democrat in politics, in

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

religion an out-and-out Baptist; and he was ready at all times to give his reasons for being both. He was one of the constituent members of the Baptist Church in Mansfield, Pa. During the Civil war that Church had a young man for a preacher, who was very egotistical and a rabid Republican —what was then termed a black abolitionist—who believed in freeing the slaves at any and all cost. He talked and preached at all times, in and out of the pulpit, to the young men to enlist and go to war. He advised the Church to withdraw the hand of fellowship and to excommunicate Daniel L. Sherwood and others solely because they were Democrats; which they proceeded to do; excluding about all the largest supporters of the Church. During this trouble, a party of the Republicans sent word to Mr. Sherwood that on such a night they were going to mob him. He at once answered them saying: 'Be sure you bring coffins with you because you will need them.' The mob didn't go. Gradually people outside of the Church, who had helped to pay the pastor's salary, withdrew their contributions, the members were too poor to pay it, and he resigned and left the town.

"Then the Church called Rev. George P. Watrous, who with his wife had been missionaries to Burma, and he accepted the call. He was an opposite type of man from his predecessor, preaching and teaching love and peace, and through his influence the Church was brought to see the great wrong they had done. Whereupon they rescinded the act of exclusion, and in its place passed a resolution, the substance of which was: 'In the case of Daniel L. Sherwood and others: Be it resolved that we go to them and ask their forgiveness, and beg of them to come back into the Church.' All of which they did, and were readily forgiven by the excommunicated people, who, with but few exceptions, returned to the membership of the Church."

Our correspondent, referring to some of Mr. Sherwood's denominational views, as an out-and-out Baptist, mentions a rather amusing incident as occurring at an earlier period in the history of Mansfield (namely, in 1851), when Mr. Oliver Phelps was the postmaster, saying:

"The Methodist Church had a preacher by the name of A. H. Shurtliff, who had said that he should like to meet Mr. Sherwood (who was a staunch Baptist); he would soon convince him that he was wrong on the subject of baptism.

"One day the two men—Mr. Shurtliff and Mr. Sherwood—met in the postoffice, and were soon deep in the discussion of that question, Mr. Shurtliff claiming that the Bible taught that the three modes (immersion, pouring and sprinkling), were all the same—baptism; that Jesus was poured; that Jesus sprinkled little infants, all of which Mr. Sherwood, by the Bible, proved that he (Mr. Shurtliff), was wrong.

"Mrs. Phelps and her daughter had opened the door leading into their living room (the postoffice building was also their home), enough to enable them to hear the two men talk. The discussion had been so very interesting that all had forgotten the time, until Mr. Shurtliff, admitting that immersion was the apostolic mode of baptism, suddenly said, 'I must go to dinner'. Upon looking at the time of day, they found that it was between one and two P. M., no one before having thought of dinner, even Mrs. Phelps forgetting to cook dinner. The others—Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Phelps—tried to have Mr. Shurtliff stay and finish the argument, but could not prevail upon him to do so. It is needless to say the discussion was never reopened."

That Daniel L. Sherwood was saddened because of the rupture in the Church—1865-'69—and that it was a factor in his finally leaving Mansfield, there can be but little doubt. Anyhow, it was during this time (we think it was about the year 1867 or 1868), when he began looking elsewhere for a home; going both to Wisconsin and North Carolina, but finally buying a farm on the Susquehanna river, near Northumberland, Pennsylvania, to which he removed late in the fall of 1869.

It should be stated, however, that after selling his farm at Mansfield he was for one year (1868) a dry goods merchant there in company with one of Mansfield's highly esteemed citizens, John W. Willhelm, their store being on the corner now occupied by the bank.

An incident connected with the removal from Mansfield to Northumberland came under the observation of the writer. He had not been long in his new home until he discovered that he needed a new barn, new fences, etc.; but lumber in Northumberland was not only hard to procure, but it was high in price; while at his old home it was still both plentiful and cheap; whereupon he determined to return to the old place, buy the lumber he needed, and raft it down the river, right to his farm—after the manner of rafting in earlier days.

So at Fralic's mill, near Mansfield, he purchased a large quantity of lumber, enough for himself and some for his neighbors, with which he constructed a huge raft, about 16 feet wide and 120 feet long, by 2 feet or more in depth. It was, we imagine, in the spring of 1870; and when the river (the Tioga), had attained to a good "rafting pitch," Uncle, with his crew of three, slipped his moorings and sailed away—a goodly crowd having collected on the shore and on the river bridge to see him off.

He himself was the pilot, while the brothers, Hess and Harry Cooper, with the writer, were the crew; Uncle and Harry at the forward oar—Hess and the writer at the rear.

We had no sooner started than we "ran" the Fralic dam (the raft having been made in the pond just above the dam), but this was only play, since the fall in the river was perhaps no more than four feet.

The next dam, the Dougherty, was a little more exciting, though not regarded as dangerous—the fall being perhaps six feet. Then some distance farther on, and we tied up to the shore for the night—taking to the cabin which Uncle had constructed on the raft for our accommodation.

The next day we came to the old Chemung canal dam, on the Chemung river, near Corning. But before "running" it we tied up and walked along down the shore half a mile or so to the dam to make a survey of conditions before proceeding. As we remember it, the dam proved to be a structure some eight or ten feet in height, and with no chute provided for the passage of rafts and arks, as was required in the old-time rafting days.

This looked like a dubious proposition to Uncle, if not a really dangerous one, and so it did to the writer; but there was the raft of lumber and no way to get it to Northumberland but to run that dam.

Uncle finally decided to risk it, and having selected that part of the dam where he thought best to make the venture (which was about at the middle), and having made everything on the raft fast with ropes, to guard against any danger of being washed overboard, we set forth on what seemed likely to prove, and did prove, a hazardous voyage.

The raft was made up in sections, six or eight of them as we remember, each section being about sixteen feet broad, with boards placed crosswise to a depth of perhaps two feet, more or less, the sections being about two feet apart and fastened together at the joints by allowing a few of the boards to extend from one section across and into the next, and which were relied upon to bend sufficiently without breaking when going over a dam.

Well, they bent all right enough; they did not break; but listen—for the raftsmen all lived to tell the tale: When the forward section went over that precipice it plunged downward beneath the boiling waters, the whole raft following and becoming submerged, until we were all standing in water up to our armpits!

During the time of submergence it was impossible of course to guide the raft, and when, presently, it arose to the surface, we found ourselves crosswise of the stream, with a bridge just ahead of us, and our raft going broadside against one of the piers! A wreck seemed inevitable. The strong current carried our raft up onto the pier, until it was tilted at an angle of 45 deg., and we at the hind oar had to clutch for dear life to keep from sliding off into the river. Soon, however, the raft broke in two, each part floating away, Hess and the writer with the two rear sections, and Uncle and Harry with the balance. Then, while traversing the next two or three miles, with smooth water and much skilful maneuvering with the oars, we managed to bring the two rafts together and to secure them with ropes, when we tied up to the shore, where we repaired the break, and where we sat around a fire all night drying out our clothing and bedding as best we could.

In the morning, as it happened, there came some young fellows wanting to hire out "to go down the river," so we said to Uncle to hire them and we would go back home, as we had had enough of it. This he did, and a few days later reached Northumberland without further mishap, while the Coopers with the writer "hoofed it" up Handy creek and across country, back to their homes.

But as we think of it, we now have—in fact we have always had—just a faint suspicion that we were in reality a trio of cowards, and not made of that sterner stuff which characterized the raftsmen of earlier days—thus to abandon the voyage which we had set out to make.

A few years after removing to Northumberland there came a time when the Democrats seemed in a fair way to control the legislature. Whereupon the party leaders from over the state began importuning Mr. Sherwood to become a candidate for the next session, saying they wanted him for Speaker. The county of Northumberland was entitled to two representatives, and he finally consented to become one of the two candidates on the Democratic ticket. His running mate was one, Bubb, by name, who was thought to be a weak candidate, yet who was cunning enough, just previous to the day of election, to arrange with one of the Republican candidates to trade enough votes on Sherwood (who was considered the strong candidate), to elect himself and the Republican—the election being close.

This carefully arranged conspiracy so enraged the people that Mr. Bubb was relegated to private life at the end of his term and Sherwood elected in his place, serving in the Sessions of 1877 and 1878, from Northumberland county.

Nevertheless it was most unfortunate, for the reason that that particular session was Democratic, and, as we have already intimated, Sherwood was slated for Speaker of the House, his party friends throughout the state having already selected him for the place, after having prevailed upon him to become a candidate, with this end in view. Indeed, the regret was universal everywhere in Pennsylvania, without much regard to party, for the people knew they had in him a true friend, as well as a clean man, whose record was above suspicion, and whose vote was never bought or sold.

As intimated, he had no trouble in going in over Mr. Bubb at the next election. But the legislature was no longer democratic. During his four years as Representative from Northumberland there appeared in one of the Philadelphia dailies an extended notice in which his personal appearance was thus described:

"He possesses a splendid physique, six feet one inch in height, a face indicating great force of character, power and strength of intellect, united to a most kindly, amiable disposition. A rare and rugged statesman, the resolute friend of the luckless and a formidable foe of bossdom, it is pretty safe to say that there is not his equal in the legislative halls at Harrisburg at the present time, while it may well be questioned if Pennsylvania has ever produced very many, if any, stronger characters than Daniel L. Sherwood."

About this same time it is related by M. N. Allen, in his "Reminiscences" that, "when Daniel L. Sherwood was Speaker of the Senate in 1846, Findlay Patterson was Speaker of the House; and in 1879, thirty-three years later, both of these ex-speakers were members of the House, Sherwood from Northumberland and Patterson from Washington county. Sherwood was at that time 70 years of age, while

Patterson was not much younger. When, in 1846, they were respectively Speakers of the Senate and House, the two bodies occupied rooms opposite each other, the members sitting with their backs to the main entrance doors, which opened into a separating hallway. The speakers, of course, were seated upon a raised platform, and when both the main entrance doors were standing open, though far apart, they looked each other in the face. Now, when these two old men met in Harrisburg again as members of the State legislature, they naturally talked over events of a former generation, and Sherwood asked Patterson whether he remembered on a warm day in the month of May, when the doors were wide open and they, looking over the heads of the members of the two houses, gazed at each other in the distance, and that he (Sherwood) raised his gavel and shook it at the other Speaker, Patterson; and Patterson said he did recollect the salute."

Fallieres says, Those who make us laugh are great. That his hearers were often convulsed with laughter by his witty, pithy and droll comments, none will deny who knew Daniel L. Sherwood. Things he said in our hearing while we were still a small boy we have not ceased smiling over to this day. He was quick at repartee, and woe to the man who should venture to say a "sharp" thing to him, for the rejoinder would be pretty sure to have a keener edge.

We early learned his power and skill at making apt and witty responses, so that we were mighty careful how we essayed any "happy" expressions in his hearing, well knowing how much more ingenious he was in the association of words and ideas, and that we would invariably get the worst of it.

Besides this faculty, he had other characteristics which we would mention in this connection. He not only avoided tobacco, and despised alcoholic drink, but he had no use for smutty stories; and then, too, he had a certain pride of person, and of personal appearance, charming to behold. He was a cleanly, well-dressed man, who could wear polished shoes and gloves on occasion, but who was never known to be haughty or disdainful.

Indeed, he was a true gentleman, if ever there was one; and with all due respect for the host who have descended from Thomas the pioneer—its doctors, lawyers, ministers, merchants, farmers, and what not, many of whom have been men of note—we believe that up to this time none have appeared who could be said to surpass in personal appearance the one of whom we are writing. Some one has said that the face of Gladstone beamed with animation, sparkled with intelligence and glowed with fervor; all of which was true of the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood.

It is related that a certain young lady of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, about the year 1880, returned from Northumberland one day saying she had seen Daniel L. Sherwood, and added: "He is the most wonderful looking old man I ever saw. I think God must look something like him!"

To which we might add, what someone has said of another, that when God had made Daniel L. Sherwood He threw the molds away.

In fact, as a grand speciman of physical manhood the writer has never seen his superior. In other words, we do not remember ever to have seen a more kingly man, or one that would more surely have attracted our attention in a throng of ten thousand. His shoulders were broad, while his head was like the head of Daniel Webster. We wear a seven and three-eighths hat, and once at his house, when he happened to be away, Aunt Caroline brought out one of his old discarded high silk hats for us to wear to go to the pasture and get the cows for her, as it was raining. But we could not wear it, for actually, when we tried to put it on, it came right down over our ears!

As may be inferred, he was a man of very great strength and endurance; so that it was often said there was not his equal in physical strength in the county (Tioga), where he lived. That he was strong in mind as well as body, one or two of many incidents will serve to illustrate.

We were once upon a time present at a Sunday service, when the preacher unwittingly advocated the old papal doctrine that Christ had founded His church upon Peter. At the close of the sermon what was our astonishment (and delight), to see the subject of this sketch arise in his pew and say that he could not remain silent while such doctrines were being promulgated from a Baptist pulpit. Then he showed how the Rock upon which the Church was founded was not Peter, but Christ himself, and with such unanswerable logic that the preacher could make no reply.

That he was indeed a great man was impressed upon us at another time, while we were still a mere lad. When we heard that Lincoln had been assassinated, we ran right down to his house, curious to know how he would receive the news.

But when we rushed in exclaiming, "Uncle Daniel, Lincoln has been killed!" we were not long in discovering as to how he received the news. Looking in his face we saw depicted there such unmistakable sorrow as we had never seen depicted there before, as with tears in his eyes he slowly, thoughtfully, sadly, yet with much emphasis said: "Oh! I am sorry: that is the very worst thing that could have heppened to the country."

And time proved that what he had said was only too true. He was wise enough and great enough to see at the instant, what only dawned upon many of us at a later day, that the country had indeed lost its best and truest friend, and freedom its greatest exponent.

But of all the sides to this remarkable man, there was one which we would dwell upon more especially. It was the spiritual side. That faith, which, to our mind, made him not only truly great, but a towering form above many who have had the name of being greater, and which, while it sustained him, did prove so helpful to others—the writer included—ought to be printed in letters of gold.

"Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble, are called" the Old Book says—but some, thank God. And so it was that the sweetest solace of his declining years was had in the reading and study of the Scriptures, and in the contemplation of his heavenly home. So fair did seem the celestial prospect that he often sang, as from the heart, that finest hymn in the English tongue:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
  And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
  Those hours of toil and danger.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
  Our distant homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
  Let every lamp be burning.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
  We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
  Where golden harps are ringing."

And that other sweet heart-hymn:
"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay."

On the Word of God, as on a rock, Daniel L. Sherwood stood. In that Word he was profoundly versed—for his Bible was not the Sunday newspaper—the reading of which was never conducive to growth in spiritual things—but it was The Old Book. Around him might break in fury the waves of infidelity and unbelief—the isms and schisms and cults of the day—they moved him not. "Behold I lay in Zion a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." On this Stone and Solid Rock he stood, and the writer can testify that his unshaken confidence in God has been to him an inspiration lifting sunward and Godward.

What a grand faith he had! A faith which enabled him to close his eyes in death as peacefully as a babe might fall asleep upon its mother's breast.

Coming in from his garden, one eventful morning more than forty years ago, he lay down upon the couch, remarking to Aunt Caroline that he was sick.

A few minutes later and there had passed out of this life one of the best and greatest men we have ever known; our great and grand old uncle, Daniel Lee Sherwood, lay dead in his home in Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in his 77th year.

His death occurred at eight o'clock in the morning of Oct. 7, 1886, caused by kidney complaint, with which he had been troubled for a number of years.

At the funeral his pastor, the Rev. J. Green Miles, one of the leading Baptist divines of Pennsylvania, and a long-time friend of the deceased, officiated; while the burial was in the family plot in the Northumberland cemetery, by the side of his son John.

Almost seventeen years later, namely, on the 21st of August, 1903, Uncle Daniel's widow—dear, good Aunt Caroline—died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hannah Seeley, in Northumberland, and was buried by the side of her husband— sincerely mourned by the writer, as well as by everyone who knew her. She was in her 93rd year, and the last of the charter members of the Mansfield Baptist Church. She was a most amiable, noble-hearted woman; in some ways, it may be, surpassing any who are named in this volume, and well worthy of a tribute and an appreciation that words cannot convey. Enjoying in the fullest degree the love and confidence of her husband—who was never known to speak harshly to her—and who had withal a sunny disposition of her own, so that she was always looking on the bright side of life; this, with the knowledge of her Christian principles and love for her home and family, lead us to believe and to rejoice in the fact that her life was an unusually happy one. We shall remember Aunt Caroline as one of the most genial, cheerful, kindly and sympathetic souls we have ever known.

What, we would ask, are some of the lessons to be gathered from such lives as in this brief memoir we have

CAROLINE SHARP SHERWOOD, Wife of Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood

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so poorly portrayed? Are not a few of them summed up in these words: That truth and plain-dealing pay; that pure and just principles exalt and dignify a man; that the moral grandeur of integrity is the sublimest thing on earth; that the Christian religion affords the only safe ground and the only sure sheet-anchor.

With the reputation of having the courage of his convictions, and of possessing in a marked degree all the good and great qualities here enumerated, as well as many more, what a man it was that we are considering! Great by nature (a noted educator of Pennsylvania, Prof. Charles H. Verrill, once said to a group of listeners that among Pensylvanians whom he had known he considered Daniel L. Sherwood one of the intellectually strong men); great in lofty purpose; great in Christian character; to quote Shakespeare: The elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This is a man!

And this man possessed a very great quality, which was his sincerity. Right or wrong, he battled for the right as God gave him to see the right, and you had to say for him, "He believes every word he says." Which was wherein lay his power. We have stood at the side of William Jennings Bryan when he was addressing a crowd in the streets of Portland, so near that we could easily have lain our hand upon his shoulder; and as we saw the working of the muscles in his face and neck we said to ourselves, That man certainly believes every word he says.

We thought then, and we still think, that there is tremendous power in sincerity—and Sherwood had that power.

Imperfections and shortcomings he may have had (we do not suppose and are not claiming that he was perfect), yet he was remarkable in a wonderful degree for his acumen, poise and good judgment; he was, as we have said, a self-made man if ever there was one; for he had no college education; and yet it would not surprise us if he had forgotten more than some of the conceited, self-opinionated, self-centered and supercilious academics, whom we have

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seen and known in our day, ever had or ever knew, that is, more of real value.

Yet, nevertheless, he had a way of seeing and acknowledging merit in others; nor was he (like some of our clan), above bestowing a word of praise where praise was due. He had no use for vain words of flattery, but for words of praise—yes.

His rise was the product of his intelligence, his sincerity, his conscience and his courage; and it was from knowledge of the struggles through which he had passed, in making the man he did of himself, that we long ago came to regard him as our standard by which to measure men. He stands high above our horizon, beyond the shadow of reproach, and as we think, the very flower of all who have lived in America by the name of Sherwood.

We live in an age of commercialism, when apparently, about all that many of us are living for is the accumulation and hoarding of money; or, proverbially speaking, "to lay up something for a rainy day;" or what is more likely to happen, a big bank account for the heirs to quarrel over and squander. One such story of hoarding appeared in a newspaper recently, wherein it was related that "securities worth $6800 were found in an old barrel in the barn of a farmer and peddler who died near Greenwich, Massachusetts, at the age of 70. Saving and slaving, the farmer-peddler toiled on till he was 70, and the finish of it all was $6800 found in an old barrel in a barn. What do we live for, anyway?"

As we look about us and see the great number of narrow, contracted, sordid and selfish lives, so dwarfed with avarice, greed and grasping, and this "laying-up-something" religion, we cannot help contrasting them with the life of this eminently unselfish man, who died comparatively poor —in this world's goods.

We see that it is only when we rise above ourselves, as this man did, and give our lives in service to others, that our names will endure. And it is only when we give thought and are kind and sympathetic to others that we are really, joyously happy.

Looking back over the past at the men and women whom we have known, we see plainly that if we live for ourselves our names will rot; while if we live for others, we shall become, like this man, immortal; we, like him, shall be remembered.

We have seen many of the famous men of our day and generation. But somehow we never as yet have been quite able to separate true greatness from real goodness; and so we never as yet have seen a man, who, all things considered, we could say we thought was superior to Daniel L. Sherwood. Great in his ability, judgment and integrity; in his lofty character and purpose; in his scorn of wrong and love for the right; in his rock-firm faith in God; in all things good, and great and grand, and tried and true, Daniel L. Sherwood was our ideal man.

Do you think that this is fulsome praise? You would not think so had you ever seen and known the man as we have seen and known him. Listen: It would not be possible for this poor pen unduly to extol the character of this man, which shines resplendent as the sun. No weak words of ours can justly be accounted as over-praise, nor should they by any means be accounted as base flattery.

Or do you wonder why his name does not shine on the pages of history? Listen again: He was that great and that good that he never tried to win applause or to attract attention to himself. There was never any straining after the spectacular with him. Had there been he might easily have been in the limelight, commanding the attention if not the admiration of the world.

The reader will bear in mind that we have nowhere said that he was famous or popular. Many very great men have never become renowned; others have come into their own only after the lapse, it may be, of centuries; while still others who were famous for a time have passed into oblivion. We are in the habit of confusing greatness with popularity, when often there is no relation whatever between the two. Not infrequently the acclaim of the multitude is denied to genius and lavishly squandered upon the pretenders and the charlatans.

No, the greatest men have not always been the most famous. But known or unknown, sung or unsung, we hold that man truly great, who, by devotion to right principles, sets in motion a train of good influences that shall pass onward when he no longer walks the shores of time.

O though it be at the risk of seeming too lavish with our words of praise, yet we cannot—will not—close without first saying that we bless God for the "footprints on the sands of time "left by Daniel L. Sherwood. We bless God for his life and example. What a heritage! What an inspiration! No amount of money would buy it from us—the silent, yet potent influence for good which emanated from this man, and which has permeated our whole life like the aroma from an alabaster box.

Sometimes, when torn with temptation and almost overwhelmed with doubt, and the smoke of battle, we have remembered Uncle Daniel, "standing there like a stone-wall" —as was said of a great soldier—and the way he has inspired our fainting heart, encouraging and stimulating to greater endeavor and leading to earnest desires for something higher and better, only God knows, and only eternity itself shall tell.

D. L. Moody and D. L. Sherwood have, perhaps, exerted a greater influence over us for good than any other two men we have ever known. Both have said that we live in the day of shams—shams in religion. But now and then we come upon the genuine, as in the case of these two men, and Oh! how refreshing to find the good old-fashioned faith of our fathers. How pleasant to find on the highway of life this guide-post erected by them and reading: "We passed this way: we took this road: it leads to everlasting joy."

Has it all been in vain? The sweet influences in the life of Daniel L. Sherwood, drawing us heavenward and animating and cheering us on our voyage—have they all been lost and wasted?

We will not believe it.

A beautiful saying of Neal Dow, "the grand old man of Maine" was applicable alike to Daniel L. Sherwood, "the grand old man of Pennsylvania:" "I am but a passenger traveling through the infinite sea of space upon this swift steamer of a world. In its Captain I have all faith. He knows the map and He will make the port."

So just bide a wee, O my soul!—thou voyager over the sea of time; take the great Admiral at His word and "sail on;" there's a strong eternal shore somewhere away in life's west, where thou shalt land some fair morning, there to find thy long lost Uncle.

While a mere boy, still in our teens, we wrote some words of a sacred character which we sang for Uncle one evening, to some old tune. Both words and tune are forgotten now; but not so the word of praise bestowed by the uncle upon his young nephew, and especially the advice to persevere along that line; a word of praise and a word of counsel which have lived in his memory through all the long years, and which have been largely responsible for what little, if anything, the nephew may have achieved along that line.

And so it is that he is closing this poorly-written record of one of Nature's noblemen with a bit of rhyme composed and dedicated to the memory of the Uncle who, on a strong eternal shore, with a crown of glory upon his head and a palm of victory in his hand, is waiting to welcome the nephew, as we believe, "some fair morning by and by."

In Memory of our Grand Old Uncle,
Daniel L. Sherwood,
who first encouraged us in the writing of Songs,
Sacred and Sentimental.

THE STRONG ETERNAL SHORE

Cast upon a stormy main,
Is my questioning in vain—
Is there not another shore?
Answer me, O wind and tide:
Is there not another side,
Where the surges roll no more?

Sing the ripples soft and low:
Yes, beyond the shores you know,
There is land, The Evermore.
All the winds and billows sigh:
Something there to satisfy,
On the strong eternal shore.

There is land, the waves repeat,
O'er and o'er in cadence sweet,
Where the storms of time are o'er.
Waves that wash our earthly lands
Die away on golden strands,
Till they sough and sigh no more.

Perfumes float upon the gales,
Everlasting Spring prevails,
On the calm, the peaceful shore.
There the heav'nly country lies,
There its hills in glory rise,
There the purple mountains soar.

There the flow'rs their fragrance fling,
In the bloom of endless Spring—
There the life-tree yields its store;
There man finds an Eden new,
There those holy dreams come true,
Told in tomes of Bible-lore.

There no war or famine comes,
Boom of cannon, roll of drums—
    There's no evil to deplore;
There all strife and carnage cease,
Saints with angels dwell in peace—
    There's no field of death and gore.

There the friends who part in tears
Meet to spend eternal years,
    Safe beyond the whirlwind's roar.
Lord! what joy when I shall stand
On the strong eternal strand,
    With His people gone before.

Lord! what joy when I shall see
Him who suffered much for me,
    When my sins and griefs He bore;
When I see Him radiant now,
Anguish absent from His brow —
    And the crown of thorns He wore.

Soul of mine, sail on thy quest!
Know that in life's farthest west
    There is land, The Evermore.
With thy Pilot sail away,
Land some glad, exultant day,
    On the strong eternal shore.

On the strong eternal shore,
Where the surges roll no more,
All life's storm and tempest o'er
    I shall anchor some fair morn:
With my Pilot some fair morn--
    Some fair morning by and by.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHILDREN OF DANIEL LEE SHERWOOD (7) AND CAROLINE SHARP

and Their Descendants.

JOHN SHERWOOD—HANNAH SHERWOOD—HENRY SHERWOOD—ANNA SHERWOOD—PORTER SHERWOOD—ALMIRA SHERWOOD—ABEL SHERWOOD—WARREN SHERWOOD—GEORGE SHERWOOD—ORVILLE SHERWOOD—MARY SHERWOOD.

As sinks a sail where dies the day,
So one by one we glide away;
But O the joy, when we have crost,
To find again the ones we've lost.

Those long-lost friends that we have loved,
Who trusted God and faithful proved:
Sometime we'll take them by the hand,
And saunter through the morning land.

Sometime, where night no more returns;
Sometime, where day forever burns;—
Sometime we'll live the life sublime,
And find that love outlasted time.

Sometime the shadows, cold and gray,
That cloud our lives will roll away;
Sometime we'll find and clasp our own—
Sometime we'll know as we are known.

How sweet it will be when the voyage is o'er,
To meet with our loved ones and know them once more;
To find those dear friends who have crossed o'er the foam,
All safe with our Lord in His heavenly home.

JOHN SHARP SHERWOOD

John Sharp Sherwood (8), eldest child of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Chemung, near Elmira, N. Y., May 5, 1833, and died at Houston, Texas, Feb. 10, 1886, in his 54th year.

As a child, or until he was about six years old, he lived in a little house which stood among the willows on the banks of the Tioga river below Lambs creek, three miles from Mansfield, Pa., where his father was engaged in the lumber business.

About the year 1839 his parents removed to Mansfield, and it was there that he spent his boyhood; for a while in a small house, and then in a new home on the site of the old one, which is still standing, on what is now North Main St., at a corner where it is intersected by what was then known as the Pickel hill road.

There, in a large room in his father's house, and while still a young man, sometime about the middle of the 50's, he had what might now be called a photograph gallery, or perhaps we would better say an art gallery. He had a good camera and made what was known, we believe, as daguerreotypes. That he was a good artist and made good pictures for those days should be quite evident when we state that the picture of his grandfather, Daniel Sherwood, which appears in this volume,* was made from one of his daguerreotypes, still in possession of the writer.

About the first we can recall regarding Cousin John was when he used to come to "Uncle Abb's" (he and his brothers always knew the writer's father as "Uncle Abb"), to eat warm biscuits and honey, of which the three of them —John, Henry and Porter—were very fond. Father produced the honey and Mother the biscuits, and they had discovered what the boys especially liked in the way of food, so were in the habit of asking them in to eat occasionally— the one food they especially liked; and we can well remember how they were always looking forward to the time when "Uncle Abb" and "Aunt Julia" would be asking them to come and eat warm biscuits and honey.

Again we recall that one winter, when a young man, he had a job of cutting "car-wood", in his father's wood's west of the river, for the Tioga R. R., in the days when the fuel for locomotives was wood. He had one, "Britt"Faulkner, helping him; they were both experts with the axe, and we recall how they were constantly striving to see which could cut the most wood; and how they used to haul the wood down through the fields and across the river to the railroad track. And speaking of the river reminds us of a time when he called to us while we were still a mere lad to come over with the old canoe and fetch him across the river —calling for us in a way which we have never been quite able to forget, though quite willing to forgive—knowing that he intended nothing bad.

It was about this time that a great day dawned for John Sharp Sherwood, which was October 1st, 1856, when he was united in marriage with **Miss Lucy Angeline Ramsdell**; his uncle, Rev. Abijah Sherwood (familiarly known as "Uncle Bige"), performing the ceremony. To this union one child, namely, **Myron John Sherwood,** was born on the 11th of April, 1860.

Yes, it was a great day in the life of John Sherwood. No man ever had a greater piece of good fortune, not to our knowledge. Intellectually very superior indeed, and no lovelier or comelier young woman in all that country, nor more amiable, nor more attractive, and withal a spiritually-minded woman. With such a combination, and with womanhood and motherhood at their very best—ideal in fact—she has come down to a green old age—being now in her 89th year—beloved by all who know her.

Would you know our real opinion of this charming woman, whom we are proud to call cousin? We can tell you in a very few words: Had we daughters growing up, we think we should have pleasure in pointing them to her as a most worthy exemplar.

The other day (Jan. 8, 1927), this truly wonderful woman passed her 88th milestone, and a few days later we

MRS. JOHN SHARP SHERWOOD

had the pleasure of reading a letter written with her own hand, and you would never know but it was written by a girl of twenty years. A steady hand, and beautifully worded? Yes, far and away beyond anything we have ever seen at her age. Indeed, she writes the most wonderful letters we have ever read; letters which are always an inspiration to the recipients.

On the day mentioned, Mrs. Sherwood was the happy recipient of many calls, cards, letters and telegrams, while her pastor, the Rev. Charles A. Boyd, composed a beautiful poem for the occasion, entitled "A Birthday Prayer," which was published in the **Marquette Mining Journal.** The deacons of the church sent her a pot of lovely cyclamens, of the primrose family, and the deacon emeritus called on her. Her own son gave her a dollar for each year —eighty-five dollars in gold and three silver dollars; the silver, he said, should represent the three years he didn't know her!

The editor of a Marquette paper under the highly complimentary heading: "Madam Sherwood's Anniversary," says: "Madam L. A. Sherwood celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday Saturday afternoon at the home of her son, Myron J. Sherwood, 411 Arch street. The years have taken their toll in making it impossible for Madam Sherwood to get about out of doors as she did some time ago, but she has lost none of her zest in living and her interest in what is happening in Marquette. That enthusiasm and sympathy have endeared her to many friends during her twenty-five years residence here, and flowers, gifts, telegrams and letters—myriads of them—reached her bearing felicitations and best wishes. During the afternoon many of her intimate friends stopped to wish her 'Happy Birthday.' "

All of which is but another evidence of the fact—a fact of which we have long been cognizant—that this dear old lady is possessed of a full measure of kindliness and intelligence, which have made her a peerless friend, as well as a most delightful companion.

Lucy Angeline Ramsdell belonged to a fine old family, of fine repute, and was born at East Swanzey, in southwestern New Hampshire, Jan. 8, 1839, the daughter of James Madison Ramsdell, who was also born at East Swanzey, Oct. 21, 1808, and Lucy (Starkey) Ramsdell (of the well known Starkey family), born in Cheshire county, N. H. Father and Mother Ramsdell died at a ripe old age in Mansfield, Pa., and are buried there.

They came from East Swanzey in the winter of 1844-'45, and finally settled at or near Mansfield, on the Newtown road, on what is known as Newtown hill. They came the entire distance with horses and sleigh, bringing with them some portion of their effects; and, incidentally, the grandson, M. J. Sherwood, still has a mirror which survived that exodus. On the way they stopped at wayside inns, or as they were then called, "taverns"; stopping early at night and starting late in the morning, that the horses might not tire out on the long journey.

Lucy Angeline, telling of their departure from Swanzey, says: "All the relatives met at the home of an uncle and aunt to say good bye. Another uncle and aunt of my mother—Noah Aldrich and his wife—with their two youngest sons, were going with us. The aunt, whose home was the place where the people had congregated, was a sister of the aunt who was going so far away with us. All stood in a line around the room, and the departing ones shook the hand of each as they passed around. And such good byes—and tears! For they never expected to meet again.

"When we reached the end of our journey and before we got out of the sleigh, both mother and aunt burst into tears, because of the loneliness of the place. Do you wonder at it? They had come from an old settled country, hilly but not mountainous, where they had good homes with every comfort. They had come to a country, unsettled, literally in the woods, with mountains so high that the sun could be seen for only a little while in the day. Both mother and aunt were so homesick that they nearly were sick. And that was our introduction to life in Pennsylvania."

We might remark that the high mountains mentioned are accounted for from the fact that they at first located near the mouth of Mill creek, where a spur of the Allegheny Mts. crosses the Tioga river. It was at this point that her father built and operated a wooden pail factory for a number of years.

On the way to Pennsylvania they crossed no railroad track at grade until they reached Tioga. They did go under one railroad track somewhere in N. Y. State, but didn't see the cars. Lucy Angeline, then a little girl of six years, was very anxious to see a railroad train, never having seen one. The first railroad track they saw was the Tioga railroad (which, by the way, is one of the oldest railroads in the United States, even antedating the Erie), and it was strap-iron spiked on the tops of two lines of oak rails about seven inches square, laid end to end on crossties—afterwards changed to the "T" rail. The reader can imagine the little engine without any cab that pulled the still smaller cars in those days, yet Lucy Angeline has lived to see that railroad and many others pull enormous trains with great locomotives and over steel rails weighing one or two hundred pounds or more to the yard.

John and Angeline lived for a while after their marriage—about a year—in a little house on his father's farm at Mansfield. In 1861 he was in the employ of the Erie railroad, in their yards at Corning, N. Y., but was taken sick, so that he did not get into the army at the outbreak of the war. In 1862, however, he got service in the war of the Rebellion, in the commissary department, and was in that service until the fall of 1863, when he was discharged on account of sickness. During the time he was with the army his wife lived with her parents.

After he came back from the war, he was employed for about two years, (1864-66), at Morris Run, Pa., by the Morris Run Coal Co., in charge of the stables, at a time when the motive power in the mines was supplied by mules.

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While there his wife conducted a private school, and bought her first sewing machine with money thus earned. Morris Run at that time was but a small clearing in a dense forest, with stumps still standing in the streets.

In 1866, John, with his wife and son, Myron, removed to Northumberland, Pa., where he was a conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad, running between Sunbury, Renovo and Erie, Pa., for about seven years—the last two years of the time living in Sunbury.

While living in Northumberland the family were all baptized and united with the Baptist Church; all three of them—father, mother and son—being baptized together in the Susquehanna river in the spring of 1870, with great cakes of ice floating by.

In 1872 they went West, and for a short time he was railroad agent for the Missouri-Pacific railroad at Salina, Kansas, though the family never lived there, as he held that position only a short time. They then went to St. Louis, where they lived until 1875, during which time he was at first a conductor on the Cairo and St. Louis railroad, and later superintendent.

In 1875 he removed with his family to Houston, Texas, where they lived from Christmas day of that year until his death in 1886. While there he was for a time conductor on the International and Great Northern railroad, and later conductor on, and then superintendent of the Galveston Houston and Henderson railroad, running between Houston and Galveston; but at the time of his death was a conductor on the Texas and New Orleans railroad.

It should be noted also that while a resident of Houston, in or about the year 1878, he invested money in a mercantile enterprise in that city, which for a number of years was carried on with great financial success; until finally a too ambitious partner became desirous to and did expand from a retail to a wholesale business, and that too actively for the amount of capital available, when the whole business met with disaster. It should be remarked, however, that every dollar of the indebtedness was paid, though it took all of John's property, and more, to do it. And thereby hangs a tale which excites our admiration, and of which more anon.

The foregoing is a brief summary of some of the outstanding incidents in the life of a very remarkable man; one who was the worthy son of a noble sire, and who like his father, the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood, was possessed of many admirable qualities well worthy of our emulation, and was characterized by no quality or habit which we should shun.

Once upon a time his son, in a letter to the writer, made mention of his parents in a way so absolutely truthful—to our own personal knowledge—and at once so commendable in a son, that we will not be denied the privilege of quoting from it. He said:

"What I can say about my father would take too many adjectives. He was liberal-minded, broad in his sympathies, generous to a fault, charitable in the extreme. No man in need ever appealed to him and went away empty handed. Honest, truthful and fearless, more tender-hearted than any woman and as chivalrous as any man. During my boyhood and early manhood and all through my life he was and has been my ideal of what a real American gentleman should be. He was not only my father, diginified, sympathetic and just, but he was my pal, than whom I have never had one closer or one to whom I could go with any trouble or mistake and tell it with the same assurance of sympathy and help. If I have made any little success in life and whatever I am or have, I owe to him and to a mother who was his equal, his wife and his partner in everything. I have never seen a husband and wife more thoroughly and completely one than my father and mother."

What a tribute! What an acknowledgement of filial affection! Never have we seen or read one more befitting, or one better or more nicely stated. Would that every young man could say as much—as truthfully and as sincerely—of his parents!

John Sherwood was a man every way worthy of all the good things that might or could be said of him. He enjoyed in a wonderful degree the confidence of his employers; while his friends esteemed him for his suavity of manners, his candor, generosity and perfect reliability.

As showing the kind of stuff which entered into the make-up of a very superior man, we have only to relate a single incident which occurred while he was a conductor on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, and which was considered so very unusual and so noteworthy that it found a place in the daily papers of the time. He was reproved by the officials for carrying free an armless soldier. He not only owned to the offense, but boldly told the superintendent he would do the same thing again if opportunity ever presented!

The passing of John Sherwood was a great shock to his many friends, and a real loss to the world. There is and ever has been a dearth of men such as he, and O we could illy afford to spare him! Knowing him as one of the finest and cleanest men we have ever known, we have absolutely no criticism, but only words of praise for John Sherwood. No wonder we were all heartbroken and deeply grieved when he died, at the early age of 54; and no wonder his aged father should involuntarily exclaim to the writer—as he did —"Why couldn't it have been the old man and not the boy!"

As stated at the beginning of this brief record, John Sherwood died at Houston, Texas, Feb. 10, 1886, in his fifty-fourth year. Interment was made at his old home in Northumberland, Pa., where his parents were still living; the eulogy being delivered in the Baptist church by his old pastor, the Rev. John Green Miles.

It was only yesterday that we finished the foregoing, which we had fondly hoped and expected our Cousin Angeline would live to see and read. But early this morning, March 23, 1927, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky in its suddenness, came this message over the Western Union from Marquette, Mich.: "Mother joined Father in Heaven this morning—Myron."

O what a sad, sad message! We had no sooner read it than

"Fast flowed the easy current of our tears."

And yet our sorrow was not wholly unmixed with a kind of solemn joy; for suddenly the room where we were sitting seemed filled, as 'twere, with the perfume from an alabaster box; all of which is explained, we think, in the wording of the message: "Mother joined Father in Heaven this morning."

O we are so glad that the son broke the news to us of his mother's death in just that way. For as we sensed in some small degree the import of those words—or tried to—the wife looked up through her tears and said: "While we are so sad, this is probably the happiest day Cousin 'Line has ever known." And so it was that the tears which coursed down our cheeks were mingled tears of joy and sorrow. For who shall portray, or even imagine, the scene that is transpiring in heaven today? O we guess, if the truth were known, we ought not to weep—we ought to shout!

And yet it is hard to be separated from those we love, and to know that on earth we shall see them no more. It is a very sad thought to the writer that never again will he have the great pleasure of receiving another of his cousin's most wonderful letters. He had long had a "hunch" that he himself might not live to complete the Sherwood history, but he had not deemed it probable that she might die; and it will always remain a matter of the deepest regret to him that she couldn't have lived to read our book, in its entirety.

As was said in the Foreword, it has been largely owing to her words of cheer that we have been enabled to "carry on"; and more than once have we said—and always have we felt—that we would give more for her criticism and more for her opinion of this volume than that of any other living person; not only because of her mental acumen and rare good judgment, but for the reason that she was more nearly the author's contemporary, and therefore better acquainted with many of the facts and incidents herein related than anyone else.

In a recent letter she says she has read up to and including the seventh chapter, and says "she thinks they are all very nicely and truthfully written." And again she says: "The Sherwood history, what I have read of it, is very interesting; and I have wondered at the time, patience, amount of reading and research that it must have taken; at the same time admiring you for your determination and perseverence, as well as your absolute truthfulness and honor. For at all times you have given credit to those who, in any way, have rendered help to you."

And the writer will always prize these words from the gifted pen of this wonderful woman, written before the completion of these records, but not until she had read the seventh chapter; and especially because she could and did use the words "truthfully" and "truthfulness."

As we have said, our cousin died on the 23rd of March, at 3:45 in the morning, nearly her last words the night before having been: "Good night, Myron, if you don't find me here in the morning, everything is all right."

The next day, the 24th, there appeared in the Daily Mining Journal of Marquette an extended notice of her life and death, under the heading: **Madame Sherwood Died Yesterday,** in which were said many things both complimentary and expressive of the great regard in which she was held in that city. She was mentioned as the oldest member of the First Baptist Church, where she had been president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and interested in the activities of the Missionary Society, and where she had been a much beloved teacher in the Sunday-school for many years; the Church having had no more thoroughly interested member than Madame Sherwood, nor one who kept more constantly well informed on all phases of its life; and in addition, she had taken an active interest in the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The article further said: "Her loss is mourned by a host of friends, both in Marquette and elsewhere. Hers was a sunny disposition which brightened every life it touched."

The funeral sermon by her pastor, the Rev. Charles A. Boyd, was on the theme, "The Abiding Life," taken from Ps. 91:1—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" which the preacher said had a peculiar appropriateness, for it was one of the very last passages quoted by the deceased. He said: "The life of our sister has proven for us the realness of this 'Abiding Life.' She was a citizen of two worlds—keenly interested even to the very last days of her life, in the common things of all the life around her, always interested in the problems and achievements of her friends, yet she lived constantly the life of rest and peace 'under the shadow of the Almighty.' "

After telling of her life in Marquette, where she had lived for about twenty-five years, and where the sunshine of her winning personality had been reflected in the active services of the First Baptist Church, he said: "A class of boys, and later, one of girls, in the Sunday-school, were brought to know the meaning and beauty of the Bible through her faithful teaching and consistent living."

Indeed, there was a beautiful simile and lesson running all through the discourse as reported in the Mining Journal, which meets with our whole-hearted approval. She was, surely, a citizen of two worlds, and did certainly brighten every life she ever touched or came in contact with. Always on the lookout to help some friend in need, the distance was never too great, the storm too bad or the load too heavy; the summer sun was never too hot, or the wintry blast too cold, to travel to that suffering friend. No wonder she came to be known in the city of Marquette by the endearing and greatly respected title of Madame Sherwood.

We might ask, Does it pay to be a Christian? The abiding life under the shadow of the Almighty—is it worth while? Does it pay to live the life of faith and trust, whose every blossom is a noble deed? The life-story, as epitomized, of one of the finest Christian characters the writer has ever known: "Never too far to go to the one in need;" and her dying words: "If you don't find me here in the morning, everything is all right"—shall be our reply.

No, it is no wonder that long before the close of such a perfect day they had learned to call her "Madame Sherwood."

It remains to be added that Madame Sherwood was buried at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, by the side of her husband, who had preceded her by a little more than forty-one years. A second service was held in the Baptist Church there, of which her son, in writing of the event, says: "I had a sentiment—perhaps foolish, but nevertheless a strong one—that Mother's body should lie at least briefly in the Baptist Church at Northumberland. She and Father and Grandfather Sherwood had made a great many sacrifices in helping to build that church, some fifty-six years ago, and she loved it dearly. She and Father and I were all members of the Church at one time, and we were all baptized at the same time, by the then pastor of that Church, the Reverend J. Green Miles. And I know if Mother knows it that she is pleased."

Myron John Sherwood, son of John Sharp Sherwood by his wife, Lucy Angeline (Ramsdell) Sherwood, was born April 11th, 1860, at Mansfield, Pa., in the little old log house on Newtown hill built by his grandfather Ramsdell, which really stood about two miles to the eastward of Mansfield.

Myron lived with his parents up to the time of his father's death, excepting while in college; and since then, with a few slight breaks, his mother has lived with him and his family. He attended the public schools at the various places where his parents lived—Northumberland and Sunbury, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo., until 1876, when he entered the preparatory department of what was then the University of Lewisburg, at Lewisburg, Pa., graduating from the preparatory department in 1878. He attended the Univer-

MYRON JOHN SHERWOOD

sity of Lewisburg (now Bucknell University), for two years, finishing as freshman and sophomore.

Then Myron was out of college four years, at home in Texas doing various things. He tried mercantile life and neither liked it nor was he successful at it. He did a bit of railroading, also.

As already remarked, his father had invested in a mercantile enterprise which had proven a failure. This misfortune happened only about a year before his father died; yet as stated, every dollar of the indebtedness of the firm had been paid at the time of his father's death, though it took all his father's property to do it. There was, however, some few thousand dollars that his father had borrowed individually in order to pay said debts, but which he had been unable to repay at the time of his death. Yet he left some life insurance, payable to his son Myron, and be it said to the everlasting credit of that son that he used that money to pay up those personal debts, though there was no legal obligation upon him to do so. His father's name, however, was evidently worth more to him than dollars. Moreover, it was money his father had borrowed from personal friends on his own note without any security, and in one particular case it wasn't even a note or a promise to pay at any time, but turned out to be a simple I. O. U. so much money. Of course these men were friends, tried and true, and in each case, though the accounts were considerable, they twice refused to take any interest, and only consented to do so at the last because the son insisted upon it. Yes, they were friends, tried and true, and it touched the young man's heart to know that his father had made and left such friends.

And we know not when, if ever, a case has come to our knowledge displaying a finer type of loyalty, honor and integrity, or one more worthy of our emulation. Let the young man whose eye may chance upon these lines take note of the fact that the honorable, upright course pursued by M. J. Sherwood, not only at the time in question (when it reduced him to poverty), but ever since, has led to the reward to which every such man, with such or a similar record for uprightness, is justly entitled.

In 1884 Myron entered Hamilton College at Clinton, New York, where he graduated in the Class of 1886. His father had died in February of that year, and on settling up his estate Myron found it would be necessary for him to earn a living. His ambitions and plans had all been to read and practice law, but he found that there wasn't the necessary capital to enable him to attend a law school and to support his mother at the same time. In order to pay off his father's private debts, he had to use all of his father's estate coming to him with the exception of about two hundred dollars. Fortunately, he did not have to touch for any purpose the few thousand dollars in property and money which belonged to his mother.

He first tried to obtain a position as teacher; the ability to teach being the only thing he then had which he thought he could sell. Yet during the summer of 1886 he was unable to get any position which he deemed worth while. He had one or two offers in boys' training schools or preparatory schools that did not appeal to him. So he took up selling life insurance and started in that work, and in the fall of that year located at Springfield, Ohio. He was there about eight months at that work, and was fairly successful, yet all the time disliking it most intensely.

In the summer of 1887 he was offered the position of night editor on the Daily Mining Journal at Marquette, Michigan. He thought it offered him an opportunity of earning a living and would afford him time to study law, and he accepted it and went there in August, 1887. He was night editor of that paper until 1890. And it is said he was "a darned good one," too; so good indeed that he was offered jobs on two Chicago dailies.

In the fall of 1890 he was offered the position of Principal of the high school at Marquette, and took it. He was in that job two years, when the school board at the end of the school year in June, 1892, tendered him a three-year contract (which before had been yearly), at a large increase in salary. This offer, however, he declined.

During the time he was on the Mining Journal as night editor, and while he was principal of the high school, he studied law, and in April, 1892, having successfully passed the examination, he received his certificate of admission to the bar.

His school closed in June and the following day he sat at his desk in his first law office, not as a briefless lawyer without clients, for the day he opened his office he had business on the desk, and has never seen a moment from that time to this when he hasn't had a plenty of business, with the exception of three months, July, August and September, 1892, which was his first year. Yet his first year's practice was more than double what he expected; his second year's more than double the first; and the third double the second; and ever since then he has had more work to do than he has wanted or could well handle—all the time being located in Marquette.

Yet we understand he takes no criminal cases, refusing to defend murderers and crooks. No Leopold and Loeb cases for him. Which we think in his case is purely a matter of principle. Mr. Sherwood is one of only a very few lawyers whom we have known who were both lawyers and honest men; which is a rare combination if we are to believe the story of the Irishman who came across a stone in the cemetery on which was carved: "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man," and exclaimed: "Faith and be jabbers, and there must be two in the box!"

Today the Hon. M. J. Sherwood is one of the best known and most highly respected barristers in the state of Michigan, and you will not have far to look for the reason.

Without a doubt there is not a judge in the state, and but few attorneys, who would not corroborate all we are saying. With something of the suavity of his gracious and kind-hearted father, with something of the manners of his queenly mother, and something of the judicial and legal bent of his distinguished grandfather, linked with unwearying, pains-taking efforts in behalf of his clients—together with a way of making and retaining friends—he has not only won the confidence of the courts, citizens and corporate bodies, but has become well and favorably known far beyond the confines of Michigan. Untiring devotion to his profession, coupled with unswerving integrity, have brought him both fame and fortune, we are pleased to say.

Myron John Sherwood was married at Jackson, Michigan, Sept. 7, 1897, to **Maude Benjamin Bedell** of Jackson, Michigan, who was born there Nov. 2, 1873, and who is the daughter of Horace O. Bedell and Mary (Benjamin) Bedell. She is a graduate of the University of Michigan, Class of 1894. She has devoted a great deal of her time and strength for a number of years to charity work in the City of Marquette, Mich., and is said to be a woman of unusual mental attainments, of charming personality, and in fact somewhat noted for her comeliness. We understand that she is a lady who is held in the very highest esteem by all who know her.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood have had two children—**John Benjamin Sherwood**, born July 21, 1898, died at Mesa, Arizona, Nov. 19, 1913; and **Myron Lee Sherwood**, born Feb. 6, 1902.

Myron Lee Sherwood (or Lee Sherwood as he is generally known), graduated from the University of Michigan in 1926. In the summer of 1924, accompanied by his father and nine of his college chums, he had a wonderful experience touring South America; while in the summer of 1925, in company with Dr. Aiken, wife and party, from the University of Michigan, he traveled for three months through France, Switzerland, England, Spain and Portugal, for the purpose of studying on the ground, architecture, art and history; Dr. Aiken being connected with the history department at Ann Arbor, while his wife has a Sherwood ancestry.

Myron Lee is now engaged with the Detroit Trust Company of Detroit, Mich., in their "New Business" department,

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and is said to be making very good indeed.

Sept. 1st of this year (1927) he was married to **Miss Lucille Vandenboom,** of Marquette, Mich., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henry Vandenboom, and they have established their home in Detroit.

His father says: "You can readily understand that this is the real breaking of home ties and leaves his mother and me to travel from here in alone, and for that reason does not make us particularly gleeful over the prospect. But this sort of thing is natural and what all of us parents must and ought to expect."

The father, the Hon. M. J. Sherwood, has likewise himself been something of a traveler, it would seem. In 1924 he spent three months in South America, going through the Panama Canal and down the West Coast as far south as Valparaiso. He stopped at quite all of the seaports along the way, going inland at various places. He was on a sort of a semi-official trip carrying letters from President Burton of the University of Michigan to the various governments and institutions of learning in South America, which governments and institutions extended to him and his party every attention and courtesy, thereby opening many doors and possibilities that would not otherwise have been available.

From letters to us—which letters, by the way, are not one whit short of first-class magazine articles—we have a better knowledge of South America and conditions there than we have ever been able to obtain before. These letters are so very unique and realistic in their descriptions, and so richly replete with valuable information concerning a country which, up to this time, has been a good deal of a terra incognita, that, at the risk of his disapproval, we should take the liberty of quoting in full had we the space to do so. As it is, we can only use a few excerpts. "I made the trip in company with nine boys from the University of Michigan, one of whom was my son, and one boy from the Northwestern University at Evanston. Two of

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these young men were from the United States of Colombia, South America, and of course were able to speak the native tongue throughout South America excepting in Brazil where Portuguese is the language of the country. These two young men were in charge of the party excepting at such times as the party was in charge of the young men. They carried letters of congratulation and good will from President Burton of the University of Michigan to the Presidents of the various leading Universities at Peru, Chili, Argentine and Brazil. They had also taken the matter up with the Minister at Washington from Colombia, and through the Pan American Association, made the trip somewhat of a semi-official character. This served its purpose so well that in many places, particularly Peru, Chile and the Argentine, the President of each of those countries appointed the Commissioners of Education and members of the Universities of the various countries as a committee to see that these boys had all there was coming.

"President Leguia of Peru was especially hospitable. We were met in the harbor at Callao by the President's private yacht and were guests of the Republic during our stay in Peru, some of the leading citizens and officials being in constant attendance and opening all doors and interesting places to the party. Automobiles met us at Callao. There was no inspection of baggage entering or departing, and we were driven over a new concrete road that had just been constructed and was not quite finished between Callao and Lima. The road had not yet been open to traffic.

"At Lima I saw a collection of Inca ceramics which was most astonishing. The pottery was of the most finished kind in polish, execution and form. It had been gathered by a very wealthy Peruvian, and is to be given, I believe, to the Republic as a permanent exhibition of the art in pottery of the old Incas. We found in this exhibition, which I may say contained probably five thousand pieces, dug out of the ruins of Inca temples and villages, pottery representing all or nearly all of modern surgery—the Caesarian operation and the operations performed now on the head and brain and many others. In several groups were pieces of pottery representing the various members of households—father, mother and children, and each done to the life and in such a way as to leave no doubt that they were the pictures of the people they were supposed to represent. Our trip was for the avowed purpose of studying the educational and social conditions in the various countries which we visited, and this we did quite thoroughly, and incidentally viewed and studied other matters in which the various members were interested or which amused them.

"The people of Chile are the most snappy and ambitious, but the Argentine is more advanced than is any other of the South American countries which we visited.

"The Chileans are by far a more progressive people than the Peruvians. Their cities are better kept and better policed, and their houses are in excellent shape, while in Peru everything is run down at the heel.

"At Callao, Mollendo, Antofabasta, Arica, Iquique, and all along that shore for hundreds and hundreds of miles **literally no drop of rain ever falls.** In none of these towns or in the country is there such a thing as a shade tree or a plat of grass, and only rarely does one see a green thing and that is a morning glory or a palm or something of that sort nourished and maintained in a pot or a tub.

"I did not get into the southern part of Chile, that is, south of Santiago. While at Santiago, the Governor sent his secretary with his automobile, and for two days I had a wonderful time there investigating the condition of labor. I could write a volume on the subject of the housing of the common laborer. Chile seemed to be the only country which is systematically endeavoring to correct the vicious housing problem that has formerly existed and is meeting that question with foresight and in a liberal way. The ordinary housing conditon of common labor to my mind and to the mind of anybody from this country is horrible. The laborer lives in a little one room adobe shack about ten feet square with thatched roof, no windows, one door, and one house or shack furnishing the wall for the next house. These are usually in two lines with a passage way between them. This passage way is mostly cobble stones with open sewage, and the distance between the two rows of houses is possibly eighteen feet. In that alleyway live the children, the chickens, the ducks, geese and various other animals. And strange to relate the children look healthy and they told me there that the occupants had to be driven out of these places —they liked it. There was a community interest and certainly a very close relationship between the occupants. The odors—and there were many and powerful—were at times so mixed that I could not and cannot give you any account of what they came from, but you can possibly imagine some of them. From such places as these I was taken to the various grades of improved houses which the societies and organizations devoting their money and time to that purpose had erected and leased or sold to the laborer, and the improvement was something most pleasing and astonishing. These societies sell these tenements or rather small cottages, each of which has its little yard for a garden or little space in front for a grassy lot, with good air and good light, at practically cost, and on long time and easy payments. The payments on the purchase of the property amount to little more than they would rent for, and these payments include insurance upon the life of the purchaser in sufficient amount to pay off the indebtedness remaining upon the property, so that if the laborer dies, his insurance cancels the mortgage and the property goes to his heirs. Though it was winter there at the time I was there, I saw many little gardens that would do credit to our best gardeners and this was a new department, and labor was finding it very remunerative in reducing the cost of living.

"I had a very pleasant experience at Santiago that I must give you. We arrived in Santiago Friday, and Saturday night at our hotel we found the customary thing for the society people of the town was to give dancing and dinner parties. The usual hour for dinner in Santiago is nine o'clock. We had reserved a table and enjoyed watching the various dancers and the dinner parties going on in the large dining room. Just across the dancing floor from us the American Ambassador, the Honorable William M. Collier, was entertaining a party of society people at dinner. After we had finished our dinner the head-waiter approached our table and said that the American Ambassador invited me and my son to join his party. Of course we got up immediately and went over to his table. After we had been introduced to his guests, one or two of whom had gone down on the boat with us from New York, Collier turned to me and said 'By no chance could you be 'Sherry!' and I said "Mr. Ambassador the happiest years of my life I was called nothing but 'Sherry,' to which he replied "It is foolish of course, but by no chance Sherry of the Class of '86 Hamilton College?' I said, 'I am that chap.' He said 'Do you not remember me? You used to roughshoe the life out of me when you were a senior and I was a freshman at Hamilton.' I said, 'You're not Bill Collier?' 'Yes.' 'Why you big fat slob, how did you ever get here?'

"I had a wonderful visit with him and he let no diplomatic work interfere with showing us everything there was to be seen.

"He had endeared himself to every man in Chile because on his arrival at that place as Ambassador, he had visited every possible and some almost impossible places in Chile. In some places he had to go on horse or mule back for days. I was told by some of the prominent men in that country that Collier knew Chile better than any Chilean had ever known it.

"I was with him a good deal and he never appeared in any public place without the populace cheering him to the echo. I attended one football game with him, gotten up for the amusement of our boys, and as we entered the ground rather late in the game, everything stopped and the band struck up 'Star Spangled Banner!' The crowd arose as one

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man and cheered him to the echo. Newspaper photographers (more plentiful in that country than fleas in Texas if that is possible) ran from all directions with their cameras. Of course we removed our hats at once on the outbreak of the National Anthem and stood at attention to have our pictures taken. Collier said, 'Get up in the front line you big fat boob' to me, and I promptly stepped up to the front line.

"The Andes are not beautiful to look at. Don't let anybody tell you that this trip is a beautiful trip across the Andes, because it isn't. If any enjoys great piles of gray and slate colored rocks, then one enjoys that sort of thing, but that's about all one sees. You climb and climb and climb and finally go through a tunnel near the top of the mountain, and in all that distance, you don't see anything green. There is no grass, no bushes and no trees. The Andes at this point are simply a pile of great boulders and granite with nothing on them to break the monotony of the stone. We didn't even have the pleasure of looking at snow. The mountains were barren of snow when we went over, although it was in the middle of their winter. Some of our party who came over three or four days after we did, however, came in a snow storm and found the mountains covered with snow.

"From Mendoza the railroad moves in almost a straight line across the Argentine to Buenos Aires. Just after leaving Mendoza there is one stretch of the railroad that is two hundred miles long and makes no turn to the right or left, and inasmuch as it crosses the Pampas, very little up or down.

"The Pampas of the Argentine are simply prairies somewhat similar to our western prairies. Here, being east of the Andes, we find sufficient water. Feeding is wonderful for cattle and the Pampas are dotted with herd after herd of them. The country all across the Pampas is devoid of native trees. The only trees to be found are those which have been planted by the ranchers, the Spanish name for which I have forgotten. Usually around the home of these ranchers (haciendas) are clumps of trees, made, evidently, for protection from wind and sun, and all are the result of transplanting. I wasn't much impressed with the South American cow.

"At La Plata we visited the very large slaughter and packing houses of Swift and Armour. Swift's is the larger. Packing business of the Argentine and of Uruguay is largely in the hands of these two American firms, although there are now and have been for some years local concerns doing more or less of this business. The South American cow cannot compete in beauty with the wild cow of Texas and the West. They looked somewhat hungry and decidedly lean and lank and scraggy at the slaughter house. This may have been due to the fact that they are of course shipped in and don't look as though they have been fed for a long time as they arrive at the slaughter house.

"We spent one complete day under the courtesies of the harbor authorities in examination of the harbor of Buenos Aires. You, of course, know that Buenos Aires is not on the ocean but is at the mouth of the La Plata river, and I think, but I am not positive, that the Parana river comes in to the La Plata at Buenos Aires or at least joins the La Plata there. Their harbor improvement is an enormously valuable and expensive one. The breakwater, so called, which forms the basin of the harbor, is built not to protect against waves and not to keep in the river, but on the contrary to keep it out. The silt which these rivers wash into the so-called mouth of the La Plata makes a very shallow harbor and the harbor at Buenos Aires is made by building a concrete wall out in the river and then digging out the silt to make the basin. In doing this they produced sufficient new ground between the city proper and the basin of the harbor to sell, and I was told that it practically covered the enormous expense of the sea or river wall and the dredging. The mouth of the La Plata river is about one hundred miles wide.—Some mouth!

"Ships from all parts of the world were in the harbor as we went through. It is miles in length and on each side were anchored or tied up ships from various countries of the world. I saw the flag of almost every nation there, and many of them, such as the English, French and German, duplicated sometimes many times, all except that of the Stars and Stripes. We saw just **one** vessel of the hundreds in that harbor carrying the flag of this nation and that was a passenger steamer that had landed there the day before and was going out that day or the next day. One of the rarest sights we saw in all of our trip was the flag of this country, and especially on the oceans.

"The Argentine is the most developed country in South America. The City of Buenos Aires is a beautiful city with wonderful palaces and splendid streets. The most attractive feature of the city is its parks. Scattered all over the city are parks which are really places of resort, rest and pleasure for the inhabitants. I doubt whether one can walk six blocks in any direction in the city of Buenos Aires without passing or running into one of these parks. They are all equipped with benches and chairs and places of rest and are beauty spots, shaded and flowered, and in each are several pieces of wonderful statuary. Most of them are small, and yet some, like the Palermo, are very large, but all of them equally beautiful and equally decorated with statuary. Almost all nations of the globe have presented to the city pieces of marble, some of them very ornate and expensive. This country had one piece of statuary that I saw there that was beautiful, a heroic statue of George Washington, placed at the entrance of Palermo park.

"In passing from the Argentine to Brazil we stopped at one of the richest countries in South America—Uruguay. Montevideo, the capital, is a wonderfully beautiful and progressive capital. This nation is probably one of the wealthiest in South America per capita. I was told that there were on the pampas of Uruguay, seven to ten head of cattle for every inhabitant of that country. Their finances are in better condition and their money nearer par value than in any other South American country, unless it is Colombia.

"The harbor at Rio, Brazil, is, I am told, one of the most beautiful in the world, and it seems impossible to me that any harbor should be more beautiful, but not having seen many, I hesitate to express a personal comparative opinion. The city of Rio is located on a shelf of ground between the sea and the mountain back of it and part of the city has crept up the sides of the mountain. There are many beautiful and unique places in Rio. You may be interested in knowing that some of the houses are here, unlike other places in South America where we visited, painted in varying colors—blue, pink, yellow, light green, etc. Many of the houses are decorated on the outside with pictures of the people residing in the house—father, mother and children, if any, and there are usually children. Many others are decorated outside with statuettes of all kinds of animals and certainly present a bizarre and unusual appearance. These little statuettes stand on parapets and places evidently made for them, or which the architecture of the house furnishes.

"In the older parts of the city of Rio De Janeiro the streets are narrow and the houses of course built flush with the street. In the downtown district, one main avenue was widened some years ago and that was continued around the bay for some three or four miles, making a very wide business street and a wonderful avenue around the shore of two of the bays up to Copacabana, some five miles from the central part of the city. The language spoken in Brazil is Portuguese. I was much interested in this city because of the fact that the city was taking down quite a mountain which had interfered with the growth of the business part of the city and the view from the city towards the entrance to the main harbor and the breeze coming in from the ocean. I was more interested in this because of the fact that it was being done by an American firm of contractors and when they first undertook the work, there was great question as to whether the mountain could be taken down without destruction of business blocks. These business blocks had been built up to the foot of the mountain to the north and in order to have this done, the government, in conjunction with the contractors, sent up to this portion of Michigan for a mining man, Alex Chisholm, a very warm personal friend of mine, to go down there and undertake the work. He had done so and had successfully moved most of the mountain. The mountain was some two hundred feet high, being solid rock, and I should say a quarter to a half mile in diameter. Chisholm undertook this work and moved the mountain without the destruction of any property and to the entire satisfaction of everybody. They built a sea wall out into the ocean and filled in back of the sea wall with the rock taken from the mountain. In this way the new ground made in conjunction with the ground which had been occupied by the mountain produced sufficient space to make sixty-four city blocks right in the heart of the business district of Rio. I was told while there that this property would sell for several millions more than the cost of the work, but that the city government did not propose to do so but proposed to utilize about sixty per cent of it for parks and drives, the balance of it to be used only for business purposes.

"I was told while at Rio by Colonel Crawford, the South American representative of the Baltimore Locomotive Works, that he could take me in a one night trip by rail to the town of Bahia, on the east coast of Brazil, about two hundred miles from Rio and a city of about one hundred and eighty thousand people, one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty thousand of these being darkies, and that in five hours' time **on mule back** he could take me into a country inhabited only by cannibalistic inhabitants. In other words, South America almost entirely, excepting along the railroads, and the coast, is undeveloped and particularly is this true of Brazil and most of Peru. The Argentine differs from this. It is developed in the interior and north and south and particularly the southern part. The northern part of the Argentine is like the northern part of Brazil—unknown territory."

MRS. HANNAH M. (SHERWOOD) SEELEY

Hannah M. Sherwood (8), second child of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Lambs Creek, near Mansfield, Pa., Oct. 8, 1835, and died and was buried at Northumberland, Pa., July 16, 1916, in her 81st year.

Until nearly four years old she lived in "the little house among the willows" across the river from her father's mill, and after that with her parents in Mansfield, until the 24th of Jan. 1856, when she was married to **Randolph Seeley,** the ceremony being performed by her uncle, the Rev. Abijah Sherwood. Seeley was a native of New Jersey, born, we believe, October 8, 1828, and died Nov. 5, 1911, in his 84th year, and was buried at Northumberland, Pa.

From 1856 to 1864 they lived at Covington, Pa., where he was an employe of the Covington glass factory. The winter of '64—'65 they lived in Mansfield, in the old home where the writer was born, and in the spring of '65 was engaged with the writer in his father's sugar-bush, with one, Pendleton Maryatt, in the manufacture of maple sugar. We knew him as "Doc." Seeley, the same as everybody else did, and we knew him as a most genial, good-natured man, possessed of many fine qualities.

From about 1865 to 1874 they lived at Blossburg, Pa., where he was a partner in the Blossburg glass factory, being known as a most expert glass cutter. In 1874 he sold his interest in the glass factory and moved to Northumberland, Pa., where they lived until they died, as noted, and where they are buried; both being devout members of the Methodist Church.

They had two children —Charles S. and Ebenezer D. Seeley. **Charles S. Seeley** was born Oct. 25, 1856, and lives at Northumberland, Pa. In 1877 he married Ella Renner, and they have several children, all married, and grandchildren. He was a railroad engineer until retired a few years ago, on a pension, and is said to be a man in good standing. **Ebenezer D. Seeley** was born March 16, 1859, and is said to be living at Savona, N. Y. He is married and has several children.

Henry Sherwood (8), third child of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born "in the little house among the willows" across the river from his father's mill at Lambs Creek, near Mansfield, Pa., March 25, 1838, and died at the home of his son, Harry Lee Sherwood, in Geneva, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1908, in his 71st year.

Very soon after his birth his parents removed to Mansfield, to the farm they had purchased, where he grew to young manhood, or until he was about 23, when he married **Abbie Smith,** whose parents lived some five miles or so east of Mansfield, and who was born Sept. 13, 1841, and died at Penn Yan, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1903, in her 62nd year.

Henry Sherwood was a man whom to know was to esteem and admire, being rather handsome in his personal appearance, and possessed of many fine traits of character, well worthy of our emulation; while his wife was a woman above reproach, kind-hearted and of most gentle demeanor. Like all his brothers, he was a railroad man, in the employ of the Erie railroad for a period of 25 years, being a conductor on the line running from Avon to Dansville, N. Y., making his home at Avon. Later, from 1883 to 1903, twenty years, he was in the mercantile business at Penn Yan, in which he is said to have been very successful, but had retired from all activities a few years before his death.

To Henry and Abbie were born three children, namely: Ida, Addie, and Harry Lee. **Ida** was born July 21, 1862, and died May 21. 1882, in her 20th year. **Addie** was born Dec. 13, 1866, and died Jan. 23, 1890, in her 24th year, at Philadelphia, Pa. She was a graduate of Vassar College, Class of 1889.

The death of these two charming young women left their father and mother quite broken-hearted. We have never forgotten how, when one of them died, the father wrote to his uncle ("Uncle Abb."), saying that in his great sorrow his thoughts were turning to his kindred. Now father, mother and daughters, are all sleeping in the cemetery at Penn Yan.

Harry Lee Sherwood, youngest of the three children of Henry and Abbie (Smith) Sherwood, was born at Avon, Dec. 11, 1871, and together with his wife is living at Geneva, N. Y. His wife was **Arvilla Elizabeth Palmateer,** daughter of Henry and Elleanor (McDonald) Palmateer, whom he married Apr. 5, 1905. They have no children.

Harry has been in the railway mail service on the Lehigh Valley and N. Y. Central railroads for about thirty-two years. Judging from a slight acquaintance, both he and his wife are people whom it is a pleasure to know. They impress one as being good, big-hearted people.

It was on the streets of Geneva that Arvilla first saw the writer and his wife, and it was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stevenson, relatives of hers and of ours, where we had gone, that she reported having passed a man on the street she had never seen before, but who, she was sure, was a Sherwood—and do you know, it turned out to be the writer! Talk about a Sherwood personality—might not this be accepted as one more indication that there is really such a thing?

Of Henry Sherwood and his visit to Marquette, Mich., the following interesting account is given by his nephew, M. J. Sherwood, the noted attorney: "Uncle Henry visited me in the summer and fall of 1908. He was with us here about six weeks and we had a most wonderful time. While here I took him underground in the iron and copper mines and he stood the climbing of ladders and over piles of broken rock underground much better than I did, although he was a year or two older." (Yes, if we are not mistaken, he was more than twenty years older). "While here, he and my wife, Maud, Judge Hare and Mrs. Hare and myself

ORMAL SCHOOL

were taken underground in the vertical shaft of the Tamarack mine, a copper mine in Houghton county, about one hundred miles north of here, to a depth of one mile vertical under the surface. I think that Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Hare gained the distinction on this trip of having been the farthest underneath the surface of the earth of any two white women." (The writer might add that in the spring of 1869, nearly forty years before, in company with the Senior class from the University of Chicago, he and one other young man went to the bottom of the same mine, then fifteen hundred feet deep).

His nephew further says: "On leaving Marquette, Uncle Henry wanted to see the falls and ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie. While there he persisted in drinking water against my strenuous opposition. They were having an epidemic of typhoid fever there at that time, due, I think, to their drinking-water. On his return to Geneva directly from there, he was taken sick. I do not think the doctor who attended him appreciated that it was typhoid fever. He died within a short time (Dec. 4, 1908), and everything to my mind indicated his death was from typhoid. Maud drank the water, too, against my protest, and on her return home was taken sick. Our doctors immediately began to fight against typhoid and were successful, though she was sick for a considerable time."

We will close the record of Henry Sherwood with a brief mention of something which came under our observation while we were still a mere lad. In the war of the Rebellion Henry who was with the Army of the Potomac, not as a soldier, but in the Commissary department, was captured by Moseby's guerillas, being incarcerated first in Libby and then in Andersonville prison where he was held for a long time, and had long been reported as dead. We think his father and mother and friends generally had given him up for dead. But one summer day, after the war had closed and wholly unexpected by any and all of us, he returned, as it were, from the grave. He was so weak and emaciated that he could not walk—coming the nearest, we think, to being nothing but skin and bones of any person we have ever seen—and so one of our townsmen, with a horse and buggy was taking him home from the depot.

On the way they stopped for a few minutes in front of our house, but none of us recognized him as being anyone we had ever seen before; until he had spoken to Mother, saying "Aunt Julia," when she exclaimed, "Why, Henry Sherwood! Is that you?"

When they started on we caught hold at the rear and ran along down behind that buggy—a barefooted boy. Uncle Daniel L. happened to be out in his yard, and when he saw us coming, and saw the boy running along behind, he somehow and at once seemed to realize that it mean't something of very great import to him. In fact, we believe that the thought must immediately have flashed upon him, Can it be that Henry has come back again?

As we reined up at the gate, we saw him—can see him yet—coming slowly down the walk, his great frame shaken by conflicting emotions of hope and fear, as a reed might be shaken by the wind. Hoping that his son had come back from the dead, yet fearing lest it was too good to be true! What a scene—what a dramatic scene—one that we can never forget, and one that is forever beyond us to describe. "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Porter Sherwood (8), fifth child and third son of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pa., April 25, 1842, and died there Jan. 21, 1919, in his 77th year, and was buried in Prospect cemetery.

When a child of only six years Porter was attacked with some rheumatic or arthritic trouble, which went with him through life. While still a young lad in his teens he was walking only with the aid of crutches; in later years he was often helpless on his bed for six months at a time; and still later unable ever to do anything but a few chores, such as taking care of his garden, or just what he could stand up to do.

And thereby hangs a tale of courage, heroism and an indomitable will and perseverance in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, such as cannot be found elsewhere in this volume. With all due respect for the rest of us, he lays us all in the shade. Emotions of admiration well up in the heart of the writer, and tears dim his eyes, when he remembers what this man of heroic mould must have passed through on his earthly pilgrimage. For be it known that notwithstanding all his sufferings—notwithstanding the fact that he was crippled and incapacitated—be it known that he maintained his family, and at the last left some means, sufficient to enable his widow to live in comfort. And listen: He defrauded no man to do it. There is no one, living or dead, who can say, or ever could say, that he cheated them out of a penny; yet, if the reports were true, he himself knew what it was to be cheated and robbed.

There is not in this volume a case so noteworthy for unyielding grit and unflinching fortitude, in the fierce, stern battle of life. Others have done well, but none of them have been confronted and handicapped through life as was Porter; and so to Porter we gladly and unhesitatingly yield the palm, as one who, against great odds, came off conqueror.

About the first distinct recollection we have of Porter was when, as a boy, he used to hobble over to father's with his brothers, John and Henry, to eat warm biscuits and honey, with which Mother used to regale them. And it was about this time that another little incident happened, the dents of which have not only remained in our memory, but on our fingers! Uncle Daniel had given Porter the job of clearing the brush from a slope near where their new home was soon to rise, and when the writer, who was then around ten years of age, saw Porter cutting the brush with his axe, it occurred to him to go and lend a hand; more especially seeing he had a nice new axe—a boy's axe—which his father had just bought for him only the day before, and it would be a good place to try his new axe.

But he hadn't been helping long until he had the misfortune to cut the little finger of his left hand, quite severely, which he held up to show Porter what he had done, which was just as Porter was swinging his axe, which came in contact with the large finger on the same hand, making another equally deep cut! The scars left by the two wounds the writer has carried through life and can show them to this day.

Porter remained at home on his father's farm, helping at whatever work he could do. Physical disabilities often prevented him from engaging in the more laborious occupations of the farm, yet there was nothing sickly or effeminate about Porter Sherwood. He was just a plain upstanding boy approaching manhood, with every fiber of his being alive with hope and confidence, with nothing, apparently, but his rheumatic troubles, coming between him and great accomplishments. The writer has often gained hope and inspiration from contemplating the life of this brave, heroic soul, who passed through the world quite unknown to his fellow travelers.

On the 8th of July, 1864, when in his 23rd year, he was married to **Mary B. Hammond**, of Mansfield, by whom he had one child, **Charley**, who died May 22, 1884, at the age of 19.

Mary Hammond was the daughter of Charles Hammond and Fannie (Calkins) Hammond, and was born at Edmeston, in Otsego county, N. Y., June 8, 1844. She was one of seven children, one of her sisters being Mrs. Hannah Howe, wife of Frank Howe, a woman of high standing in the city of Mansfield, all during her lifetime. Their father was "Esquire" Hammond, born in Herkinmer county, N. Y., and one of the very first citizens of Mansfield and vicinity.

That Porter had a good helpmeet in Mary goes without saying to anyone who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. No man ever had a better. Intellectually and spiritually a woman of fine attainments, she is loved and respected by all who know her. Very generous-hearted, yet always very economical and saving, but never penurious or selfish, she was just the wife for Porter, and to her we think must be given a great deal of the credit for his success in life in the face of overwhelming obstacles.

Soon after their marriage they went to Morris Run, Pa., near Blossburg, where, during the year 1865, he was employed in the coal mines, and where, on the 31st of March, their son Charles was born.

Owing to ill health he moved to his father's farm in 1866, and in 1867 to Northumberland, Pa., where they lived twelve years, and where he was in the mercantile business, and a conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad; until about the year 1879, when they moved to a place called Guinea Station, near Fredericksburg, Va., and then to Port Royal, on the Rappahannock river; living in Virginia for a year; and doing nothing but ride around the country—still in quest of health.

In 1880 he was back in Blossburg, running a cigar store, but in 1882 went to Temple, then to Palestine, and later to Overton, all three places being in the state of Texas, where they lived for a number of years, and where he was all the time in the employ of the International and Great Northern R. R. as a conductor.

It was while living in Palestine, in the year 1884, that a great trouble—a great sorrow—overwhelmed them, when, on the 26th of May, their darling boy and only child, "Charley", sickened and died, at the early age of 19. This untimely event almost broke their hearts; as well it might, for he was said to have been a most lovable young man, with strong affection for his parents. And there in Palestine they left his bones, supported and sustained by the blessed hope that One born in another Palestine, nearly two thousand years ago, will one day call those bones back to another and a better, a greater and a grander life.

From Overton they went to Marshall, Tex., this time into a confectionery store. Then, disposing of his interest in the store at Marshall, they went to San Antonio, Tex., where they ran a hotel for a while; and then, about the year 1888—being still in quest of health—they went to Mexico, living for a year in the city of Guadalajara, during which time he was a conductor on the Mexican Central R. R.

And it was while here that he got into trouble. His train ran over and killed a lot of cattle, wrecking the train and killing a man. As it happened, Porter was in the depot and not on his train, while it developed that the engineer was running without orders. So the engineer was arrested and thrown into prison, and Porter was saved for the time being.

Later he got word that he was going to be arrested; it being one of the laws down there, we have heard, that the engineer and conductor on a train which has run over and killed a man shall be arrested and tried for murder. So Porter took "leg bail;" or rather we should say, perhaps, the legs of a burro; and with the aid of a guide rode more than fifty miles over mountain and plain to the Mexican International railroad, and was safe.

But Mary used to tell how she had heard him say time and again that the saddle got "orful" sore and lame. She said they were keeping house in Guadalajara, and that she was left alone to settle up things and get out of the country as best she could.

This she did, and they next located in Padres Nagras, then in Sabinas, then in Monterey, all in Mexico, about two years in each place, he being all the time a railroad conductor. From Monterey they returned to San Antonio, Tex., his health no longer permitting him to continue in the railroad business, and from there went to Mt. Calm, where he was five years in the cotton ginning business along with a partner; the business consisting in running a mill with machinery for clearing cotton fibers from seeds. It is said that Porter furnished the capital and his partner the experience, but that when they wound up the business it developed that

Porter had the experience and the partner the capital! Which, we suppose, was just an even exchange, and no robbery—as the tramp said when he exchanged coats with the scarecrow in a cornfield.

Gathering up what remained of their effects they went first to Waco, and from there to Texarkana, where he was two or three years in the furniture business.

But Porter never found that greatest of all blessings, good health, during their long sojourn in the Southland; so they decided to retire from all business and return to their native home, Mansfield, Pennsylvania, which they did in the year 1907.

It may be true that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but is it not just as true that there are exceptions to all rules? Anyhow, they had seen a good deal of the world, with much that must have been both novel and interesting. Mary herself has said: "We have been a wandering people. But have enjoyed it just the same. I think if I could tell it all just as it happened it would make a big book."

After their return to Mansfield Porter and Mary celebrated their golden wedding, and the following account of the event is from the village paper:

"On Wednesday, July 8, 1914, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Sherwood celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home in this place. It was a perfect day, which seemed in keeping with the occasion. The decorations were of yellow and white. Mrs. Hannah Howe acted as bridesmaid during the ceremony which reunited Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood. The remarks by the Rev. Emma E. Bailey were replete with reminiscence, and were listened to attentively by those present. There was a reading by Mrs. Horton, followed by a vocal number, Faces in the Firelight, by Miss Dora Howe; When We Were Schoolmates Together, was sung by Miss Laura Howe, and Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, by Miss Mary Howe. Letters were read from the Rev. N. L. Reynolds, of Riverside, Cal. (the minister who had married them); Mrs. L. A. Sherwood, of Marquette, Mich., and Andrew Sherwood, of Portland, Oregon. The 'Doxology' concluded the program. The company then repaired to the dining room. The place cards were hand-painted, with white daisies as the design. There were forty-five guests present, including the following from a distance: Mr. and Mrs. Warren Sherwood, Sidney, N. Y.; George Sherwood, Rochester, N. Y.; and Orville Sherwood, of Hazelton, Pa., brothers of Mr. Sherwood; Myron Bonham, Osceola, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Edgerton and Mrs. Anna M. Crowl, Corning, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood received many beautiful and useful gifts, including one hundred and sixty-five dollars in gold. We wish them many more years of happiness and prosperity."

It remains to be said that there was and is yet another side to these good people. They were and are strong Christian characters. If ever they have seemed to come short in any of the non-essentials, they have ever remained firm as Gibraltar on all the essentials. They have sailed under the Baptist flag, but they have been something more than Baptists—they have been Christians. Yet the story of their baptism is rather an interesting one. They were part of their father's family, George, Orville and Mary—eight in all, who were baptized in the Susquehanna river at Northumberland in mid-winter, "when ice was on the river and a path had to be cut through it"—as though baptism were a saving ordinance. The pastor's name who performed the ceremony was Rev. J. G. Miles, a man well known and well liked through that section in those days, and whose name is still a household word.

Porter and Mary have been something more than nominally Christian. With unswerving devotion to principle, with upright, clean and honorable lives, they have ever adorned their professions. No sham, no hypocrisy, their religion was ever of a kind to withstand the acid test.

It remains to be added that only a few months have passed since the foregoing was written, and now, sad to relate, we are obliged to chronicle the death of Mrs. Sherwood, which we are doing by copying from an obituary notice in the Mansfield Advertiser under the heading—

MARY B. SHERWOOD

"Mrs. Mary B. Sherwood passed away at her home on Wellsboro street, September 15, 1927, following an illness of a week of heart trouble. Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, Sunday at 3 p. m., Reverend D. J. Griffiths, pastor, officiating, with interment in the Sherwood lot in Prospect cemetery. The Philathea class attended in a body.

"In the death of Mrs. Sherwood, Mansfield lost one of its most esteemed citizens; one whom everyone loved. Possessing a charming personality, she drew people to her, making her a leader, and wherever she went she was always sought out as one to lead in the religious activities of the community. She never tired of talking of her Sunbeam Class, a class of girls whom she taught while living in Mount Calm, Texas, and even though a great many years have passed since that time, her former pupils have kept in touch with her. She was a member of the Mansfield Baptist Church and a teacher of the Philathea class, of that Church, for several years, and held offices in the other organizations of the Church. She was a member of the **W. C. T. U.** of Lambs Creek, and was president of the organization several years. A life of usefulness and service has closed, leaving behind it an influence that will live on."

We are closing this record of Mary Sherwood with a beautiful poem written by her niece, Miss Mary Hannah Howe of Mansfield, Pennsylvania. We say "a beautiful poem," because we think the reader might have to rummage around some to find one more beautiful. It is indeed a gem, written by a true poetess—one who is moved by poetic impulses and uses poetic language. Should there be no other gems in this book, we will say that this is one.

AUNT MARY

By Mary Hannah Howe

I heard the sweetest music—
God knows that it was sweet;
Seems like all the flower bells in the woodland meet.
Sweet, and sad, and tender—
Couldn't help but tarry—
Brought back in fancy,
That dear face, "Aunt Mary."

I saw a tumbled violet,
And a rift of blue;
I felt the dusk about me,
And it all breathed of you.
Saw the sunset golden turn the leaves gold, too,
And all my fancy wandered, Aunt Mary, dear, to you.

I gazed up at her window
As I passed along the way;
Thought I saw her smile, and beckon me so gay.
I want to run up those old steps and tell her all my care--
I want to hear her laugh again, when I take her unaware

I heard the sweetest music,
Saw the sunset too;
I felt the twilight calling
And it made me think of you.
I'm lonesome-like and longing,
(I cannot help but tarry)—
'Cause nobody really knows
How I miss Aunt Mary.

Abel Sherwood (8), seventh child and fourth son of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pa., Aug. 13, 1844, and died at Williamsport, Pa., Jan. 21, 1867, in his 23rd year.

Abel grew up to young manhood on his father's farm, and then, like all his brothers, became a railroad man, losing his life while in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, in an accident at Williamsport, Pa.

The untimely death of this fine and promising young man, with such bright prospects, was a terrible blow to his parents, his brothers and sisters and his many relatives and friends—including his cousin, the writer. Never have we ceased to mourn over his early departure, or to sorrow for his blighted prospects, more especially as he was soon to establish a home of his own.

His injuries were not immediately fatal, yet he died within a few days, though not until after the arrival of his father. After his death the father returned to his home in Mansfield, and a day or two later the writer, then a boy of eighteen, was sent to bring the remains of Abel from Troy to Mansfield, a distance of sixteen miles.

The train bringing the remains, accompanied by his sister Hannah, did not arrive in Troy from Williamsport until after dark. It was a bitter cold winter night, and never shall we forget the long and dreary ride in our sleigh, with its gruesome load, over the wind-swept hills of Northern Pennsylvania and extending far into the night; nor how, in the old home, they awaited our coming in sorrow and with broken-hearts.

Neither shall we ever forget the funeral services which were held the next day in the Methodist church, the pastor, Rev. Harvey Lamkin, delivering a most appropriate and eloquent eulogy. The circumstances which led to the holding of a Baptist funeral in a Methodist church, by a Methodist pastor, may be learned from the record of Abel's father, the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood. Interment was made in the old Mansfield cemetery.

As we have intimated, the sudden passing of "Abe", in the bloom of young manhood, was a great shock to both his friends and his kindred. For he was a young man of irreproachable character morally—there being none cleaner—with no bad habits, and strictly reliable and trustworthy in every spot and place—who had many of the ear-marks of the true Christian—and we can say, with his honored father, that we have a comfortable and a comforting hope for Abe—

"In the land of everlasting suns."

As an indication of the undying hope which cheered the father and mother in the time of their sorrow, we will quote the inscription they had placed on his gravestone:

"Abel, son of D. L. and Caroline Sherwood, died Jan. 21, 1867, aged 22 years, 5 months and 8 days."

"Though sad are our hearts, no murmur shall rise,
For we hope soon to meet thee again in the skies."

Warren Snow Sherwood (8), seventh child and fifth son of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 25, 1847.

It seems his mother had him named Warren at—or possibly even before—his birth; but it also seems that his advent amid terrestrial scenes was during a terrible snow storm or blizzard, when the earth was deeply blanketed and the trees were laden with snow, and his father, who could be facetious or even jocose on occasion, called him Snow—**"Snow Sherwood"**—the word snow being heard on all sides just then; and so it came about that the subject of this sketch writes his name to this day, Warren Snow Sherwood.

We have been thus particular in our explanation so that the reader need never be led to wonder how in the world he came by a name which none of his forbears ever bore.

Warren Snow Sherwood remained at home with his parents, until in the year 1864, when, like all his brothers, he started out to be a railroad man, engaging as brakeman on that part of the Tioga road running from Blossburg to Morris Run, in Pennsylvania, a short run only four or five miles in length.

We imagine, however, that Warren really started railroading about five years earlier, in about the year 1859, and on a still shorter line, when and where Tom was the engineer, Warren the conductor, and Andrew the deadhead passenger. Shall we call him up to ask what he knows or remembers about rail roading back in the '50's? Well, perhaps—a little farther on.

In the spring of 1865 Warren went to Williamsport, Pa., where he started in as a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Erie road. In 1866 he was made conductor. In 1868 he was made conductor on the New York Lake Erie and Western, which position he held for seventeen years, or until 1885, when he retired.

In 1888 he was on the New York Central, but in 1890 he was made yard master on the New York Ontario and Western, and in 1892 conductor, which position he held until April 1st, 1921, a period of thirty-one years, when he was retired at his own request, on a pension, and when he was handed a note of honorable discharge and appreciation reading as follows:

> "W. S. SHERWOOD, Conductor,
> Utica, N. Y.
> "Dear Sir:
>
> "At your request I beg to advise that you have been retired as a Conductor, effective at once, and that you will be allowed a pension of' (so much per month) 'effective April 1st, 1921.
>
> "In taking this action I wish to express the appreciation of your services of something over thirty years as Yard Master and Conductor, during which time your record has been absolutely clear.
>
> "With best wishes for your continued good health and prosperity,
>
> "I am yours truly,
> "W. C. HARTIGAN, Sup't."

Does the reader say, A brief note? Well, yes, it doesn't cover a large space, but there's a great deal said in a few words in that little document, and we congratulate Warren Sherwood on being the owner of such a bit of paper. Over thirty years for one company! Fifty-seven years a railroad man, and never a wreck or serious accident for which he could be held in anywise responsible! It certainly is a record to be proud of, we think.

When we speak of accidents, we mean where there was a loss of life through some fault or neglect of his. Yet he was once in an accident, when his crew were all lost but himself; which was when his train collided with four runaway cars and a caboose. When asked to tell about it he very modestly said:

"I don't talk much about railroading after fifty years or more on the road. Yet about the year 1893 I saw a sight which I never want to see again. I was taking a freight train out of Oneida for Norwich and had two engines, one on ahead and one behind as pusher. It was about eight P. M. when we left Oneida. A train of twelve cars of oil had preceded us by about thirty minutes, and we were following them up the hill. The oil train had stopped at a tank for water, when the train broke in two. Four cars of oil and the caboose came down and hit our head engine. The cars had run down the hill all alone for about five miles, and were going at a very great speed when the shock of collision came.

I sat in the cupola of my caboose, and the first thing I saw was a great sheet of flame a hundred feet or more in the air, and car wheels high above the smokestack of our engine. The oil tanks had exploded, covering the five head cars in my train with burning oil; and I lost my engineer who was burned badly and killed, while my fireman and brakeman were completely burned up in the awful conflagration which followed."

Which we submit as the most penetrating, most thrilling story told in this volume.

Going back now to the beginning of his home life: Warren Snow Sherwood was married Jan 3, 1871, to **Josephine W. Kelley**, daughter of Jordan and Juliette Kelley, well known and highly respected citizens of Mansfield, Pa., where Josephine was born July 17, 1848.

By her he had two sons, namely: **Frank Abel**, born Nov. 12, 1871, and **George Warren**, born Dec. 5, 1876, both of whom live in Utica, N. Y. Frank married **Lillian Sutton** of Norwich, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1892; and George married **Beulah Schoonover** of Norwich, N. Y., April 29, 1896. George has one son—**Warren George Sherwood**, born Nov. 24, 1906.

Upon getting married, in 1871, Warren and Josephine started housekeeping in the city of Rochester, N. Y., where they lived until 1892, when they moved to Norwich, N. Y., and in 1895 to Utica, N. Y.; then in 1900 to Walton, N. Y.; then in 1901 to Oswego, N. Y.; then in 1905 to Sidney, N. Y.; then finally, in 1919, back to Utica, where Mrs. Sherwood died Jan. 5, 1925, and is buried in Forest Hill cemetery, and where Mr. Sherwood is still living.

The much-moving seems to have been necessitated from the nature of Mr. Sherwood's business, yet it is certain they were great home lovers, and more than likely that they especially prized their little farm home near Sidney.

But whether in city, village or country, it can safely be said that each and every one of their many homes, no matter where located, was ruled by love. Both Warren and Josephine were worthy scions of noble sires; both were strong Christian characters; both were consistent members of the Methodist Church; each was a man and a woman after our own heart, who have lived not alone for this world, but with an eye to the hereafter, and with the Bible for their guide.

Warren, like all his brothers, was exceedingly fortunate in his choice of a helpmeet. "Joe."—as we all knew her—was a woman of whom it could be said, as indeed it could of all her sisters-in-law: "None knew her but to love her." And now that she is gone, we are told that her husband is a lonely man, only waiting for the call to join her pure spirit, "over there."

As something of a side-light upon the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood we take pleasure in quoting from an editorial in the **Utica Saturday Globe** of May 7, 1921; the occasion being his retirement from railroad life, with some allusion to their golden wedding.

"Warren S. Sherwood, of 1016 Park Avenue, at his own request, was retired recently from active service as a passenger conductor on the New York Ontario and Western railroad. There is nothing so exceptional in that fact alone, for railroad men are being retired on pensions nearly every day. But Mr. Sherwood has made a wonderful record which is worthy of comment. He has been on the railroad 57 years, starting in 1864, and during the long period in which he has had charge of trains as a conductor he has never had an accident in which there was a loss of life; which is a splendid record, and one he may well be proud of.

"Mr. Sherwood has seen 75 years and his friends say that during the past 15 years he has grown younger every year. He is hale, hearty, and exceptionally active, and the idleness which as he put it, he is 'working hard to enjoy,' is not exactly relished. It is doubtful if he would have asked for his retirement if Mrs. Sherwood had not been so anxious to finish up the no-accident record without having it marred at the last minute, as is sometimes the case.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were born and rased in Mansfield, Pa. Their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated last January at their son's home on Park Avenue. Their two sons and their respective families were there to extend their congratulations on the occasion.

"Mr. Sherwood sent in his request for retirement last March, to become effective the first of April. He was continued in active service however, until the 28th of the month, due to a request from his superintendent. The letter from Sup't. W. C. Hartigan was received about a week ago, stating that he had been placed on the retired list on a pension which took effect from the time that Mr. Sherwood had requested. The notice of the retirement was not the only subject referred to in the letter. Sup't. Hartigan praised Mr. Sherwood and his record most highly and extended very sincere congratulations on the past and well-wishes for the future. The letter will be prized very highly through the years to come by the recipient.

"Mr. Sherwood and his wife formerly lived on their little farm near Sidney, but were forced to give it up on account of Mrs. Sherwood's health, and so they rented the little home they had prized so highly.

"Mr. Sherwood comes from a 'railroad' family. He is the son of Daniel L. Sherwood , and one of seven brothers, every one of whom became a railroad conductor. Four of the Sherwood brothers have passed to the great beyond; two, including himself, have retired with honors, while one (George) is still in the service of the Erie railroad and is the oldest conductor on the line today. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood have our sincerest congratulations and well-wishes for the future."

'Lo, Warren! 'Lo, Old Pal! D'ye hear us calling across three thousand miles of space and seventy years of time? You do? Well, then, what can you tell us about Old Perrigo and his old dog Bose? What can you tell us about Peter Brennan, and the Schuslers, and the Latourelles? What can you tell us about the old canoe and the raft we called "a tug of war?" What can you tell us about the old tender-sour appletree by the roadsde out toward Shaw's, and about stealing nuts off from Shaw's hickory trees? What can you tell us about hunting rabbits on Shaw's hill when, as we were climbing over an old brush fence—you were ahead—our gun (an old muzzle-loader), was accidentally discharged, and you wanted to know what we were shooting at, and we said, "Didn't you see that rabbit?"—and you never knew that you had just missed being killed by the space of no more than one foot! What can you tell about your father sending us up on Pickel hill after wood, and we came back with a fine big two-horse load of young chestnut trees—because they cut easy, but which your father wouldn't have had cut for love or money? What can you tell about the great beech trees which grew on your father's farm on the riverbank down back of Shaw's, under which we would spread sheets to catch the beech-nuts as we would shake them down in the falling of the year?

But one thing you will not tell and so we will; and that was how you and your brother George had a fire—a blessed fire—under those same great beech trees one April day when the pickerel were running in the old cove, and the writer had gotten out on a log lying across a deep hole, and when he fired at a fish the old gun shot both ways and he was sent over backwards into that fish pond, and crawling out of the icy bath went over and sat by your fire all day and dried out—and you never knew that he had been in the water and there wasn't a dry thread on him!

What can you tell about the "furnace" we had in the bank under the willows down back of the old pig pen where we used to melt lead and run it into molds to make door-keys? What can you tell about poking sticks up through round holes from under that same old piggery, and how it made the "pigs" squeal?

And, finally, what can you tell about Tom Shaw, and George Putnam, and Rufus Longwell, and Charley Marean, and Pendleton Maryatt? All gone did you say? Yes, all gone, and nothing left but

"Mem'ry's golden plain of flowers."

And the "railroad" which some of us built—a long line of a dozen rods or so? Yes, that too is gone. The wooden ties and rails, and the wooden car with its flanged wheels of wood, which we pushed up to the summit (we had a sort of gravity system you know), and then when you, who was our conductor, shouted "All aboard!" away we went. Don't remember that we ever had any wrecks, at least no lives were ever lost; and we are wondering if that was not right where you started railroading, and right where you began your famous "no-accident" career?

But O do you know, it sobers the writer when he reflects that you and he alone are left of all our boyhood pals. All the others have left us and hurried on.

Yes, all the boys who played with us
On our "railroad" long ago,
Have traveled by a faster line,
And reached the great depot.

Sometime, we too, will take the lightning line, and we'll find them at the great terminal station awaiting our arrival, shall we not?

Comrades, comrades, always when we were boys: Shall we be comrades in heaven sharing eternal joys? Voices within us have whispered, something within has replied: On mountains immortal our darling old comrades will stand by our side.

'Lo, Warren! 'Lo, Old Pal!

You didn't think when we were boys that the writer would ever be compiling this volume? Well, he didn't think so, either; but he now thinks that had he been a better boy we might have had a better book. But it's coming—such as it is—just as you used to say, when things moved a little slow: "So's summer coming."

'Lo, Warren! 'Lo, Old Pal!

Supplementary to the foregoing.

'Lo, Warren! 'Lo, Old Pal!

It's a far call we are calling now, all the way from the lowlands of time to the highlands of eternity—and we are calling in vain. For we well know that no telephonic or radio answer shall ever come from you to us through the vast silences. In the unending extensiveness of space there may be a thousand million vibrations, yet never to 'Lo Warren! 'Lo, Old Pal! shall we pick up your answer: 'Lo Andrew! 'Lo Old Pal!

There may be those who believe in communications from the spirit world—we are not of the number. We prefer to think there is a great gulf established between temporal and spiritual realms, across which eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, and no foot of man hath ever traveled. The two realms may be separated by great distances, or by no distance at all, as we count miles; all the same, Cousin, we shall not talk across the line of worlds; we shall not bridge the mighty chasm.

By way of addenda we are recording the fact that our very dear cousin of whom we have been writing, and who we fondly hoped would some day read our book, died on the 16th of Dec., 1928, at his home in Utica, N. Y., when in his 82nd year, and was buried there, in Forest Hill cemetery, by the side of his wife, Josephine.

Warren Sherwood was the last of four very dear cousins, and the last one of his father's family, who have passed from the precincts of time since the writer began compiling these records. Like all the others, he wanted to go, his last words being that all the rest were over there and he wanted to join them.

And we are sad—no use denying it—we are sad. But then, too, we are glad, and we might tell you why. Forty years ago and Cousin Warren had not found that pearl of greatest price; and then it was that another cousin of blessed memory (Albert Ketchum), said to the writer, after talking with Warren, that he (Warren) would part with everything else sooner than give up the privilege of one day calling upon the Lord. And he was right, for it was not long until Warren was a saved man, and had become one of the strongest Christian characters we have known.

And so it is that we are filled with unspeakable joy whenever we think of one day finding and knowing our Cousin again, in the morning-lit lands.

We shall find there our loved ones, the true and the tried,
 Where they die not nor ever are old;
Oh! to think of the years we shall spend by their side,
 In a friendship that never grows cold;—

We have thought as we gazed in the radiant light,
Where the day goeth down through the portals of night,
Surely we shall know them in their raiments of white,
In the morning-lit lands of our God.

At the end of the trail, in the silences vast,
Rise the evergreen mountains sublime;
And they change not with age, nor are ever o'ercast
By the storms and the tempests of time;—
Where they rise in their grandeur on battlements strong,
Lo, the ransomed shall come with their wonderful song,
And my soul shall know thine in that Jesus-saved throng,
In the morning-lit lands of our God.

George Bonham Sherwood (8), ninth child and sixth son of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pa., Feb. 10, 1852, and died at his home in Rochester, N. Y., June 23, 1922, in his 71st year. Burial was in Riverside cemetery at Rochester.

Oct. 16, 1881, at Grove Lake, Minn., George found a good helpmeet when he was married to a most excellent young woman, **Miss Della E. Harris**, daughter of Andrew Jackson Harris and Sarah Ann (Ingersoll) Harris, by whom he had one child, namely, **Warren George Sherwood**, a dentist of repute now residing in the city of Johnstown, Pa., where his mother resides with him. He was born at Avon, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1885, and is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Sherwood was married at Pittsburg, Pa., May 22, 1912, to **Minnie Cecelia Schneider**, daughter of Christian Schneider and Ida (Smith) Schneider, and they have two children: **Warren William Sherwood**, born Aug. 27, 1913, at Erie, Pa., and **Edith Sherwood**, born April 3, 1915, at Rochester, N. Y.

George Bonham Sherwood, the subject of this sketch, when a lad of fifteen years, went with his parents from Mansfield to Northumberland, Pa., remaining with them on their farm there for a few years; and then, like all his brothers (7 with himself), he became a railroad employe; working first as a brakeman on the Erie road, and then for about forty years as a conductor on a passenger train between Rochester and Elmira, N. Y., in which capacity he was still serving at the time of his death.

His life as a railroad man—both as brakeman and conductor—extended over a period of about fifty years, and all the time he bore the reputation of being one of the most valued, most reliable and most trust worthy men in the service of the Erie company. Indeed, it seems to have been no secret among officials of that road that there was not his superior among all their employees. Quiet and unassuming, but a man of wonderful judgment when it came to running a railway train, and his long service proves it. Fifty years—and never a mistake, never a reprimand! Who shall say that such a life was a failure?

And, then, he had the name of being a good husband and father; one who has been sorely missed by his family; while, moreover, both he and his wife (who, it seems, is descended from some of the noted families of England), were Christian people, and both were church members; George having joined the Baptist Church at Northumberland while still a young man; he being one of the eight members of his father's family who were baptized by the Rev. J. G. Miles in the Susquehanna, when there was ice in the river. We haven't the exact date, but infer that it must have been sometime in the winter, or very early in the spring. Anyhow, it was before the day of baptistrys, at least in country churches, yet the frigidity of the plunge seems not to have resulted in harm to anyone, for all lived many years thereafter. More than one is still alive who is over 80—one being in her 89th year. Reminding us of the old hymn our fathers used to sing two generations or more ago:

"Children, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm."

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

Or that other one:

"December's as pleasant as May."

George is said to have lived a good Christian life; to have been a total abstainer and morally clean; to have been a great reader of his Bible, and ever ready to help in every good and worthy cause. Yet he lived a quiet life, with no attempt to make himself conspicuous; his one cherished wish, often expressed, being that his work as conductor on a passenger train would leave him at home all day on Sunday, which it never did.

With the exception of the first four years of their married life, when they resided in Avon, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood lived in the beautiful city of Rochester, where they attended the Baptist temple, where the Rev. Wonder was pastor; he being the man who preached Mr. Sherwood's funeral sermon.

Mrs. Sherwood has said of her father-in-law, the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood: "I feel that Father Sherwood should have all the respect and personal mention that can be given him, for he sure was worthy of it; he being one nice, intelligent man."

Which speaks well, we think, for both father-in-law and daughter-in-law.

Orville Sherwood (8), tenth child and seventh son of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pa., May 25, 1854. He remained at home with his parents until he had reached the age of 19 years, when he entered the employ of the Erie railroad as a brakeman, making his home in Rochester, N. Y. His run was between Rochester and Corning, and he followed the business for about four years, 1873 to 1877, when he removed to Sunbury, Pa., and engaged with the Pennsylvania railroad, first as brakeman and flagman for a period of ten years, or until 1887, when he was made a conductor, running between Sunbury and Hazelton and other points, for a period of 33 years, or until 1920, when he was retired for old age on a pension.

Since then, for the most part, he has made his home in Northumberland, Pa., but at this writing is said to be living with his brother Warren, in Utica, N. Y., but in very poor health.

Orville's wife was **Fannie E. Yocum**, whom he married Feb. 16, 1888. They never had any children. She was the daughter of Jesse and Mahala Yocum, and is said to have been a very active worker in the Methodist Church, as well as a very superior woman, in every way. Indeed, we have heard nothing but words of praise concerning her. It was never our good fortune to have seen her, or to have seen her husband since he was a boy, but from what we have heard we conclude that all the good things we have known or written about the others will apply equally to the subjects of this sketch. Mrs. Sherwood died March 7, 1914, at Hazelton, Pa., and is buried at Northumberland.

Like all his brothers, Orville Sherwood was a veteran in the railway service. The very fact that for so many years —a full lifetime in fact—he held responsible positions on the great Pennsylvania system, and that at the end he was retired on a good pension, speaks volumes for the efficiency and the reliability of the man. In fact there is nothing that we can add that would increase or enhance the value of his reputation as a railroad man, and as a gentleman.

When a lad of 16 years or so, Orville, with some of his brothers and their wives, was baptized through a hole cut in the ice in the Susquehanna river, and with them joined the Baptist Church at Northumberland. And we understand Orville is still reading his Bible, and is still on the way; and again it speaks well, we think, for the character of the man.

To Orville Sherwood, we are told, more than to any of his brothers, belongs the proud distinction of resembling in personal appearance his distinguished father, the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood.

Two years later, and we are grieved to have to record that Orville died at Utica, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1928, in his 75th year. The funeral was held from the Baptist Church in Northumberland, Pa., of which he had been a lifelong member. And in that city, by the side of his kindred, he was laid away to rest.

Mary R. Sherwood (8), fourth daughter and eleventh and youngest child of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pa., July 1, 1857, and died at Philadelphia, Pa., July 21, 1894, in her 38th year.

She was the wife of **Charles Read,** son of William and Rachael Read, of Northumberland, Pa., and with her husband was living in Chester, Pa., where he was a student in Crozier Theological Seminary. Three days before she died she went to Philadelphia, being apparently in ordinarily good health, but before reaching the city she became very ill. When she arrived in Philadelphia she was taken to the home of Rev. Dr. George M. Spratt, who was an uncle of her husband, and a noted D. D. of those days. Mrs. Read continued to grow worse, and on Friday she was taken to a hospital, where she died the next day, about noon. The remains were taken to Northumberland for interment, where funeral services were held in the Baptist Church, conducted by Dr. Spratt, assisted by A. S. Barner. Dr. Spratt read as an introduction to his sermon the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians and based his remarks on this chapter. At the close of the sermon he alluded to the life of the deceased. He spoke of her loving disposition, her gentle manner and kind, thoughtful acts, and said she was an earnest worker in the Church and Sunday School and a real helpmeet to her husband.

It remains to be added that her husband, the Rev. Charles Read, became a Baptist minister, and was pastor of the Baptist Church of Lyme, Conn., at the time of his death. Both were fine people, and both died in the prime of life. They had no children.

MRS. MARY (SHERWOOD) REED

Anna Sherwood (8).

Almira Sherwood (8).

Besides the children of Daniel L. Sherwood and Caroline (Sharp) Sherwood mentioned in the preceding pages, there were two others, both daughters and both born at Mansfield, who died young.

Anna was born Aug. 1, 1840, and died in 1841. Almira was born Sept. 21, 1849, and died Aug. 9, 1851.

Chapter IX.

ALBERT SHERWOOD (7) AND JULIA ANN CLARK

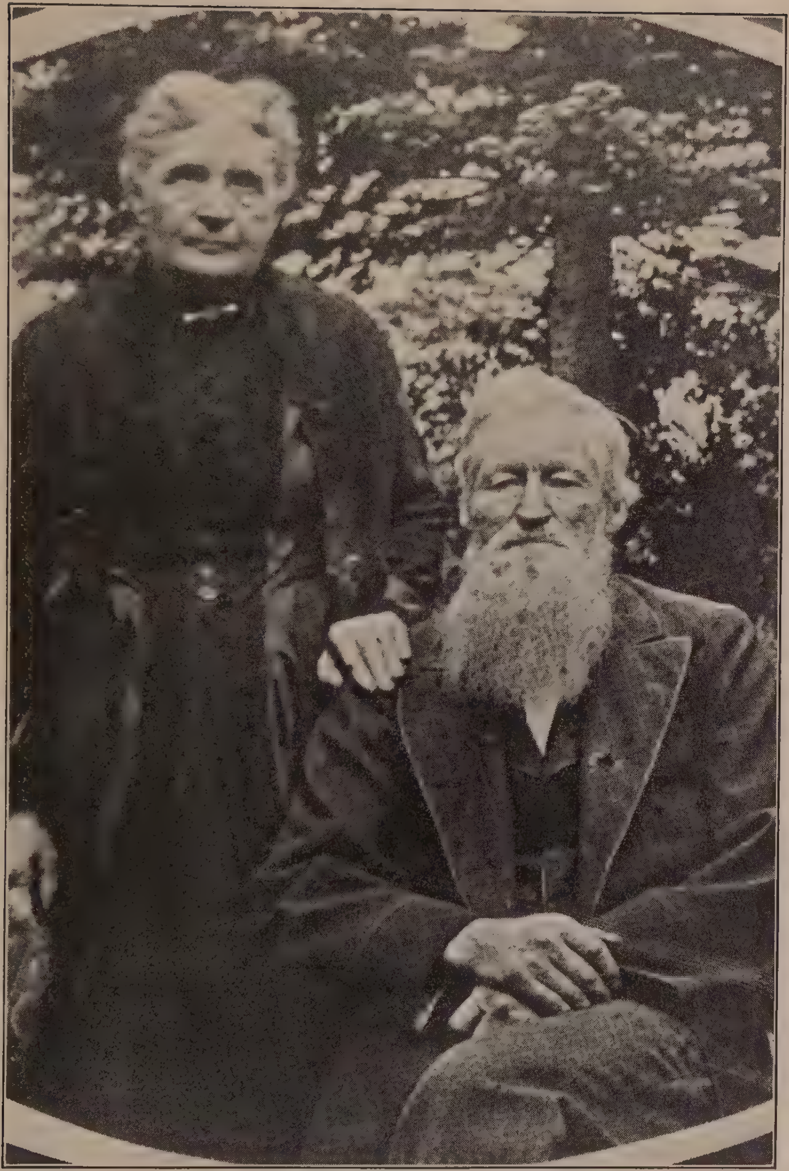
Oh! Father, Oh! Mother!
All the sacred ties and tender
That were formed in days of yore,
Over in the world of splendor
Shall be broken nevermore;
Nevermore—Nevermore.

Albert Sherwood, ninth and youngest child of Daniel and Anna (Stevens) Sherwood, was born at Marathon, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1817, and died at Mansfield, Pa., Sept. 4, 1896, in his eightieth year.

His boyhood was passed in his father's home on "Sherwood Street," near Marathon, in a lovely rural vale, where flowed a small but beautiful stream, known as Merrill's creek.

There he was a partner in all the sports which only the children in such environments shall ever know, such as coasting down hills in winter, or fishing for suckers and sunfish in Merrill's creek, in the spring and summer; and there it was, in the little log schoolhouse, that he attended the common school and the spelling school, such as they were; becoming a very good reader and writer, as well as a good speller, and was quite proficient in figures. At the same time he filled the place and did the work of the farmer-boy, and it is very safe to assume that he did not grow up in idleness.

When he was barely past his 16th birthday, in the fall of 1833, he followed his parents to Lamb's Creek, Tioga county Pennsylvania, all the way on foot from Marathon, with the princely sum of three dollars in his pocket, and all his worldly possessions in a red bandanna tied to the handle of the axe which he carried over his shoulder.



ALBERT SHERWOOD AND WIFE

His father, his uncle Noah and his three brothers, Daniel, L., Abijah and Hiram, had preceded him, as stated in previous chapters, and had erected a sawmill on the west bank of the Tioga river, about one-half mile below the mouth of Lambs creek.

Here he joined his father and his brother, Daniel L., in the pine lumber business, which together they carried on for several years, obtaining a supply of logs from a tract of land purchased from the State, and later known as "the Cooper place."

The logs were hauled to the mill with oxen, where they were cut into boards with the old up-and-down saw (the only kind known in those days), at the "rapid" rate of perhaps eight hundred or one thousand feet, or so, per day—board measure. The mill was a water power, operated with a large water wheel.

The lumber—white pine—the finest ever seen—they made into huge rafts, which, at the time of the spring freshets, they ran down the Tioga into the Chemung, thence into and down the Susquehanna river to tidewater at Port Deposit, on the Chesapeake bay, where they sold it at the fabulous price of four dollars per thousand feet; returning with barely money enough with which to get some more rafts ready for the following spring.

We said "fabulous price," but we wonder if they might not almost better have given the lumber away than not to have been able in after years, around their winter firesides, to relate the thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes connected with this rafting business; not only on the rivers with their dams and rapids, but on the return home, over a path traveled only by footmen, across the Alleghenies and through an interminable wilderness, infested with bears, cougars and rattlesnakes, where now runs the great Susquehanna trail, traveled by thousands of tourists, who now make in a few hours the journey which it took them days to accomplish.

This milling business they carried on until about the year 1839, when they gave it up and removed to Mansfield, where together they had purchased adjoining farms—known as the Ebenezer and Elijah Burleigh and the Rev. Asa Donaldson farms.

(For further details concerning the milling enterprise see Chapter V).

In the final settlement between the brothers, Daniel L. and Albert, the Donaldson tract which had been deeded to them by deed dated July 23, 1838, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, seems to have fallen to Albert. It contained eighty-three acres, and had belonged to Elijah Clark between the years 1806 and 1818; then for many years to Lieu't. Jacob Allen; and lastly to Rev. Asa Donaldson. With Albert as owner, the place was subsequently enlarged to something like one hundred and forty acres.

The house on the place was built by Lieu't.Allen, about the year 1818, and was the childhood home of his grandson, Professor Fordyce A. Allen, and the birthplace and childhood home of the writer. It was constructed of pine planks set upright and covered with clapboards, and no doubt was considered fine in its day, but it had never been painted, and time had begun to tell upon it.

It was there, in the pleasant month of May, (May 28), 1845, that Albert brought his beautiful bride, **Miss Julia Ann Clark,** then in the bloom of young womanhood, being in her nineteenth year (the marriage ceremony having been performed at her father's home by the bridegroom's brother, Rev. Abijah Sherwood), and it was there that their children were born, namely: Andrew Jackson, Daniel Andrew, Anna Maria and Clark Burr.

Julia Ann was the daughter of Justus Burr and Catherine (Hart) Clark, early settlers in what was then a frontier country. She was born Sept. 7, 1826, at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, and died there, at the home of her son, Clark Burr Sherwood, Sept. 16, 1914, in her 89th year.

Her descent reads as follows:—

1. **Lieutenant William Clark,** the pioneer, and a famous

fighter in the old Colonial Wars, was born in 1609—probably at Ipswich, England, of a family of bell-makers—and when 21 years old sailed from Plymouth for America in company with Matthew Grant, the American progenitor of Ulysses S. Grant, and the afterwards famous Elder John Strong, on the ship **Mary and John,** March 20, 1630, landing at Nantasket, Mass., on Sunday, the 30th of May following.

He afterwards located in Northampton, Mass., where he was county judge for fourteen years, becoming famous in King Phillip's Indian war; and where, in 1888, his descendants from all parts of the country—a great host— erected a stone to his memory.

He died July 18, 1690, aged 81. His first wife was **Sarah Strong,** by whom he had ten children, one of whom was—

2. **John Clark,** born at Dorchester in 1651, died in 1704. He was sent as a representative to the Massachusetts Assembly in Boston fourteen times. His second wife was **Mary Strong,** who was the twelfth child of Elder John Strong, and was descended from Lewellyn, the last king of Wales, who was beheaded by the English in 1282. One of their sons was—

3. **Noah Clark,** who was born at Northampton, March 28, 1694, and died there May 18, 1776. He married **Eunice Dickinson,** and one of his six children was—

4. **Rev. Seth Clark,** born at Northampton in 1723, and died at Wilbraham in 1813. He was a Baptist preacher of note, who, at the age of twelve, was converted under the preaching of Jonathan Edwards. He was pastor of the Baptist Church at Wilbraham for upwards of twenty-five years. He was an own cousin of Gov. Caleb Strong, and his wife was **Mary Edwards,** daughter of Nathaniel, Jr., and granddaughter of Elder John Strong, the ceremony being performed by Jonathan Edwards. One of their twelve children was—

5. **Seth Clark,** born at South Hadley, Mass., in 1753, died at Mansfield, Pa., in 1833. He was a soldier in the War

for Independence. (See **Massachusetts Soldiers in the Revolution,** Vol. 111, p. 575, in the archives at Harrisburg). His wife was **Eleanor Burr,** a cousin of Aaron Burr, vice president of the United States. She was born in 1761, and died in 1838. They were religious people, adhering to the Baptist faith, and one of their eleven children was—

6. **Justus Burr Clark,** born at Wilbraham, Mass., Feb. 4, 1800, died at Mansfield, Pa., June 24, 1892, in his 93rd year. He married **Catherine Hart,** daughter of Adam and Nancy Hart, Feb. 16, 1823. She was from near Lawrenceville, Pa., and was born May 2, 1805, and died at Mansfield, Oct. 7, 1872, in her 68th year. She was of German extraction, and her father was opposed to the marriage, having been told that Justus was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who spent his time hunting and fishing. Which was true in part, for he was a great hunter, yet at the same time a very industrious, hard-working man.

So one day he stole her away, bringing her home in a sleigh, where they were married. And we are rather glad he did this—as her own father afterwards was—for as one of her descendants we feel that we owe something—we might say much—to this "bride of the wilderness," this noble-hearted, saintly and God-fearing woman.

When but six years of age Justus went with his parents to Vermont, and eight years later to Pennsylvania. On this long and hazardous journey over rough roads and through a wild, unsettled country, where the red man had not as yet wholly disappeared, Justus, then 14 years old, drove and cared for a 4-horse team. He became an extensive farmer, as well as a renowned hunter, and we remember him as an upright Christian man, who stood erect, and who could walk long distances when past ninety.

Upon getting married he went on the farm where he resided until his death, which farm was about two miles or so east of Mansfield. There was no road there then, only a trail. About an acre had been chopped and burned over, with most of the logs and stumps still on the ground. A log cabin had been erected, and into this they moved, taking all their worldly goods along with them in a corn-basket. There were three of them, his wife, himself and his dog.

The furniture consisted of two stools to sit upon. The tools or implements were an axe, a saw, an auger and a drawing knife. With these he went to work and made a table of cherry lumber, which had one wooden leg, and two wooden hinges with which it was fastened to the logs in the side of the cabin, so that when not in use it could be tilted up against the wall. He then made a bedstead by cutting pieces for sides, ends and legs—all from saplings growing at his door. The bed-cord was of elm bark, twisted. His mother had given him a straw-bed and two or three blankets and sheets, with bear skins in reserve for cold weather, and a wolf skin filled with straw for a pillow. He next made a stand to match the rest of the furniture. His wife then took a job of weaving, for which she received in return the frames of three old chairs, and going out into the woods she procured some elm bark and bottomed them herself.

He next put up an old-fashioned Dutch chimney, with a wooden crane instead of an iron one, and an old-fashioned fireplace, the backlogs for which he used to draw right in with a horse—there being no floor in the house other than the ground.

Their first ironware was a teakettle, bought with three bushels of wheat. At the same time he purchased a handsaw for three dollars, and shingle nails at thirty cents a pound.

When he was away down the river as a raftsman, in the early 30's, his wife had to carry on farming operations alone; and it was then that Prof. F. A. Allen, then a boy in his teens (but later so well and widely known as Principal of the State Normal School and as an educator), was employed to help her in the cultivation of the corn and potatoes, etc. A few years later, as a result of Saxon grit, he (Justus) had a fine farm cleared up, and was enabled to plant an orchard—and Oh! the delicious apples that grew there—and to build a barn, while replacing the log house with a good frame structure.

As we have intimated, the subject of this sketch was a hunter. He was the Nimrod of those days, when the forest abounded with wild game of many kinds, and we cannot resist the inclination to let him tell a few of his adventures in his own way and in his own words, just as he told them to us and just as we jotted them down, many years ago.

"I set a trap for a bear, went to it and it was gone: followed the trail down to a little creek where stood a leaning hemlock, and there on a limb sat the bear. I thought I would have some fun with him, so I got a pole and pried the trap off when the bear fell to the ground; but, instead of running off as I expected, he took after me, snapping and growling at every jump. I didn't like the looks of his big sharp teeth, so I ran the fastest I ever did, and all the time I could hear the trap rattling at my heels. But after a while I couldn't hear it any longer, and so I stopped and looked back over a log and I could see the bear. The trap had got tangled in the brush and stopped him, but I made up my mind I had had all the fun with the bear that I wanted, so I got my gun and shot him."

"Deer were plenty in those days, so that I used to kill sometimes two and sometimes five in a day. One time I saw a big buck and cracked away at his head, but hit his ear, when my little dog ran after him. The old buck did not run, but pitched at the dog. I ran up to see if he was like to kill the dog, when he left the dog and pitched at me. I had no other way but to grab him by the horns. We took it rough and tumble; sometimes he was down, and sometimes I was down. Finally he made a terrible spring at me. I thrust his head down to the ground and he came with such force as to turn a complete summersault, landing squarely on his back, when I clapped my foot on his horns, grabbed my hunting-knife and cut his throat—but not until I had lost my pants and one shoe, and was covered with blood. The horns of this deer are now on my barn."

"There was a man by the name of Copp, and he and I started to go to a deer-lick back of Pickel hill. On the way we came to a piece of ground trodden very smooth, as though a good many wild beasts came in there. Near by I saw a big hollow basswood that had fallen, and I went and looked into it, and I could see a great many eyes glistening, but I could not tell to what kind of heads they belonged. So I fired both Copp's rifle and mine into the log, and then tried to have my hunting-dog go in, but he would go no farther than I pushed him. I thought I ought to have more courage than a dog, so I got a club and started into the den and commenced driving them back. They kept retreating and I kept crawling in. At the other end of the tree there was a hole just big enough for them to back out of, so I would drive them up and Copp would shoot them.. The first I knew what they were was when I came to a dead wolf. When we got the log cleared we had seven large timber wolves."

By his wife, Catherine Hart, Justus Burr Clark had eight children, one of whom was—

7. **Julia Ann Clark,** who married Albert Sherwood, as stated.

She was converted and joined the Methodist Church in early life, but in April, 1856, was received with her husband into the Mansfield Baptist Church, of which she was the oldest living member at the time of her death, and of which she had been for a longer time a member (57 years) than any other member, living or dead. From the early 50's her home was head-quarters for ministers and Christian workers. At her death the Mission Circle of the Church, through its committee, under the head of "In Memoriam," said of her, among other things: "When the toil of the threescore and ten years of the Psalmist is ended, and the long days of pain and helplessness have come; when the labors of more than fourscore years have sapped the strength of body and mind, most welcome must be the Master's call, 'Child, come home!' "

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

And so indeed it was; for we are quite sure she had lived long enough to learn the littleness of things earthly.

Mother was a hard-working, industrious woman, who looked well to the needs of her household. If ever there was a good cook it was she. Talk about chefs—we would put her up against any of that ilk. As for all ordinary dishes, she was good as the best; but when it came to the finest old-fashioned homemade milk-rising bread, strawberry and raspberry shortcakes, pies and cakes of all kinds—including meat (and especially mince), pies, and doughnuts—she could easily lay them all in the shade.

And so it was, even though we might chance to be far a-field, when we heard the big conch shell which Mother used to blow when the good dinner she had cooked was about ready, we were not long in reaching our accustomed places at the table.

Going back now to the early home of Albert and Julia Ann Sherwood:

Around it cluster a thousand and one incidents, only a few of which we shall be able to mention in this connection. So many sacred memories are connected with the old home that we are asking ourselves: Where shall we begin? Where shall we end? In the words of an old song—

> "When I long for sainted mem'ries,
>   Like angel troops they come,
> If I fold my arms and ponder
>   On the old, old home."

There were in the house three or four old-fashioned fireplaces and an old-fashioned Dutch oven, but the latter was never used by mother in our day, as father was one of the first to invest in the then newly-invented cast-iron cooking-stove.

The house was in form like the letter L, and in size was considerably above the average farmhouse of those days. There were three large rooms: a parlor—we called it "the front room"—a sitting room and a kitchen, and there were recesses made for beds, called "bed-sinks;" and there was a pantry and an entry, and a large attic and a cellar; while a very large wood shed, open to the south and east, extended out from the end of the smaller wing.

In one of the recesses, under the bed occupied by our parents, was stored by day the trundle-bed in which we children slept at night, during the years of our infancy. O that we were as care-free tonight as in the olden, golden time, when mother used to tuck us away in that trundle-bed, and when she sang to us those hallowed words, to some old plaintive melody:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heav'nly blessings without number
Fall upon thy youthful head."

A little later and the writer was sent to sleep in the big airy attic; and O the sweet-smelling fragrance from the withered and drying herbs—the boneset, the peppermint, the catnip, the lobelia, the balm, the thyme, the pennyroyal, the tansy, and no one knows how many others—which permeated that old attic where we slept!

In the beautiful poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen entitled "In a Garret," she speaks of the herbs and things which formerly were to be found in every such old place:

"Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose
For fancied virtues prized in days of yore—
Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those
Whose earthly ills are healed forevermore."

There were curious bits of masonry on the boards up under the roof of that old attic—the work of some insect; and there were nests of hornets, and wasps, and yellow-jackets; and big yellow bumblebees sometimes got in there and died; while the rats and mice used to run along on the great beams at night; even red squirrels and chipmunks and bats would occasionally find their way in there; and in winter the snow not infrequently sifted in through the cracks.

This house stood on the west side of the Tioga river, about three-fourths of a mile in a northwesterly direction from the railroad station at Mansfield. It would now be on the east side of the river if it were standing, as the river has made for itself a new channel, which it did in the big June flood of 1889. In fact, the fine bottom lands once surrounding the old place, and aptly described as being "mellow as an ash-heap," where father used to grow the finest of corn, potatoes, melons, cucumbers, squashes, cabbage, onions, etc., have been utterly ruined by devastating floods which have swept that valley, consequent upon the destruction of the magnificent forests which formerly covered all that country. Those fields were where now runs the river.

Near the house, to the south and west, where father had his apiary—for father was a beekeeper—there were cherry and plum trees, which every year were red with cherries and blue with plums; for in those days the insect pests, which have since become so destructive, were quite unknown.

Oh, the lucious plums—the damsons and the greengages—which used to fall out there in the grass, or maybe in the tansy, in the days when the summer was waning!

Immediately back of the house, to the north, was the old apple orchard, planted by Lieu't Allen, with its great spreading trees, bearing some of the best apples that ever grew.

Most of the varieties were unknown to us by name. There was a large and deliciously sweet fall apple, with faint streaks of red on the sunny side, and a delightful aroma, that had a peculiar way of cracking open sometimes when fully ripened, and in these cracks the bees and wasps and flies and ants would congregate and sip a nectar such as only those apples could yield. And there was another sweet apple, which in one respect was the most peculiar apple we have ever seen, and which we called "the pucker-sweet;" for the reason that it would pucker one's mouth all up to a "focus", and was not to be eaten out of hand; but when cooked it was always mother's favorite apple for making the mince pies for which she was so justly famous. Then among mildly sub-acid autumn apples was "the rusty-coat," that also had a way of cracking open; and a "tender-sour," which was one of the most delicately flavored apples we have ever tasted—likewise a seedling.

The grafted fruits—the spitzenburg, the Rhode Island greening, the gillyflower, etc., etc.—were there, too. And talk about flavor! Why the flavor of the apples in that old orchard was fit for the gods! We have been in many of the celebrated apple districts of the country, and even the famous apples of the Yakima, Wenatchee and Hood River, seem almost tasteless and insipid alongside the apples that grew in father's orchard.

We all belonged to the "Apple Consumer's League" in those days, and it was always customary with father to bring up from the cellar a large panful of those delicious apples for our enjoyment during the long winter evenings.

The apples in those days were free from worms and blemishes. It was perfectly safe to eat them in the dark. Often in the moonlit evenings of autumn, in company with other boys, have we gone out into the orchard and climbed up and sat on a great horizontal arm of the tender-sour tree to eat apples.

But one night we all got perched high up on a rail fence near the edge of the stream at one side of the orchard, where the river had undermined a large thorn-tree, when suddenly and without warning the fence gave way and we were carried over the high bank and down into the thorny branches of the uprooted tree, from the laceration of which not one of us escaped.

We have alluded to apple-eating time, which was in the falling of the year; but there was another time, which was the springtime—the apple-blossoming time—when the apple-trees were white with bloom, and which was quite the most interesting time of all, not only because of the promise it carried of bountiful harvests to come, but because it was then that country swains and maidens sometimes strolled a-field, what time the apple blossoms were falling.

WHEN APPLE BLOSSOMS FELL LIKE SNOW

(To Maggie—of ye olden time).

When, Maggie, you and I were young,
We strolled where joy its laughter flung;
We wandered by the river-side,
Nor had—nor wanted we—a guide.
Down in a vale of beauty rare
We gathered wild-flow'rs growing there;
And though some days I may forget,
That happy day is living yet,
When apple-blossoms fell like snow,
In apple-orchards long ago.

'Twas on a balmy day in Spring,
When all the woodland warblers sing,—
When wooing suns and gentle show'rs
Had carpeted the vale with flow'rs;
Yet somehow 'twas I somehow knew
That rosy cheek and eye of blue,
There at my side that happy day,
Were fairer than the flow'rs of May;
When apple-blossoms fell like snow,
In apple-orchards long ago.

O years may come, and years may go,
And apple-blossoms fall like snow,
Yet still I see, as if by chance,
Your tender, half-reproachful glance;

For though my footsteps long have prest
The land they call "The Golden West,"—
Rememb'ring happy days of yore,
We're strolling, Maggie dear, once more,
When apple-blossoms fell like snow,
In apple-orchards long ago.

Speaking of the old house, the old orchard and the river, the writer is reminded that the very first thing which he distinctly remembers was connected with the river. It occurred when he was just two years old, and has always been known as "the big July flood of 1850." Climbing up to the window he saw his father wade along the already inundated pathway leading to the barn, some ten or twelve rods away, and bring the horses and tie them to the great posts under the large open wood-shed which adjoined the house, and which was still a few inches out of water, though surrounded on all sides by a raging flood.

All the while the river kept rising, and all the while father and grandfather kept bringing the old canoe nearer and nearer to the house, until at last it was within a few feet of the door. This canoe was a dug-out, made from some great pine-tree, and must have been all of twenty feet in length, by about two and a half in breadth.

As the waters continued to rise, and the storm was unabated, father and grandfather deemed it prudent to try and reach the hill with this canoe, some fifty rods away, as we suppose. So mother, with her little baby, Anna, and the writer, were placed in the center of the canoe with grandfather, while father with his hired man—one, Charles Slingerland—stood, one in each end of the boat, with long poles, with which they guided it through the deep and swift current to the distant shore.

This canoe voyage proved to be a most hazardous and dangerous one; for when we were about two-thirds of the way across, where was a fence overflowed with water, which we had to pass over, the boat was carried by the seething, turbid torrent, broadside against a very tall post in the fence, the top of which was not submerged by more than just a few inches. The great dug-out rolled up on its side, and was on the very point of being capsized with all on board, when the current lifted it over the top of the post and we reached the shore in safety.

We have mentioned the old canoe, but in the season of low water father depended upon a footbridge for crossing the river in order to reach the village. This bridge was constructed of planks about one foot wide, laid end to end, and supported on wooden legs some three feet or so above the water.

At the time in question, which was early in the 50's, when they were building, or rather rebuliding, the Tioga railroad, father and his brother, Daniel L., had charge of some of the work, and about sixty of the workmen boarded with father. They were raw Irishmen, just over from the "Ould Counthry," and over the footbridge, every night after supper might be seen a long file of these fellows on their way to the village to spend the evening, and to get their "bitthers."

And it not infrequently happened that several of them would return late at night suffering from the effects of too much corn juice, when some "Mike" or "Pat" would almost invariably keel off the bridge into the river, with the chances greatly in favor of his coming out a soberer man than when he went in.

Father was naturally somewhat sedate, but whenever this event happened, which was often, he made no attempt to control or conceal his glee. Yet we doubt if he had the laugh over mother, when on one occasion she had green corn on the table for these men.

Never before had "Paddy" seen a vegetable so strange as this, and his natural inclination, until shown, was to eat cob and all. Finally, after the first one had eaten the corn all off, he reached the cob to mother and asked her if she wouldn't please put some more peas on his stick!

Across the river from the old home, between the river and the railroad track, were two shanties, some fifteen rods or so apart, and we have sometimes thought that those shanties and their occupants would furnish the material for a first-class romance.

In the smaller of these shanties lived "Old Perrigo," with his old dog, "Bose". Old Perrigo was a character familiar, we think, to every man, woman and child throughout the Tioga valley, from Corning to Blossburg. He eked out a precarious living for himself and his faithful old dog by bottoming chairs with oak splints or with elm bark; and to this end he periodically traveled the whole length of the valley for forty miles.

Nobody ever knew where he came from, or what had been his history; they only knew that he seemed like a harmless creature. When we were very young he came along—from no one knew where— and applied to father for permission to erect a shanty on a knoll between the railroad and the river.

For this purpose he made an excavation about three feet deep and about eight feet square, around which he built a strong stockade of slabs about six feet high, which he roofed with the same material. A bunk of straw, with a covering of a few old rags, in which he and his dog slept, and an old stove, completed the domicile where Perrigo spent several years of his life.

As we have said, he always appeared like a harmless old man, and it seemed a wicked thing when, in the night, a lot of hoodlums came down from the village and threw great rocks from the higher ground on the opposite side of the railroad over on to his cabin, almost frightening him to death. He soon thereafter left the country, and his shanty went to decay.

Contemporary with Perrigo, in a larger shanty not more than twenty rods from his, and which was also on father's land, lived an Irishman by the name of Peter Brennan, with his wife and daughter Mary. His shanty also stood near the railroad track, and he was the section-boss, and had a gang of "Paddies" under him. Among them was an old bachelor by the name of Swan, who by dint of hard labor, with economy, had managed to accumulate the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which he kept in a little old leather trunk in his room in Brennan's house.

Swan had some acquaintances living about five miles away, and one Saturday he went there and remained until the following Monday. When he returned he found Brennan and his money gone, and the house deserted. With tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks he came across to father's and told us of his great loss, and how he had been robbed of everything he had on earth.

Then he went away, but in a little while returned, bringing with him the little old leather trunk, ornamented with brass-headed nails, and made no doubt in a foreign land; and setting it down by the door, said: "Here, bub, I will leave this trunk with you, and if I never call for it you shall have it." Then he went away again and never returned; nor did we ever hear or know what became of him; and we have kept the little trunk in the family to this day.

This theft greatly aroused father's ire, and he immediately set out in pursuit of Brennan, and succeeded in tracing him and his family with their goods as far as Tioga, where he found they had taken the early morning train. It was before the advent of the telegraph into that country, but father somehow surmised that they had gone to Wisconsin, and he was strongly tempted to follow them there.

It may have been twenty-five years afterwards when we received a letter one day from Mary Brennan, dated at some place in Wisconsin, and addressed to us in care of Warren Sherwood, saying that her father had left home some time before; that they did not know where he had gone; and wanting to know if we had seen anything of him. We replied that we had not; and then we told her of the great crime her father had committed when she was a child.

We had imagined that perhaps she had been left in ignorance concerning it; but soon she wrote again to tell us that she had known all about it; and we well remember, how, in her letter she called upon God and the most holy Virgin Mary (in true Catholic style), to forgive them.

Such imploring we have seldom if ever seen or heard, though we did not suppose that the poor girl was in anywise responsible for her father's sins, committed when she was only ten years old.

Thus we have briefly alluded to a few, and only a few, of the many incidents connected in one way or another with the old home of Albert Sherwood. It would take a volume to record them all.

Albert and his brother, Daniel L., used sometimes to ask each other why it was they ever located in the Tioga valley. But could we go back three-quarters of a century, and view the scene as it then appeared, we should not wonder why it was.

Would that we had the pen of a ready writer and could make clear to the reader the original picture in all its pristine beauty and loveliness! The portrayal would be that of a country quite new; some fields would be well cleared and well tilled, it is true; but most of the uplands would be clothed with a primeval forest of dark, funereal hemlocks, umbrageous maples, basswoods, beeches, birches and oaks; yes, and tall sentinel pines.

The Tioga valley at that time, before those grand forests were destroyed by the ruthless vandalism of man, was a beautiful valley. James G. Clark, the poet-singer, once called the writer's attention to the sky-line surrounding that valley, saying it was beautiful. Through its center, in a succession of riffles and eddies, like a thread of silver sparkling and glistening in the sun, ran throughout the year a never-failing mountain river, that for beauty and purity could not be surpassed in any land or clime.

We have seen many beautiful streams, and mountains that shine upon the screen of memory, but the splendid hills surrounding our native home—especially the one in the west, at the back of father's and uncle's farms—with the blue Armenias in the distance, and the clear, radiant river, winding away to a mountainous portal in the north, we shall remember as the most charming picture we ever beheld.

Sir Thomas Moore's description of that valley in the far Indies, known as the Vale of Cashmere, would, some seventy-five years ago, have been most appropriate to the Valley of the Tioga (the Indian word for beautiful), with its gardens and orchards, its clear river and rivulets, its evergreen hills, and its blue, sunny skies.

Its beauty and glory have departed now, with the exhaustion of its soils, the destruction of its forests, and the consequent drying up of its fountains and streams. Alas, that the hand of man should have laid waste that charming landscape! It was the grandest heritage that Nature could ever have bequeathed to him; and we can only characterize the waste and destruction of those forests as a crime against all succeeding generations of men who are to live in that now almost treeless land.

The Tioga river itself—once so beautiful, once so clear and sparkling, once flowing a brimming volume of pure water all the year through—now goes almost dry at times, and is contaminated with filth. Why, where, in the dryest summers, we poled the old canoe over the riffles in a foot or more of water, one can walk across now, and by stepping from stone to stone need not wet his shoes! And the pure water (where we have often slaked our thirst), is now little better than sewage! Even the pretty pebbles washed down from the sandstone and conglomerate beds up in the Armenias, which everywhere overspread the bed of the stream, or were washed up in gravel-bars, and the flakes of mica and particles of iron pyrites, which scintillated in the sun like sands of gold—all are now made dark and slimy with a sulphur deposit, constantly draining from the abandoned coal mines around Blossburg, and destroying the last vestige of ichthyic life; so that all the myriads of fish with which the river once teemed—the suckers, mullets, whitefish, pickerel, eels, trout, perch, catfish, sunfish, horned dace, shiners and minnows—not one has survived. The waters are seemingly devoid of all life.

THE TIOGA

Down a valley to the sea
Flows Tioga as of yore,
But I sigh to think that we
On its banks will meet no more.

Oft in life's young morning-time
On its pebbly marge we've strolled,
List'ning to its silv'ry chime,
Running over "sands of gold."

When we loosed the old canoe
For a moonlit ev'ning ride,
There were lads, and lassies too,
Rocking on its crystal tide.

O the lads and lassies fair,
Who have gone the heav'nward ways;
O the mountain river rare,
O the olden, golden days.

Ever onward to the sea
Flows Tioga as of yore,
But I sigh to think that we
On its banks will meet no more.

Digressing a little: The following lines (Our Mountain Clime) depicting a scene as it appeared some sixty years ago, are sacred to the memory of David Heston ("Hess.") Cooper, who lived at Lambs Creek, Pa., and who so often strolled with the writer over the mountains surrounding that hamlet, but who has long been sleeping there, at the foot of "Big Hill," not a mile from the "crag" where we loitered one day, and where the writer chiseled his name in the rock back in the 60's.

Yet, notwithstanding we have traveled afar since that wonderful day, we are still true to our native land. It's hills are sterile and stony, its climate is severe, but it is not lacking in rural beauty; while among its hardy sons have been some of the best people the sun ever shone upon; and there are the graves of our sires, our comrade and our kindred.

In his time the writer has visited many a mountain clime; he has gazed on Pike's Peak, Shasta and Rainier; the mighty Canadian Selkirks, and the wonderful Sawtooth Range in Northern British Columbia—all cold and immaculate with eternal snows. From his window and from certain near-by vantage points he has been viewing now for many years a half dozen or so of snowy peaks. Yet he loves the Appalachians—oldest of earth's mountains. As seen in Pennsylvania, where they are but the "roots" of one-time lofty ranges, but where in autumn they take on such gorgeous tints as are to be found nowhere else on earth, they are not to be despised; though it is farther south, in Virginia and Carolina, that the Allegheny system culminates—not in the grandest but in some of the most beautiful mountain scenery on this continent.

OUR MOUNTAIN CLIME

Pennsylvania, "Old Keystone," here's greeting to you!
  Land beloved of the poets and seers,
Where the rivers run pure and the mountains are blue,
  And the rocks tell a story of years;
Where the mountain-winds waft us a balm for our ills,
Where the sinuous vales cleave the broad-breasted hills,
And the pines whisper low to the hum of the rills,
      In our old mountain clime,
        Pennsylvania.

I remember, one day, in the summers of old,
  How we tarried the pine-trees among,
On a crag where the storms of the ages have rolled,
  Since the time when creation was young;—
Old Tioga, all sunlit, her silver uncurled,
Fleecy clouds floated o'er us like banners unfurled,
The horizon rose up like a wall o' the world,
      In our old mountain clime,
        Pennsylvania.

Do you mind, on that day, how our spirits uprose
  As we gazed on that landscape sublime,
Where the blue mountains stand in eternal repose,
  Scarred and gashed by the wars of King Time?
How we said as we lingered, Let Switzerland boast
Of her Matterhorn, Jungfrau and Jura a host,
Yet our crags are the best and we love them the most,
      In our old mountain clime,
        Pennsylvania.

O our old mountain clime, Pennsylvania!
O our old mountain clime, Pennsylvania!
There is no other land like our dear mountain clime,
Like our own mountain clime,
Pennsylvania.

It was about the year 1858 when father began active preparations toward building a new dwelling-house on the farm. The next year, in the summer of 1859, the house was built, and when in the fall it was completed and we moved in, father unquestionably had what at that time was the finest house in the Tioga valley.

We well remember the going from the old nest into the new one was quite an event—quite a red-letter day in our lives; and we are sure it must have been a proud day for father and mother when they could take possession of such a home, and feel that it had been earned and paid for with their own hands and by their own toil and self-denial. It stood, and still stands, we think, at something like seventy-five rods above the site of the old house.

Father was a natural born fruit lover and fruit grower, and was no sooner in the new place than he set about planting a new orchard. There came along one day an agent with a book of beautiful colored plates representing all the best known and most highly-prized fruits, and he pursuaded father to give him an order for one hundred apple-trees, a few each of about all the best kinds he had listed—just for a home orchard.

Well, the trees came labeled just as father had ordered them; but ten years later, when they had come into bearing, every tree in the orchard, with but few exceptions, was either a Tolman sweet or a Roxbury russet!

We have said that father was by nature a fruit grower—harking back, it maybe, to his grandfather Stevens? At any rate he knew pretty well how to prune an apple-tree. He was a lover of trees—especially fruit and nut-bearing trees—and he had a fine grove of hickories, seedlings which he had saved when he cleared the land, and which he and mother and their children and friends prized for their nuts.

Father was a farmer. But while he was a good farmer in many respects, yet, measured by modern standards, he would, we suppose, be adjudged a failure. He lived just prior to the present era of scientific agriculture; and if he knew anything in regard to the rotation of crops, for example (which we doubt), he did not practice it. It was quite his custom to plant his rye year after year in the same field, which accordingly came to be known as "the rye-field," and the same with his corn and potatoes; yet by dint of hard work, much fertilizing and good cultivation, he usually managed to equal or surpass his neighbors in the yields he obtained; so that he succeeded in a somewhat greater degree, and became rather more forehanded, than the average of his farmer friends thereabouts.

As we remember, father had the first two-wheel mowing machine ever seen in our section. And, by the way, the

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

THE HOME OF ALBERT SHERWOOD AND WIFE, Built in 1859 writer, when a lad, rode on that machine and cut the hay on what was then the Holden farm, but where now stands a large part of the city of Mansfield.

Father was a prudent, careful, provident man. Yet we do not think that he was unduly so, or that he ever tried so very hard "to lay up something for a rainy day." But he did cut his firewood a year in advance, so that mother always had nice dry wood for fuel. And he did provide the stable door—or rather the stable bar—with a secret latch, to guard against horse thieves.

Father was a huntsman, fisherman and beeman. In fact he was somewhat renowned along these lines, being one of the Nimrods of his day. As is apt to be the case with pioneers, he often devoted his spare time to hunting and fishing. The fleet-footed deer was the game he preferred to hunt; and his son, Clark B., still has the old muzzle-loading, "kill-deer" rifle, with which his father killed over one hundred deer.

And father was second only to Marcus Kelley as a fisherman. One of his chief pastimes, on a rainy day, was to don a rubber coat and boots and troll for pickerel; or at night to join some spearing expedition, when, with a jack-light in the bow of the old canoe, they fished with spears; or still again, at the beginning of winter, when the ice was transparent, and they went about on skates, stunning the fish through the ice with long-handled mallets. No need to add that father could eat his share of all the fish caught, for he did love fish. Father liked, too, to keep a few bees, but better still, perhaps, to hunt the wild bees, at which he was an adept.

Father was a resourceful man. He was possessed of wonderful ability to meet unusual demands or sudden needs. No matter what the emergency might be, he never lost his head. That he was equal to the occasion may be illustrated by a single incident which came under our observation. It was when we were off on the mountains, together with several others, after huckleberries, and there came up a terrific thunderstorm, when, as it happened, father was separated from the rest of us.

Well, we all got soaked—not a dry thread on us—all but father. After the storm he came back with clothing dry as when he left us. We asked him where he had been during the storm, and he said: "Right out in it all the time." This, coming from a man of truth, was a "poser"—until he told us he had taken his clothes all off, even to his shirt, wadding everything into an empty sixteen quart tin pail he had with him and which he turned bottom up during the storm! Result: he slept dry and warm that night, while the rest of us slept wet and cold—out on the mountains.

Father was a Democrat. In the days of Andrew Jackson he was a Jackson democrat; in the days of Stephen A. Douglas, a Douglas democrat; and he generally voted the democratic ticket; until in the closing years of his life, when he was voting the prohibition ticket; saying he preferred doing this, as it might be the last time he would ever vote, and he "wanted it to count for that righteous cause."

There may be those who will read this and who will condemn him for his political views; but, right or wrong, none who knew him will ever doubt his courage, his honesty, or his sincerity. Much of what was said along these lines in the 7th chapter, concerning his brother, the Hon. Daniel L. Sherwood, will apply, also, to him. He was a man of few words, but of very decided views, ever ready to stand up for his political and religious principles.

Father was an honest man. If ever this could be said of anyone it could of him. With him, always and everywhere and under all circumstances, honesty was the best policy. Would that each and everyone of his descendants might make his rule of life their own.

What was his rule? "I never had any money too good with which to pay an honest debt."

Was his credit good? Always, any time, anywhere. Nobody was ever afraid to trust him.

Father was a generous-hearted man. Some may not have thought so, but they misjudged him. They forgot that he was a hard-working farmer, and that the money did not roll into his coffers, but that every penny, every nickel had to be earned by the sweat of the brow. Yet to our certain knowledge he assisted many people in impecunious circumstances—some to the extent of many hundreds of dollars. Let us never forget, but ever appreciate the fact, that the farmer's money is the hardest-earned money in all the wide world, and that the farmer simply has to count his pennies in a way that other men do not; and let us remember, too, that upon his shoulders rests the whole superstructure of modern business activities.

Father was a moral man and a good man. In fact, his morality and his goodness were absolutely above suspicion. There never was any taint of immorality, or anything hurtful or vicious, in connection with the fair name of Albert Sherwood. He kept himself "unspotted from the world," his life was pure, his deeds were above reproach, which is all that need be said by us.

Father was a musician. He was not only a good singer and a great lover of music, but to our way of thinking he was the best player on the organ (of sacred music), which we have ever heard. We are not saying this from the viewpoint of the artist, for he knew nothing of the science of playing an instrument as taught by the masters; never having taken a music lesson in his life. He often said that had he his life to live over he would take lessons in music, and could he have done so no doubt but he might have been famous as a player of gospel hymns and sacred songs, notwithstanding one of his little fingers was stiff from the bite of a hog when he was a child. He played "by ear", yet sweeter harmonies we have never heard—although we have listened to many noted players—and whenever he sat down to the organ the whole house overflowed with music. Never this side of heaven do we ever again expect to hear the entrancing strains which so moved us, when father played and sang "The Ninety and nine," "Rock of Ages," and that other old song, "Deliverance"— beginning, "I saw a wayworn trav'ler"—and still ringing in our ears.

In this connection we recall that father once made his daughter-in-law a present of a beautiful organ direct from the factory, through the local agent, Mr. A. B. A. Briggs. It was but one among his many generous acts of which we were the beneficiaries, but some way this one was doubly appreciated whenever he came in and sat down to that organ.

Father was a factor in his community. He was not a mollycoddle, or a nonentity, and he was not wholly engrossed with his farm work. Much might be said to his credit in this connection. At one time and another he must have owned twenty or more valuable properties in and around Mansfield, on a number of which he erected dwellings. The pleasant and beautiful street in that city, known as Sherwood, was named for him. He played an important part in the building of the Baptist church—it could hardly have been builded without his aid—and the State Normal School. He offered to donate a site for the Mansfield Classical Seminary—afterwards the State Normal, but now the Mansfield State Teachers College—which was a fine elevation of several acres on North Main Street. He was for many years on the Normal Board of Trustees, being at one time Vice-president of the Board, and later was elected an Honorary trustee for life, in recognition of long and faithful service. But father never put himself forward, being of a retiring nature.

Father was a Christian. And do you know, we are glad we can write that. We do not have to say of him that he was an infidel. In the year 1856, which was along about the time when the fires of a great revival were kindled and burning all over America under the leadership of Charles G. Finney, father was converted and joined the Baptist Church, being baptized April 6th of that year (with his foster daughter, Mary Ann McCarty), by his brother, Rev. Abijah Sherwood. It was during revival services held by

Rev's E. A. Hadley and J. C. Mallory—of blessed memory.

Thenceforth his life was a most exemplary one. He was not gifted in prayer, and he was not eloquent as a speaker, yet the life he lived was one which told for Christ. As some one has said: He stood for the old-time religion; he never switched to the right nor the left; and we always knew just where to find him. He was what would be known now as a "Fundamentalist." At the time of his death his grandson said: "I shall always remember grandfather for his strong Christian character."

For spiritual pabulum he went to the Word of God. He invariably spent a portion of every Sabbath day in reading the old Book—not the Sunday newspaper, but the same old Book, the same identical old Book, and in the same old way as his father before him—and we must say it was a mighty good practice.

Albert stood firmly with his brothers, Daniel L. and Hiram, in the great Church controversy which was forced upon them back in the 60's; and he ever deplored the tendency in the message from the modern pulpit to let the topics of the day and the gossip of the hour usurp the place of the sacred Word, which he regarded as being responsible more than any other one thing for the decline in religious fervor since the days of Finney and Moody.

Hard-working farmer that he was, his money came only as the result of incessant toil, yet he gave freely to the Church and to charity—all, we believe, that he was able to give. Nor did he strive to see just how small he could make his offerings and get by with it; if the Church got behind on the pastor's salary it was not a rare thing to have him say, "I'll make it up;" or if some one died, and the question arose as to what should be done with his or her unpaid subscription, to have him say, "I'll pay that." That's the kind of a "tither" he was. But would even such "tithing"—the very best we have ever seen or known—be accepted as legal tender for admission at the gates of rest? Would it? His dying words make it plain that he himself did not think so.

Speaking of his personality: Father was a man who stood erect; like his father before him he was never in any degree "stoop-shouldered," being nearly six feet in height, and weighing, we should say, from 160 to 175 lbs. His hair (and he was not bald-headed—in our line we have seen no bald-headed Sherwoods), was dark brown; his whiskers (a full flowing beard with mustache), were dark red or reddish-brown, and his eyes a grayish-blue, while his nose was rather long and slightly aquiline.

He was strong and agile and possessed of indomitable will and energy, with no fear for anything or anybody. Always cool and composed, we do not think he knew what it was to be afraid, or greatly perturbed, under any circumstances.

He was no more eccentric than the average of men, yet his was a marked individuality. There was something about him which, if it did not inspire awe, commanded almost instant respect from those with whom he came in contact. No one felt at liberty to trifle with him or to ignore him. No one could be in his society long without being conscious of the presence of a remarkable man, even though he should speak never a word. He was a man of exceptionally good judgment, and cool-headed, whose counsel was to be sought and valued.

He was a total abstainer from all intoxicating liquors, as were all his fathers before him for hundreds of years; he was a firm defender of morality, and opposed to vice in every form. He stood for righteousness, temperance and purity, and against everything that is low and ignoble, or vulgar; nor was he ever given to the use of profane or obscene language; or, like some, to the telling of smutty stories.

But that he was without faults we will not presume to say. Viewing him at close range, as we did, we know that father was not perfect. Yet he had a kind heart; his virtues far outweighed his faults; as a friend in need he was a friend indeed; and may Heaven forbid that the writer should ever be so unmindful as to forget how his father stood by him in some of the extremely dark days of his life.

No one in need or in trouble ever appealed to him in vain. As to his generosity and kindness of heart we can speak from blessed experience. We could enumerate many bounties received at his hands. Many and blessed are the recollections which we retain of him.

Space will not permit that we should more than touch upon the life and character of our honored father. Looking backward he grows upon us, and we are but voicing the sadness in our hearts when we think that upon earth we shall see him no more. Never again, though we should be in trouble and sorely perplexed, will we be permitted to go to him for counsel. Oh! we could ill afford his loss; and though the day of his departure is swiftly receding into the past, and is now but a sorrowful memory, yet only God knows how we have missed father.

Father died Sept. 4, 1896, soon after entering upon his 80th year. Just when that day had been born—that is, at 12:15 A. M.—the best counselor we ever had on earth among men breathed his last.

Father died from a cancer. He had always been a very well man indeed, with an iron constitution, which bid fair, we thought, to last him a full century. But early in the year 1896 a small opening, like a minute pinhole, appeared in his lower lip, which soon developed into epithelial cancer.

But now, whether it was a miracle performed by the great Father himself in behalf of His suffering child we know not, but we doubt if in the annals of medicine there could be found another case where any one has died from cancer and suffered so little.

Gradually the disease destroyed his throat, yet often as we asked him if he suffered pain did he say, No. This greatly amazed the physicians, who declared they had never known another such case. We are still wondering, if in answer to prayer the great Physician himself did not mitigate and alleviate the terrible agonies to which father would naturally have been subjected with that deadly malady.

A few days before he died, being curious to know as to its sustaining power in the Valley of the Shadow, we asked father about the religion of Jesus Christ, if he thought it would fail him at the last.

He said, in reply, what we would fain write in letters of gold, for they are the most precious words that ever fell upon our ears from the lips of mortal man.

Father's dying words:—**"It never did and never will fail. They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded. I AM TRUSTING IN JESUS, I AM LOOKING TO HIS BLEEDING SIDE. I have left myself entirely in the hands of my Saviour. I believe I am ready to go, and I believe I am willing to go."**

And no man since the beginning of time, so far as we know, ever left to his children better, or more glorious, or more inspiring words. Indeed, we doubt if ever any mere man has let drop a finer sentence.

"I am trusting in Jesus, I am looking to His bleeding side." Were we to try ever so hard, and try ever so long. we never would be able to frame such a sentence as that.

What a message, what a heritage, what a testimony to the saving, sustaining power of Christ—what an assurance of safety—he has left to us!

Containing, as it does, and in a nutshell, the very essence of faith and trust, and at the same time expressing just the proper attitude of the dying Christian, it is one of the sentences of the ages.

"I am trusting in Jesus, I am looking to His bleeding side." Print it in letters of light, place it in a frame of gold!

That evening we wrote to the pastor of the Baptist Church at Wellsboro, Pa.—but who at one time was pastor of the Church in Mansfield—saying: "Father is nearing the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and we are writing to inform you that he has expressed a desire that you should preach his funeral sermon. Father prefers you above anyone else, and his choice is ours. You knew him in the strength and activity of his manhood, he loves and reveres you as he does no other minister in the Association, and altogether we think it would be most fitting and appropriate. Therefore we shall regard it as a very great favor if you can grant our wishes in this particular."

To which the brother replied that he would come. And we might add that he was father's own choice, we think for three reasons: 1. He had come to love and respect him as a man and a minister. 2. He wanted him to know by this act of his how deeply he had buried the hatchet as regarded the dissension arising in the Church in the days of the Civil War, and for which the minister was responsible. 3. Notwithstanding the terrible mistake he had made in his younger days of preaching politics, father had come to believe—as had the rest of us—that he was now preaching Christ crucified. The truth was, father was dying at peace with all mankind, and with the love of Jesus in his heart.

August 21.—Father called us to his bedside and gave us his cane, saying: "Take it and keep it in memory of me." Then he gave us the old family Bible, which his father had brought all the way from Albany to Marathon in his lap in a stage-coach, when he was a member of the New York State Legislature in 1822-'23. It contains the old family record, which was written in grandfather's own hand, when he was in his 75th year.

Sept. 3.—We stayed with father again last night—the writer and his wife—and we asked him if he still felt that God was with him, and he said, "Yes." We asked him if he was trusting in Jesus now, and he replied, with emphasis:

"Oh! yes."

And they were the very last words ever spoken by father on earth.

Sept. 4, 1896.—Friday. Our dear father died this morning at fifteen minutes past midnight. He had been very low all day yesterday, but he knew us up to within ten minutes of the time when he died, and could tell us so. He was never unconscious. He died very peacefully, without a struggle, in the presence of our mother, our sister, our brother, our wife and ourself.

When father had breathed his last our heart went out in gratitude to God for the noble life that had closed. Its lessons are to us, and ever will be, uplifting; and our soul, though sorrowful, is filled with unspeakable joy. Such a legacy of Christian character and unswerving integrity, as father has left to us, is a treasure more precious than rubies.

Sept. 6.—Father's funeral was held. Being one of the old landmarks, there was a great outpouring of people, both from the village and the surrounding country. The procession was probably one of the longest ever seen in Tioga county, and the church was jammed. The preacher was assisted by Rev's. C. E. Hoyt, Presbyterian, and F. W. Reynolds, Baptist.

The text was Paul's famous words of exultation to Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The preacher said he took this text because of its peculiar appropriateness to the man who lay before him. And in every way, save one, he rose grandly to the occasion. He characterized father as a moral, a spiritual, a generous, an honest, economical, and an industrious man; in all these good qualities placing him upon a pinnacle, as he deserved; and in some of them even giving him the very first place among all the men he had ever known.

The one way wherein he came far short, and wherein he greatly marred what might otherwise have been a perfect eulogy, was when he descended to matters political. It was, as it were, the last, low, rumbling thunder of the distant war-time; but if it was unpremeditated, or unintentional—as we have tried to think it was—then it should be characterized and overlooked as a strangely unaccountable mistake; since otherwise it would have been a base betrayal—the basest of base betrayals. Otherwise it was a most reprehensible act.

Father was buried in Prospect cemetery (then known by the good old name of Hope cemetry), at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, where, eighteen years later, mother was placed by his side.

Seems like we had no more than touched upon the life and character of our beloved parents. We might go on extolling them, page after page, but when we had said it all, it would, we think, all simmer down to this: That no man ever had a better father: no man ever had a better mother. For after making all due allowance for any faults they may have had, we yet think that they possessed some of the finest and noblest traits ever possessed by mere mortals.

Oh! we are glad we were ever born into the world, and glad that our parents were just the ones they were—Albert Sherwood and Julia Ann Clark. Not for a great deal do we think we would ever have wanted to call anyone else by the endearing names of father and mother. Would for once we were a past master in the art of using beautiful language, and could breathe forth all the fragrance of those two grand and gracious lives.

They brought us up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and if we have amounted to little or nothing, they have been in nowise to blame for it.

Father nor mother ever did a dishonorable act. Looking backward they loom large on the horizon. Someone has said that love makes memory eternal, and it may be so; for though we are far on the downhill side of life, and ruthless time has shattered all our fondest dreams, yet here in this quiet place and hour it comes stealing in upon us how firmly and how strongly father always stood, foursquare to all the world, on every moral and religious question; it comes stealing in upon us, mother's voice emanating from a closet in the old house by the riverside where we were born, when she went in there to pray for her children.

Ah! me, the past is in the eternal past. Never again shall we see father wending his way to our door on Sunday morning for a little visit, while on his way to Church—which he nearly always attended; and never again can we go to him for advice. Never again, no matter how greatly distressed or how sorely perplexed, can we go to mother to confide in her our troubles, or turn to her for sympathy.

Our consolation is, that affection exists after death, that love is eternal, and that somewhere we shall meet and love again. Resting our head in our hands we say: O this eternal hoping to be reunited in a happier world!

The hope of hopes to mortals giv'n:
Oh! we shall meet again in heav'n.

In Memory of Our Father,
ALBERT SHERWOOD,
Born Aug. 27, 1817, died Sept. 4, 1896.

LOVE NEVER DIES

Prelude

"In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again Clemanthe.' "

The springtimes bloom, the summers wane,
The winters howl across the plain,
But time nor change excite our fears,
Since love outlives the flight of years.

The hills we've thought would ne'er decay:
Their granite rocks dissolve away;
When they are gone—each mountain-range—
Love will live on, love will not change.

The streams that chatter through the hills—
The brimming brooks, the purling rills—
Their pebbly beds may all go dry,
Yet love lives on and will not die.

The sea that breaks with savage roar
Along the wild and rocky shore:
Its din may die on list'ning ears,
While love lives through eternal years.

The stars above you mountain-steeps,
That burn far in the azure deeps:
When they've burned out and all are gone,
Love will live on—it shall live on.

A mighty love, with depths unknown,
Hath through incarnate features shone,
And told to man how deathless love
Will rule our Father's home above.

Love never dies, love never dies!
'Twill live, my friend, beyond the skies;
And we shall find the ones we've lost
When o'er the turbid floods we've crost.

In Memory of Our Mother
JULIA ANN SHERWOOD,
Born Sept. 7, 1826, died Sept. 16, 1914.

DREAMING OF MOTHER
Prelude

'Tis with wet eyes I muse upon a kindly face,
That waits for me in heav'n, the holy, happy place;
And when I cross the tide and leave all earthly care,
O God in mercy grant I see my mother there.

Mother, the hour of the midnight draws nigh,
  Westward the moon is declining;
Millions of stars that are out in the sky
  High o'er the mountains are shining;
    Mildly they beam,
    Brightly they gleam,
  Mirrored in rivers and fountains;
So shall thy mem'ry which never can die
  Live like the stars o'er the mountains.

Mother, just now as the shadows of night
  Fell over moorland and river,
Dreaming I saw thee in raiment of white,
  There where the shadows fall never.
    Like one who prays
    Long did I gaze,
  In through the beautiful portal,
Where thou wert roaming in meadows of light,
  Over the mountains immortal.

Mother, while dreaming, I saw thy dear face
Smiling to me in a vision;
Saw thee draw near me with infinite grace,
Down from the mountains elysian.
Waking I found
Only a mound,
Telling from earth thou art riven;
Telling thou'rt gone to a happier place,
Gone to a country called Heaven.

Gone art thou Mother, so kindly, so dear,
Gone, and our heart-strings are tender;
Gone with thy counsel of comfort and cheer,
Gone like the sunset of splendor;—
Gone like the dawn,
Gone thou art gone,
Gone with the days that are olden;
Gone art thou, Mother, full many a year—
Gone, but thy mem'ry is golden.

Dreaming of Mother, asleep on her breast,
Dreaming of days that are olden;
Dreaming of Mother on mountains of rest,
Wearing a crown that is golden.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHILDREN OF ALBERT SHERWOOD (7) AND JULIA ANN CLARK (7) AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

Andrew Jackson Sherwood—Andrew Sherwood—Anna Maria Sherwood—Clark Burr Sherwood—Mary (McCarty) Sherwood—Minnie (Rumsey) Sherwood.

CONCLUSION

"I saw where at that dreary flood
A smiling infant prattling stood
Whose hour had come;
Untaught of ill it neared the tide,
Sank as to cradled rest and died,
Like going home."

—Lines chiseled on the tombstone marking the grave of Andrew Jackson Sherwood.

Andrew Jackson Sherwood, (8), eldest child of Albert Sherwood and Julia Ann (Clark) Sherwood, was born on the 26th of March, 1846, and died on the 24th of June 1848.

He was drowned in the Tioga river. He had wandered from the house out on to a footbridge, leading across the river, from which he fell into the water, his body being recovered some distance lower down the stream.

A little flaxen-haired child (we know he was such, for we have a little lock of hair taken from his head by the mother on that ill fated day, now more than eighty years ago), said to have been the very emblem of beauty and innocence, and as bright as he was beautiful, had toddled down and out on to the narrow bridge, where, losing his balance, he fell into the cruel, remorseless flood.

Tears dim our eyes as we think of that unfortunate event, and think of how much that brother might have been to us, all the long and weary road we have traveled, had he lived. Nor do they cease to flow when we think of our parents, and the great shadow which must have fallen across their pathway in the death of "Little Andrew." O my God! how sad— how sad.

And it was only twenty-one days after that sad event, and in the gloom of that awful shadow, that the writer was cast up on the shores of time. He, who has sometimes fancied that some of his mother's great grief and sorrow on that occasion may have been transmitted by heredity to her unborn babe, since he has ever been keenly conscious of the presence in his mental make-up of a vein of sadness or melancholia, which, try as he might, he never could quite succeed in throwing off; so that many times, no doubt, he has appeared sober and depressed, when otherwise he might have seemed more cheerful.

It may seem strange that we should miss so much one whom we never saw; yet more and more as the years go by do we mourn the loss of that brother. The loss, did we say? Yes, our loss, but his gain! Doubts nor fears have ever troubled him. He has missed the temptations of earth, with all its conflicts and its scars—as we have not—and we can only think of him as

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

We can only think of him as waiting for us over on the Eternal Mountains; not as a little child, but in all the maturity of a full-grown, fully-developed soul, yet in the bloom of eternal youth; and we can think of no better way of expressing our sentiments than in the words of Nancy A. W. Priest, in her beautiful poem, "Over the River:"

"Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me."

When a mere child we so often heard the story of the drowning of our little brother that we have never been able to get rid of the impression that we were present and an eye witness to that terrible calamity. We think that even now we can see our frenzied mother, supported by grandfather, wading out in the shallow but swift waters of that river to look for her darling child. Yet we know it cannot be, for it happened before we were born.

As lilies by the river's side
Are borne away to join the sea,
So, even so, the ruthless tide
Did bear away our fleur-de-lis.

Anna Maria Sherwood (8), third child and only daughter of Albert Sherwood and Julia Ann (Clark) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, Feb. 9th, 1850, and is still living (as Mrs. James Hartwell Harrington), at 245 Decatur St., Corning, N. Y. She was born in the old home mentioned in the previous chapter, as were her brothers, and there with them she spent a happy childhood.

MRS. ANNA (SHERWOOD) HARRINGTON

January 12th, 1870, she married **Daniel Lamb Fralic.** He was born at Lambs Creek, near Mansfield, Pennsylvania, March 24th, 1841.

He, with his brother Henry, were extensive lumber manufacturers, with mills at Lambs Creek. He was well and widely known as one of the foremost business men of Tioga county, and a Christian gentleman of high standing, having the confidence and respect of many thousands of people.

In fact, but few men of his time were better or more favorably known in Tioga county than D. L. Fralic, it being very generally accepted, we think, that he was a man to be trusted. His reliability, good address and good judgement, coupled with Christian principles and habits of industry, enabled him to rise from the ranks of poverty to a fine fortune.

The first mill of Fralic Brothers (D. L. and Henry), was built at Lambs Creek in 1866, and rebuilt in 1870. In the year 1894, owing to the growing scarcity of timber suitable for the manufacture of lumber, they removed their business to Corning, N. Y., having previously associated with them, one, L. L. Flower.

To this mill the logs were brought mostly from a distance, by rail; and (prosperity still attending him), it was in Corning, at 245 Decatur St., that Mr. Fralic built a very good and substantial home; and where he was known (as he had been in Lambs Creek), for his generous gifts to various charities and to the Methodist Church, which he was mainly instrumental in building, and of which he and his wife were ever faithful members.

Which reminds us that only the other day a lady from Madras, Oregon, told the writer that the Methodist church in their town was known as "The Fralic Memorial Church," because of a large gift of money received at the time of building the church from the Fralics of Corning, N. Y., or rather we believe she said, "from Mrs. Fralic, as a memorial to her husband."

Daniel L. Fralic died at his home in Corning, Nov. 4th, 1899, and was buried at Mansfield, Pa. He and his wife had no children of their own, but they adopted three, as follows:

Myron Waite, born Dec. 25, 1873, was adopted by D. L. and Anna M. Fralic, May 5, 1874. The writer does not remember having seen a more promising child than Myron; until he was hooked by a cow, which seriously injured him for life.

Willie Knox, born Jan. 8, 1879, was adopted by D. L. and Anna M. Fralic, Feb. 5, 1879. He was killed in an elevator in a store in Corning, September 30, 1897,, and was buried at Mansfield.

Tears dim the writer's eyes as he thinks of the untimely death of Willie, just as he was so rapidly developing into a remarkably bright, witty and clever young man, with most winsome ways and pleasing address. Alas, that his young life should have been so cruelly snuffed out!

Ruth H. Butler was born July 3, 1895, and was taken as her own by Anna M. Fralic, in January, 1902. January 10, 1917, she married Maynard C. Sanford, and has a little boy, Maynard Daniel, and a little girl, Beverly Ann. Her foster mother says, "Ruth has always been a good girl."

August 14, 1904, Anna M. Fralic was married to Rev. **Calvin Howard Crowl**, a well-known Baptist minister of good repute. September 2nd. 1912, he was killed by an electric car on the Elmira and Corning line, and was buried at Mansfield.

This most deplorable accident was a great shock to the writer, as it was to all who knew him, for Mr. Crowl was one of the Lord's anointed, and one of the very finest men we have ever known. From a personal acquaintance we can only speak of Mr. Crowl, as we have of Mr. Fralic, in the highest terms.

Calvin H. Crowl was born September 11, 1836, near Wellsboro, Pa. In early life he was a farmer and lumberman. He used to run lumber rafts down the Susquehanna river and its tributaries. He enlisted in the 207th Pennsylvania Volunteers at Wellsboro, becoming a corporal, and seeing service in front of Petersburg. He was honorably discharged near the close of the war, in 1865.

After the war he entered the Baptist ministry, holding pastorates in Armenia, Elba, Roseville (twice), and lastly at Tioga—all in Pennsylvania. He retired from the ministry in 1902. In August, 1904, he removed to Corning to take up his residence at 245 Decatur street.

In Corning Rev. Crowl devoted much time to ministerial duties, though he did not have any regular charge. He preached frequently in churches there and at Painted Post. He was commander and past-commander of two G. A. R Posts—the J. B. Rathbun and E. R. Backer Posts.

September 9, 1914, Anna M. Crowl was married to **James Hartwell Harrington,** with whom the writer has not the pleasure of an acquaintance.

Mrs. Harrington received her education in the schools of Mansfield, including the State Normal School (now the State Teachers College), and she was trained in music, was a good organist and something of an artist in her younger days. Since the death of her first husband she has had much business pertaining to his estate to look after; and that she is accounted a woman of good business ability is evidenced by the fact that for twenty-five years (from Oct. 1, 1900, to Oct. 1, 1925), or until compelled to resign because of advancing years and impaired health, she has served as treasurer of Grace M. E. Church of Corning, and is still its stewardess. In fact it has been said that the Church can always look to her for aid, and that her gifts to the new Methodist church now in process of erection have already totaled many thousands of dollars.

In this connection we are reminded that it was she (with her cousin Mrs. Dillon), who inaugurated and made possible the movement to place an iron fence around the cemetery near Marathon, where repose the remains of some of our ancestors. See Chapter IV.

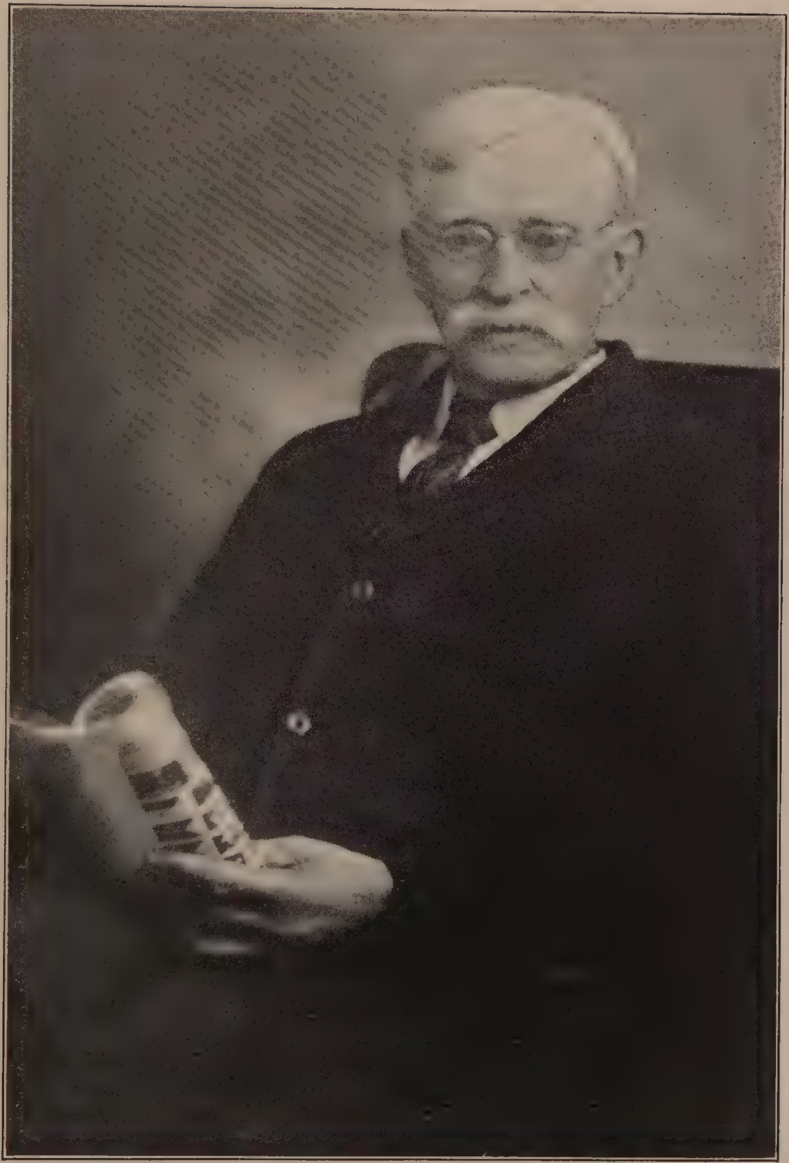
We cannot mention all the good things she has said and done, both in the Church and out; we can only say we are grieved and sorrowful to the last degree at thought of all she has had to pass through. With one natural and two violent deaths in her family; with a life blighted and blasted beyond repair, as was Myron's (not to mention still other sorrows), surely our sister has seen her share of trouble. Her consolation seems to be, that she is going to see and know her loved ones (in which holy anticipation the writer is sharing), and she tersely writes "that her grip is packed," and that she is ready for her departure.

Friends who walked with us, tried, trusted and true,
Peerless companions as man ever knew:
We have been sad since they vanished from view—
Sad since they vanished from view.

Into the sunset's all-radiant west
They have gone on, they the truest and best,
Waiting for us by the rivers of rest—
Waiting by rivers of rest.

Clark Burr Sherwood (8), fourth and youngest child of Albert Sherwood and Julia Ann (Clark) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, Feb. 23, 1852, and is still living there, one of the well-to-do, substantial citizens of that city.

The story of his rise from poverty to affluence is strangely romantic and charming, reading a good deal like fiction. It seems that during his teens he spent his time "along and in the Tioga river and Corey creek," getting his start financially, it would seem, catching muskrats and selling their pelts at around thirty cents each. Their fur was good any month in the year having the letter R in it, and he used to catch them as the old darkey caught skunks —"coming and going." He used to set steel traps in shallow water, with an apple fastened to a prong projecting from the shore out over the trap for bait. The river being alive with the rats, and the prices for the pelts being pretty good in the days of the Civil war, soon placed him on Easy Street. In fact his profits were gaged only by the number of traps he was able to set and look after along the river,



CLARK B. SHERWOOD

the creek and the coves, and the number of apples to be had for bait.

Whether this story of a fortune founded upon muskrats will ever prove an incentive to some younger generation of Sherwoods we know not; all we know is that it shows (in part), how a certain one of our number came to be so very forehanded, in a tribe somewhat noted (in at least one of its branches), for their indigent, impecunious circumstances.

Should the story as told sound at all malodorous of muskrats, the reader should not blame it on the writer, but on the muskrats!

And as to whether Mr. Sherwood, had he remained in this muskrat business, would ever have been rated as a multi-millionaire, instead of a mere millionaire as we are now rating him, we have no way of knowing. Judging from recent write-ups in the village paper we are wondering if such might not have been the case; but it seems that when he was nineteen years old he very foolishly gave up the trapping of muskrats—the business at which he had become such an adept—and started in as a lumberman, by purchasing two hundred thousand feet of hemlock timber on the stump, on Mann's creek, of James R. Wilson, for which he paid one dollar and a half per thousand feet.

He cut and peeled the trees, selling the bark at four dollars per cord, and floating the logs down the river to Lambs Creek, where the Fralic Brothers sawed them into lumber. He then sold the lumber to Decker and Drake of Mansfield for nine dollars per thousand feet at the mill; and at twenty-one years or age, largely as a result of his profits in lumber and muskrats, he had "cleaned up," so it is hinted, several thousand (he himself says "more than one thousand"), dollars, and was free from all indebtedness.

He then bought a lot and built a house on it, which he sold to a party on long time; so long, in fact, that when the purchaser had paid for it he had paid out more in interest than was the purchase price.

That such habits of thrift not only led to financial success, but to advancement along other lines, is apparent from the fact that in 1907 the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Pennsylvania appointed Mr. Sherwood a Trustee to represent the State in the Board of Trustees of the Mansfield State Normal School; as also from the fact that at the close of his term of three years he was elected for another term by the stockholders. During his incumbency he was chairman of the important Building and Grounds committee, when he planted three thousand young trees on the Normal campus, with his own hands and at his own expense.

He served many years as a member of the City Council, when he was chairman of the sidewalk committee; and when the brick and concrete pavements were laid through the city he was the inspector. Being mechanically inclined, he not only has built several houses, but he has had a part in the construction of many of the finest buildings in Mansfield, we are told.

Mr. Sherwood has seen a good deal of the world. He was with the writer for a time as his assistant on the N. Y. and Penn'a Geological Surveys; he spent the winter of 1884-5 camping with him in fourteen counties of Florida; when in a wild section and for lack of other food, they ate for breakfast one morning (after discarding the bones), fourteen suckers, none of them less than fourteen inches in length; and he was with him on his perilous expedition to the headwaters of the Yukon in 1898. He has crossed the continent several times—once by automobile, through Yellowstone Park—and he has spent some time in Portland, Oregon, and has motored through California.

Reverting to the N. Y. Survey: We were together in the fall of '71 and the summers of'72, '73, and '74; and the happy days we spent traveling together, stopping whereever night overtook us—usually in some grove or on the banks of some stream, for we led a Gipsy life and lived in our wagon—will linger till life's sun is set, like green fields on the sunny shores of memory.

We cannot enter into a description of all the innumerable localities which we visited, for we traveled over almost every road in that part of the world (Northern Penn'a and Southern N. Y.), nor of all the thousands and thousands of fossils which we sent to Albany, many of them new to science. Neither can we enter into a detailed account of all the many episodes and incidents which befell us at one time and another. At the most we can mention only a very few.

As we think of our work, one part of it that we recall was the making of an important section of the rocks along Schoharie creek and through the Kauterskill clove in the Catskill mountains to the summit of Round-Top, where we stood 4,000 feet above the sea, having measured several thousand feet of strata, and finding—what before was unknown—that Round-Top was capped with nearly a thousand feet of subcarboniferous rocks. This great section was afterwards published in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society.

Just before beginning this task we left our rig, as we remember, at Schoharie, and went to Albany, where, on the 4th of Oct., 1873, after a conference with the State Geologist, we boarded a Hudson River steamer and made our maiden trip to New York city.

As we have said, we led a Gipsy life. We think we were more often mistaken for Gipsies than we were taken for geologists. But we lived well, though not on dainties and knicknacks, to be sure. But whatever the bill of fare, we ate it with a relish; for we'll tell you our digestion was good those days.

Sometimes we almost sigh to try it over again; for there was health and happiness in the wild, free life we led. We were campers, and we had the camping business well in hand. We carried our own bed, and when night came the tightly-closed curtains held us secure from wind and storm. Our horse we always hitched to the wagon wheel, and we believe she understood some things as well or better than we did. With a sense of hearing keener than that of any watchdog, she never failed to arouse us in case anyone or anything ever came around our camp in the night.

We wonder if brother has forgotten the tricks we used to play on each other, as we journeyed through the country, stopping to examine the rock-exposures all allong the way? One we recall was to jump into the wagon, lick up and drive off, leaving the other to "hoof" it along behind for two—or possibly four—miles. One of the aggravating circumstances connected with this performance was that the driver would often slow up, and just as the one behind was on the point of overtaking the wagon, would again ply the whip and be off for another mile or two; thus repeating the act until we think the one walking could—and probably would—have licked the one driving if he could have gotten within reach of him!

But we long ago forgave brother for any of these tricks he may have played on us; and if ever we played any on him, we here and now offer profuse apology.

We wonder if brother has forgotten the incident which we are about to relate? We'll venture to say he has not.

It was somewhere in the hill-country about two miles north of Holidaytown, Pennsylvania. There was not a human habitation in sight; and without being observed, as we supposed, we had driven in behind a thick clump of young pines, some distance in back from the road, and had camped for the night. It was in a most unfrequented spot, yet as the sequel proved, our movements had not passed unobserved; for along about midnight we were suddenly awakened by the sound of many voices up the road. What it all meant we did not know, and could not for the life of us imagine. Such a rabble of both men and women, in such a place and at such an hour, was to us passing strange.

On down the road came the gibbering, jabbering crowd, until it was exactly opposite our camp, where, to our very great amazement it halted, and not only halted but remained. After a while we arose, dressed and got outside, where we planned to await developments.

At about 4 A. M., or just about the break of day, the sound of the voices began coming nearer, but it was not until broad daylight that the leader ventured around the thicket of pines, followed by a motley crew of twenty or more individuals, "armed to the teeth." Both sexes were about equally represented, some being armed with guns, some with pitchforks, while others had axes, and some had clubs. It looked indeed as if our time had come.

Moving up very cautiously, as though they were entering the camp of some band of highwaymen, one of their number, trembling with fear from head to foot, wanted to know who we were and what our business was. We explained as well as we could, but somehow the explanation did not seem to quite satisfy him, while the kind of work we told him we were doing was plainly beyond his comprehension.

"Well," he said, "I am the constable from Holidaytown, and these people, one of whom saw you drive in here, sent for me in the night to come and arrest you for horse thieves, as there have been a good many horses stolen around here lately."

"Well," we drawled, "we suppose you can arrest us if you want to."

"Well," he said, "I don't know—but—I—don't—hardly—believe—I—want to!"

Whereupon he and his crowd quietly withdrew in the direction from whence they had come.

But when they were back in the highway they began firing their guns, one after another, until they had fired fourteen shots. They had no sooner begun this than we got our revolvers out, and when they were through we began. When the chambers of the first weapon were emptied we passed it to brother, who reloaded it while we were firing the other; and thus we kept up a continuous and uninterrupted fusilade until we had fired twenty-eight shots!

Which marked the ending of one of our most comical, mirth-provoking and side-splitting adventures, over which we still laugh whenever we think of it.

Clark Burr Sherwood was married to **Carrie Lelia Smith,** daughter of Levi L. and Adaline N. Smith, of Mainesburg, Tioga county, Pa., Sept. 1, 1875. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's uncle, Rev. Abijah Sher, wood, who said at its close that he had now married both father and son—the father in 1845. Carrie was born Sept. 15, 1854, and died Jan. 17, 1892. She was buried with her parents in the State Road cemetery, near Mainesburg.

To this union one child, **Julia Floy Sherwood** (9), was born Jan. 28, 1879, on the Sherwood farm at Mansfield. She graduated first from the High School, and then from the Mansfield State Normal School, class of 1898; and in 1900 she completed the science course in that institution, after which she taught at Nelson, Pa. In the fall of 1901 she entered Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pa., from which she graduated in the spring of 1905, having won the one hundred dollar cash prize for scholarship in a school of eight hundred pupils. The winter of 1905-6 she taught in Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pa. August 9, 1906, she was married to **George W. Cass**, and the winter of 1906-7 she, with her husband, taught in Union College, at Barbourville, Kentucky.

She died April 16, 1910, leaving no children—the victim of over-study and an over-worked brain, the writer has always thought.

Clark Burr Sherwood was married to **Sarah Elizabeth Smith**, daughter of Joseph Morton, and Deborah (Ingersoll) Smith, of Lawrenceville, Pa., June 18, 1886. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Weeks. Sarah was born June 8, 1851, her parents having come from Connecticut. She died Sept. 17, 1918, and was buried at Mansfield.

Much might be said in praise of Sarah E. Smith, but space forbids. One matter, however, we cannot omit or ignore. Her faithfulness to the writer's mother, who in her old age, was a member of her household, should not go unrecorded. Her fidelity to that trust, her unceasing, unwearying care and concern for her comfort, with never a word of complaint, are well known, and are well worthy of what we would gladly place upon her brow—a crown. For the self-sacrificing spirit displayed, for the labor and vexation endured, for the watch-care, for the inumerable kindly acts both in the case of her mother-in-law and her step-daughter Floy—just as if they were her very own—

for all these things and others we would say: Green be her memory!

To Clark Sherwood and Sarah Smith four children were born, as follows: Infant Son, born and died Sept. 29, 1887; Lorena Julia; Ida Deborah, born March 26, 1890, died March 28, 1890; Daniel Albert.

Lorena Julia Sherwood (9), daughter of Clark B. and Sarah E. Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, Nov. 22, 1888, and is now living at Orenco, Oregon, the wife of **Ernest Wilfert,** who was born Oct. 15, 1890. They were married Jan. 28, 1923, in Grace Baptist Church, Portland, Oregon, by Rev. J. F. Huckleberry. They have two children: Helen Elizabeth, born at Portland, July 6, 1924; and Sherwood Ernest, born at Portland, Dec. 14, 1926.

The writer takes pleasure in stating that Sherwood Ernest Wilfert, born Dec. 14, 1926, is the very latest birth recorded in this volume.

Lorena is a graduate of the State Teachers College at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, while Ernest is the experienced and most competent Foreman in a large sheet-metal works in the city of Portland, and is withal, a man of good address and good principles.

Daniel Albert Sherwood (9), son of Clark B. and Sarah E. Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, Dec. 27, 1893. August 3, 1916, at Tyrone, N. Y., he married **Ida Leona Decker,** born May 2, 1894, the daughter of Ambrose R. and Dora M. Decker, of Mansfield, Pennsylvania. They resided at Lake View farm, Lake Lamoka, N. Y., until in 1921, when they returned to Mansfield, where he was engaged in a prosperous trucking business, and where he was for several years a member of the Mansfield Military Band. They have three children, as follows: Olga Aline, born at Lake View farm, Lake Lamoka, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1917; Norton Burr, born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, Sept. 5, 1924; Clark Merrill, born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, June 28, 1926. Of these, Clark Merrill (10) so far as the writer knows, is the youngest Sherwood in the male line from Thomas the pioneer. Albert is now (1929) living in Elmira, N. Y., where he has lucrative employment in a factory building automobile parts.

Mary A. Sherwood (nee McCarty). A notable event in the spring of 1855 was the coming into father's household of a winsome, bright-eyed and rather pretty little girl, just entering upon her tenth year. She was Mary A. McCarty, whose widowed mother lived at Blossburg, Pa., and she was brought to our house by Chester Clark.

We well remember the day she arrived, and how we children shied around and looked askance at the young stranger. Father and mother never really adopted her as one of their own, yet she always went by our name, Sherwood, and we think she should be mentioned here. We were not long in making her acquaintance, nor was it long until she had won all our hearts and had become as one of us. Indeed, we all grew up together, until she seemed none other than our sister. And a good sister she was too, and a good girl, and took good care of us who were younger, and in later life grew into a kindly, beneficent woman of most excellent Christian character.

Mary Ann (for that was her full name, and as we knew her when a child), was born May 22, 1846, and died Sept. 4, 1923, at Tioga, Pennsylvania, in her 78th year. And the world was darker the day she died—a bright light having gone out. She was one of seven children, of whom only one we believe is living, namely: Miss Margaret McCarty of Tioga, Pa., whom the writer is pleased to number among his most esteemed and very dear friends. Their father came from Ireland at the age of ten, and was a direct descendant of the famous McCarthys who built and lived in Blarney Castle, in County Cork, Ireland; which is still standing in a good state of preservation; and still contains the famous "Blarney Stone," which is annually visited by thousands—upon kissing which a person is said to become a skilled flatterer.

Mary Ann married **Oscar Clark**, Aug. 10, 1861, by whom she had one child—dec'd. while young. After the death of her husband she married **Benjamin Parks**, by whom she had a daughter, **Carrie**, now Mrs. E. B. Smith, of Tioga, Pa. Mary Ann is buried at Mansfield, by the side of Mr. Clark, and near her foster parents. She started in the Christian life when a child, having been baptized and joined the Baptist Church April 6, 1856, but died a member of the Presbyterian Church of Tioga.

Memory goes back to the time when we were young. Mary Ann had a girl friend, a naive and pretty young maid from New York city; and one of the writer's greatest delights as a boy was to swing with those girls and his sister in the old grape-vine swing, or in the big rope swing which we had suspended from a great overhanging willow tree, in a shady dell by the riverside.

Later, when he was in his teens, they, with a number of other young ladies, had donned some bathing suits and gone in the river bathing. With an eye to fun he togged out in like manner, and, unperceived by them, swam down the stream into their midst; but alas! instead of welcoming him, as he had expected, they treated him as an intruder; and we are more than half inclined to think that had he not been able to outswim them—which, however, was "only by the skin of his teeth"—they would have caught and drowned him. Say! but it was a narrow escape.

Minnie Sherwood (nee Rumsey), was born Nov. 16, 1867. On Dec. 19, 1870, her mother died, and in the summer of 1871 she came to live in the home of Albert Sherwood, where she grew up to young womanhood, or until she was in her 21st year, when, on the 15th of June, 1888, she married **Frank W. Orcutt** (born Sept. 22, 1863), by whom she has had four children, namely: **Anna E.**, born Dec. 22, 1889, married Fremont Brown; **Hazel L.**, born July 28, 1895, married John N. Rafferty;**Fred B.**, born May 23, 1904, died Oct. 4, 1904; **Carl V.**, born Dec. 20, 1908.

Mr. and Mrs. Orcutt are now living with their daughter, Anna, at Newfield, N. Y. Years ago their home was at

Lawrenceville, Pa.; and it was there, one dismal night, that the writer and his wife from a distance, saw the lanterns gleaming from the porch, placed there by loving hands to welcome them in from the chilling gloom of a worse than Egyptian darkness, to the glow and warmth of a pleasant fireside; lanterns which even yet are gleaming from the porches of memory.

Good-hearted, big-hearted, true-hearted Minnie Rumsey—or Minnie Sherwood, as she soon came to be known—was a good and dutiful daughter to our parents, although never really adopted by them, as we think she should have been; one who has adorned her life with every Christian grace and virtue; one who has always seemed so much like an own sister to us, as well as a real aunt to our children.

An own sister and a real aunt, did we say?

Come with us back to that ill-starred night of Sept. 24, 1888, and hear the cry: "Fire! Fire!" For that was the night when the writer's home was burned. That was when we lost practically everything we had on earth, without a dollar of insurance. And that was when Minnie, hearing of our great misfortune, took the clothes off her own back to clothe our children, who had lost all their own clothing; that was when we wintered in an unplastered shack and slept on the floor.

Others might forget us—she did not; and you will excuse us if we say it grows upon us as the years go by, this that we have mentioned; you will excuse us if we say we feel like weaving a garland and casting it down at her feet; you will excuse us if we repeat: An own sister and a real aunt.

But she was even more than that. She was indeed and in truth an angel of mercy—God bless her! With a heart filled to overflowing with a superabundance of love, faith, friendship and service, what more could we ask or expect from a sister? Nothing more. She filled the last full measure. And let no reader ask or expect that we shall ever adequately portray this unselfish woman and her unselfish deeds, for we simply cannot do it. We do

THE AUTHOR AT HIS 80th MILESTONE

not need to say that she is a Christian; her acts—her daily walk and conversation—show, and ever have shown it; and neither do we need to say that never would we willingly see her suffer, or see her life in jeopardy.

Yes, she took the clothes off her own back to clothe our children.

WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT SUNSET WHILE PASSING HIS 80TH MILESTONE

(Written July 16, 1928)

At morn I was eager and chafing to go;
At noontide, undaunted, I still hurried on;
At sunset I'm weary, way-weary and wan;
My friends of the morning have vanished and gone;
My head is all white like the snow.

I cared not to stay in the Valley of Youth,
I wanted to climb to a loftier plain,
And dreamed of a summit still higher to gain,
Where Fame sits secure and the stars never wane—
I'd plant there the banners of Truth.

Then circling the summits which pierced the blue dome—
Fame's loftier peaks where I could not abide—
I crossed with the crowd at a lower "divide,"
Till now I can see, from the westernmost side,
The lights in the windows of home.

I'll soon be at home, I'm a-trav'ling so fast;
The roar of life's battle is dying away;
A land-breeze from heaven's beginning to play;
I stand at the dawn of Eternity's day;
Life's turmoil is hushed in the past.

My path it is shining, 'tis burnished like gold,
The path which my fathers before me have trod,
And O it leads homeward to Heaven and God,
And though I grow old till I faint on the road,
In Heaven I'll never grow old.

And so I have come to life's 80th stone,
Past perils and pitfalls and dangers unknown,
But I have not made the great journey alone,
No, I have not made it alone.

Andrew Sherwood (8), author and compiler of this volume, and son of Albert and Julia Ann (Clark) Sherwood, was born at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, July 16, 1848. He was the second in a family of four children. His full name as originally bestowed was Daniel Andrew, yet he has been mostly known only as Andrew. A synopsis of his life —all that anyone really needs to know—may be found in Who's Who in America, and in the Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy.

From these records it will be learned that he is descended from Thomas Sherwood, born in England in 1586, died at Fairfield, Conn., in 1655; and on his mother's side from Lieu't. William Clark, born in England in 1609, died at Northampton, Mass., in 1690.

It will be learned that his wife was **Jennie Lind Knapp**, of Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, who was born June 5, 1852, and to whom he was married April 17, 1872; that she was the daughter of Alfred Metcalf Knapp (born at Rutland, Vermont, Sept. 12, 1805, died at Lawrenceville, Pa., June 21, 1886, in his 81st year), and Elizabeth (Middaugh) Knapp (born at Lawrenceville, Pa., Dec. 15, 1813, and died there Oct. 27, 1898, in her 85th year); Father and Mother Knapp having been married Feb. 9, 1841.

It may also be learned that by profession he has been a geologist, having been connected with the State geological surveys of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania; that he had charge of the great Pennsylvania mineral exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893; that he led an Alaskan expedition to the headwaters of the Yukon in 1898; that for nearly fifty years he has been a Prohibitionist, and was a delegate to the national Prohibition convention as long ago as 1888, and a candidate for congress in 1894, when he received about eighteen hundred votes—not many to be sure, and yet the greatest number ever cast for a straight-out Prohibition candidate for congress anywhere in the United States up to that time; that he is still a radical "dry;" that in his Church affiliations he has been a Baptist for more than sixty years, his grandchildren being in the 5th generation who, without a break, have been baptized by immersion into the Baptist Church; that he sometimes writes songs, both sacred and sentimental. Yet in the records cited there will be found no hint of the statesman, the soldier, the inventor, or even the successful business man; nothing in fact but a very ordinary man.

He might, and perhaps, ought to stop right here, and yet, seeing that this volume is largely biographic—as was stated in the preface—he might go on and say that it was as a geologist, engaged in geological work, that he first learned how God's Word and His works agree, when rightly understood. It was as a geologist that he came to believe in the truth of the Bible. It was as a geologist that he was brought face to face with the fact that there must have been a Designer in creation, and that that Designer was most assuredly the author of the 1st chapter of Genesis, wherein is told, in the sublimest language this world has ever known, the amazingly wonderful story of creation.

It was as a geologist that he was able to receive as the truth, and that without question, the record of three days and three nights before the "creation" (that is, when they became visible from the earth), of the sun, moon and stars. It was as a geologist that he came to see how **Someone** other than man must have put it into the mind of the sac-

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

red writer—who knew, just as well as we know it, that there could be no day without the sun—thus to record events in a way at once so unnatural, so unphilosophical, and yet withal, mind you, so truly geological; how **Someone** other than man must have inspired him to say: "And the evening and the morning were time one," "And the evening and the morning were time two," etc.—which we understand is the literal rendering; and to say He rested in the seventh time—which, as we believe, is the present time, when he is still resting from his work as a creator.

O we must say, as a geologist: It grows upon us, not only the beauty, and the grandeur, and the mighty sweep of that first great statement, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," but likewise that great compendium of creation: "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, **in the day** that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."

The writer cannot dwell upon these matters here and now, more than to say that he believes the testimony of the Book, agrees perfectly with the testimony of the rocks; that the Bible not only proves science, but that science no less surely proves the Bible; in other words, that God's Word and His Works agree; and that the one story so illumines and proves the other as to make it absolutely unbelievable and impossible that the story as told in Genesis could ever have been fabricated by any mere man—"in that far-off unscientific antiquity."

So that the pursuit of geology, and its kindred science, paleontology, have really been of untold value to the writer. There may be infidel geologists—he is not one of them. He prefers to line up with Hugh Miller, Louis Agassiz, James D. Dana, Sir J. W. Dawson, Lieutenant Maury, J. S. Newberry, and James Hall—than whom there are none greater known or were ever known in the geologic field.

These men did not hold with some of our modern theologians who have undertaken to make it appear that God's days of creation were the same as man's days of twenty-four hours, and who in so doing have unwittingly provided ammunition for scoffers and have been instrumental in causing a great deal of needless contention even in the religious world, as likewise they have done in maintaining that the earth was subjected to some great cataclysm shortly before the advent of man—the work of Satan, some of them say—which is another theory absurd on the face of it, with no evidence whatever to support it, and which has only resulted in making the whole matter ridiculous, while at the same time proving the truth of the old adage that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

No, the men whom we have mentioned held to a saner view, and one which does not so greatly tax our credulity; they held that always there has been a steady progress in creation from dead matter Godwards (not by evolution but by creation), ending at last in man, who is the very image of his Maker.

O when rightly understood, there is no more beautiful or wonderful story in all the realm of nature than the story of creation.

As for the rhymes of the writer: A few of them have been set to music by George F. Root, George C. Stebbins, D. B. Towner, J. W. Henderson and Pendleton Maryatt. A few of them have been used in evangelistic services, and are said to have been instrumental in the salvation of souls. Some have been published in newspapers and magazines.

As for his school days, always so irksome to him that he was often a truant: They were passed, first in the district school, then in the Mansfield Classical Seminary, then in the Mansfield State Normal School (now the State Teachers College), and lastly in the old University of Chicago.

He, as intimated, never liked the confinement of a school; it was galling to him. Many have sighed for the return of their school days—never has he. If he could have studied spelling, political and physical geography, history, English literature, agriculture, botany, and all the natural sciences—but especially geology—things that he liked and could have mastered—school would have been far more tolerable.

But when it came to grammar—but he does not need to mention grammar to anyone who has been reading these pages—higher mathematics, Greek and Latin, it was like a man trying to learn music with no music in his soul. Some day all this will be changed, and children will be taught the things for which they have a natural fitness, or aptitude.

With its present curriculum the writer was a misfit in college. His only consolation is that any very noteworthy success in life depends far more upon original endowment than upon any acquired ability. If we were backward and failed in our grades we are disposed to blame it upon the college, since they never discovered our particular bent—and even if they had, we do not see how they could have helped us very greatly with a college course as at present prescribed.

The writer was born with a predilection for geology. He has often heard his mother relate how, as a child, he began to gather up stones and pebbles and bring them into the house, saying, "Pretty, pretty." He has no recollection as to this, but it seems that among all his playthings there were none that had anything like the attraction for him, or that were so treasured as were those rocks and pebbles, to which he was constantly adding fresh supplies, utterly oblivious to the litter and work it made for his mother.

Thus it would seem that his future vocation in life—or at least one of the things which have had considerable of his time and attention—was foreshadowed at a very early age. His environment was not unlike that described by Longfellow in his lines to Agassiz:

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
  The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story book
  Thy Father hath written for thee!"

'Come wander with me', she said,
Into regions as yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God!"

But it was not until the winter of 1864, when he was sixteen, that he came across a book in the State Normal library entitled "The Testimony of the Rocks," by Hugh Miller. That struck him as being a curious title for a book, so he obtained permission to take it to his seat in the chapel and read it. But he had not read very far before he was greatly impressed with the charming style of the writer, who by the way is scarcely surpassed for elegant diction and fine descriptive powers by any English author with whom he is acquainted. Presently he became conscious that a chord in his soul had been struck and was vibrating, which up to that time had been silent. For never before had he seen the word geology; nor did he know that there was such a science.

As he read on and the great Scotchman told of the wonders found in the rocks, his interest was greatly excited and his curiosity knew no bounds. But then, he thought: He is writing of things found in the rocks of England and Scotland, on the other side of the ocean; and he said to himself: How I should like to go there and find some for myself.

Suddenly the thought flashed into his mind: Has any such thing ever been found in America? Have any fossils ever been found in the rocks on this continent? And he wondered if any one had ever thought to look.

He was seized with the greatest desire and passion of his life. He could hardly wait for school to close that day, so that he could get out and see some rocks. But alas! it was midwinter, the snow was two feet deep on the ground, and where in the world would he find any rocks?

At last a happy thought struck him. He remembered that his father's barn rested on stone abutments, built up a few feet from the ground, and there he hoped to find some stones above the snow-line.

The grass did not grow, and neither did the snow melt under his feet as he hastened home that afternoon, and out to the northwest corner of the barn. His interest was up to the highest notch, and it would be vain for him to attempt to describe his emotions as he began scrutinizing the rocks in that abutment.

The first one examined was a smooth, water-worn stone, in which he could detect no signs of anything that he thought had ever been a living organism. But the next one, which had been broken before it was used in the wall, was a mass of calcareous rock from the upper Chemung formation; and there, on the fresh fracture of that stone, was revealed to his wondering gaze the first fossils he had ever seen. They were not so very well preserved, it is true, but they were surely there. Yet so wonderful did it all seem to him that it was with difficulty that he could believe the evidence of his own eyes.

As he saw the delicate tracing of **rhynchonellas, spirifers,** and other Devonian species in the solid stone, he was quite overwhelmed with the thought that he had discovered fossils in America, and he said to himself: But wouldn't Hugh Miller like to have seen these and to have known about them?

The same stone is still under the old barn; and the other day the writer's brother sent him a 3-pound piece of it, filled with the same fossils, for preservation in his paleontological collection, beside "The Testimony of the Rocks," to commemorate the awakening of his youthful mind to the subject of geology.

Having finished—or perhaps he would better say, devoured—the book mentioned, he was fortunate to find in the school library "The Old Red Sandstone," and "My Schools and Schoolmasters," both by the same great author, and then Dr. Mantell's "Wonders of Geology," all of which he read with the greatest avidity. Indeed, it was but little interest that he any longer took in school text-books—he never did too much anyhow—his only thought was to be a geologist.

When spring came, and the snows melted off, he fitted a handle in an old blacksmith's hammer which his father had, then made an old file into a chisel, then got his mother to give him the half of what had once been his grandfather's old leather saddle-bags (in the days when he journeyed an assemblyman to Albany on horseback), for a knapsack in which to carry his lunch and his specimens, and on Saturdays he hied him away to the brooks and the hillsides, geologizing.

He became a rambler over rocks and mountains. When school closed, work had to be done on the farm; but his father had a rubber blanket, such as was used in the army, and under cover of that and an old umbrella he took advantage of every rainy day in following up his favorite pastime of hunting for fossils. His father looked somewhat askance at this, saying he did not see any money in it, and prophesying—correctly, too, as time has proven—"that he would scratch a poor man's back!"

He was fortunate, perhaps, in being born on the Upper Devonian, the same as was Hugh Miller; and that he was flattered when told by a Scotchman, who had seen the great geologist, that he resembled him in personal appearance more than anyone he had ever seen, he has to confess. As it happened, too, the very rocks which he visited and immortalized at the quarries of Cromarty, as the Old Red Sandstone, were represented in the Chemung and Red Catskill formations at and near his own home. These strata were rich with millions of fossils of the invertebrate order—**Spirifer, Grammysia, Rhynchonella, Productus, Orthis,** etc., etc., but it was not until the year 1865 that he saw any fish remains of the character of those described in "The Old Red Sandstone."

Then it was that one day his brother, Clark, came bringing some pieces of red rock containing the most wonderful fossils he had ever seen up to that time, and which he had found at the new railroad bridge they were building across Corey creek near our home. Glistening white on a red background, beautifully preserved and still retaining something of their pristine irridescence of coloring, and all their ancient ornamental markings, these specimens were so different from any he had found that he was at a loss at first just what to call them, though he somehow instinctively felt that they were the scales of large fishes similar to those of which he had been reading.

The next day, at the bridge, he found that the rock they were using had come from "Red Rock," between Covington and Blossburg, where, in after years, he collected for the New York and Pennsylvania Surveys, and for various museums, vast numbers of the same scales, teeth and bones of **Holoptychius**, as were those first found by his brother, as well as the remains of many other armor-clad fishes. In 1866 he sent some of these fossils to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where they were not long in attracting the attention of scientists. See Newberry's great Monograph entitled **The Paleozoic Fishes of North America**, published by the United States Geological Survey.

It would be hard to overestimate the ardor with which the writer pursued his favorite study from that time on, or to picture the strangely romantic and mysterious fascination with which every bit of mineral, every pebble and "traveler" of the Glacial Drift, and every fragment of fossil, was invested in those days. He doubts if Hugh Miller himself ever pursued geology with any more enthusiasm. More than once did he skip school and go off to the hills, especially in those glorious April days, when the shadows from great fleecy clouds were chasing each other over the brown mountains.

He made frequent visits to the coal mines at and around Blossburg, where he delved amid the ancient and wonderful flora of the Coal Period, as disclosed in the slate piles at the mouth of the mines. He was not only a most industrious collector for himself, but with the encouragement of the principal, Prof. F. A. Allen, he began a collection for the Normal School. Allen loaned him what few books he had on the subject of geology, and together they would sometimes go on collecting expeditions, in the hill country adjacent to Mansfield.

His own collection had now assumed such proportions that he prevailed upon his mother to let him have the use of a large room in the house for a cabinet. When his friend, Hess Cooper—of blessed memory, and who had become the frequent companion of his rambles—learned of his intentions, he said he wanted to furnish the shelves; and with a generosity characteristic of the man, went into the woods and cut his most valuable tree, had the logs hauled to the mill and sawed, and then presented the writer with the lumber. Whereupon he fitted up the room, placing in it his best specimens.

When he was in his 21st year, which was in the spring of 1869, what was his surprise one day, at the University of Chicago, to receive a letter from Dr. John Strong Newberry, State Geologist, asking him to become his assistant in the field work on the Geological Survey then in progress in the state of Ohio, with headquarters at Cleveland.

This offer was accepted, and the summer of '69 was spent on the Ohio Survey, the field of operations being mostly in the counties bordering on Lake Erie, but extending into southwestern New York and northwestern Pennsylvania. See Newberry's **Report on the Geology of Ohio;** also his **Paleontology of Ohio,** Vol. 11, Part 11, wherein he names a new fossil fish **Dipterus Sherwoodi.** Dr. Newberry ever remained a firm friend of the writer down to the day of his death in the year 1892.

It was in the spring of 1871 that Prof. James Hall, State Geologist of New York, and at that time the most noted geologist and paleontologist in America, visited the writer and his collection. Arriving late in the evening, he went at once to our little museum of fossils, where he became so greatly absorbed that he refused to retire until two o' clock in the morning, and when at last he did consent to lie down it was with the understanding that we should call him again at five; which we did, when he again resumed his studies until eight, or to within an hour of the time when he would be obliged to leave for Albany.

That Prof. Hall had discovered a mine of treasures, and much that was then new to science, was only too apparent; and we could not but observe with what avidity he took note of new species, displaying an interest and enthusiasm exceeding our own, if that were possible, only in his case it was the enthusiasm of a trained mind. Here at last was some recompense for the days we had spent quarrying those fossils from the rocks of our native hills, often in the rain.

When about to leave, Prof. Hall turned and said: "Young man, I think anyone who has done so well collecting for himself might do pretty well collecting for some one else. I believe you are the young man we have been looking for to do our field work in the State of New York. Think it over, and I will write you when I get back to Albany."

And in a few days he wrote, making us a very definite proposition, to cover a period of five years, which we were not long in accepting. A few days more and we had become Prof. Hall's right-hand man in the field, making practically all the paleontological collections. This was in the year 1871, when we started in by procuring a boat, or skiff, and going from our home down the Tioga and Chemung rivers to the Susquehanna, about seventy-five miles, stopping at hotels or with the farmers at night, and exploring all the tributary creeks and ravines along the way. This took a month or more, and resulted in a fine collection of fossils, including many new species, which greatly pleased Professor Hall. And we might add that many of the fossils figured and described as Upper Devonian in the reports of the New York State Museum were then and later on collected by the writer.

Our district covered the whole of Southern New York, from Lake Erie to the Hudson river, and the whole of northern Pennsylvania, which we traversed on foot, or with a horse and buggy. Over this extended area there is a vast accumulation of Upper Devonian rocks, whose fossil forms, rich and varied though they were, had not been very thoroughly investigated up to that time; and the labor of collecting these fossils, constructing a geological map of the region, and for years doing all the field work, was a matter of no small consequence (to a boy just out of his teens), yet he believes he "made good" all that was asked or expected of him, for never did he receive a word of censure from the State Geologist, but on the contrary many words of praise and many letters of commendation heartily approving of his work. He sent in a vast number of boxes of fossils—a great many tons in fact—representing many scores of localities and two or three thousand feet of formations. In much of this work he had, as aid and assistant, his brother, Clark Sherwood, of which fact some mention is made in his record.

At the end of four years Hall was loth to relinquish the writer from the N. Y. Survey, but finally consented to do so—"because you have been appointed Assistant State Geologist of Pennsylvania, and I cannot blame you for wanting to take up the work in your own state, but when through there we shall want you back on the N. Y. Survey." And back to the N. Y. Survey the writer went, in 1879, when his time was devoted, in part, to the making of a geological map of the Catskill mountain country. And we may add that the friendship existing between Hall and the writer was never broken until his death in 1898. Also, that the collection sold by Hall to the Museum of Natural History of N. Y. City for sixty thousand dollars was, we believe, in part made up of duplicates collected by the writer.

April 8, 1875, the writer was appointed Assistant State Geologist on the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, in which capacity he served for five years, the results of which were published in three volumes, viz.: **G1, G2, and G3**; and the maps in the **Grand Atlas of County Geological Maps,** Division 1, Part 1, on sheets about 26x32, as follows: **Sheet No. XLII, Sheet No. VI. Sheet No. XXX1X, Sheet No. XX1, Sheet No. X1, Sheet No XLV11.**

Of these six maps published by the State in 1885 the writer is not ashamed, the State Geologist himself having written him that "they are exceedingly beautiful, and have never been equaled by any geological maps I have ever seen up to this time;" and again in his preface to the Bradford-Tioga report: The beauty of the maps accompanying this report will be acknowledged.". Yet, nevertheless, their accuracy is impaired in a few instances through no fault of the writer, but owing to the carelessness of the lithographer, or rather to the lack of proper supervision by the State Geologist.

As to his published reports: He takes but little pride in them, and can with difficulty refrain from complaining at the way the text was altered and mutilated in the "editing"—leaving out matter he wrote, and putting in matter he never wrote—until he is rather sorry to appear as their author. He takes no great pride in them, and must say he has but little use for "bar-room geologists," who do their work in swivel chairs—behind long-stemmed pipes, it may be, of opium or hashish. If the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania was a failure, it was not the fault of the workers a-field; they did their best.

With the close of his engagement in Pennsylvania, and after another year in New York as previously noted, with no more state surveys in progress in the East, his work as a geologist in the interest of the general public came to an end. True, there was presented an opportunity to go on the United States Geological Survey; but the work was in the far West, where there was still trouble from the Indians, so that expeditions had to have military escorts; and the writer, being now a man of family, declined to take the risks connected with employment so far from home.

Yet he never lost interest in his favorite pursuit, and was sometimes engaged by private individuals or corporations in the location of mines and mining properties, and sometimes oil wells in western Pennsylvania. When the Worlds Columbian Exposition came off in Chicago in 1893 he was placed in charge of the great Pennsylvania mineral exhibit by the governor and board of commissioners. The exhibit was one of the largest and most complete in the Hall of Mines, having been assembled at a cost of many thousands of dollars; while his office, which was in the center, was a very ornate little pagoda, made almost entirely of slate—the exhibit of one of the big slate quarries in the eastern part of the state. Perhaps the most interesting thing about it was that on the first day of the week he had a sign up at the entrance "CLOSED," which to the Sunday crowd made his name anathema, yet he never hauled it down.

When the Klondyke excitement arose, various companies about the country (notably one in Baltimore), tried to capitalize the writer's reputation for geological knowledge by trying to induce him to lead their expeditions to the gold fields—and at length one of them succeeded. The Alaska Mining and Prospecting Co. of Elmira, N. Y., induced him to lead a band of seven prospectors to that far-off land, in the year 1898—which was a year after the best claims had all been staked out. The writer could, and did, wash out gold in almost every stream in that country, but not in paying quantities, considering the great cost of subsistence.

It no sooner became known that the leader was to have the selection of his men than he was besieged with applicants from all over the country offering him large sums of money if he would make them members of his party, but it is needless to say that not one of them was selected, and that those who were, never paid him a dollar.

It took all summer to get there by the way of the Stikine river and the Teslin trail, through northern British Columbia. We had, in all, nineteen horses with which to move (on their backs), over a ton of equipment, and we came out with three skeletons, over a trail lined with hundreds of dead horses, and now and then the grave of a prospector.

That we were subjected to many hardships, privations and dangers while on this memorable journey (in the year when the leader passed his 50th milestone), will be apparent, we think, from a brief quotation or two taken from the daily record of events kept by the writer.

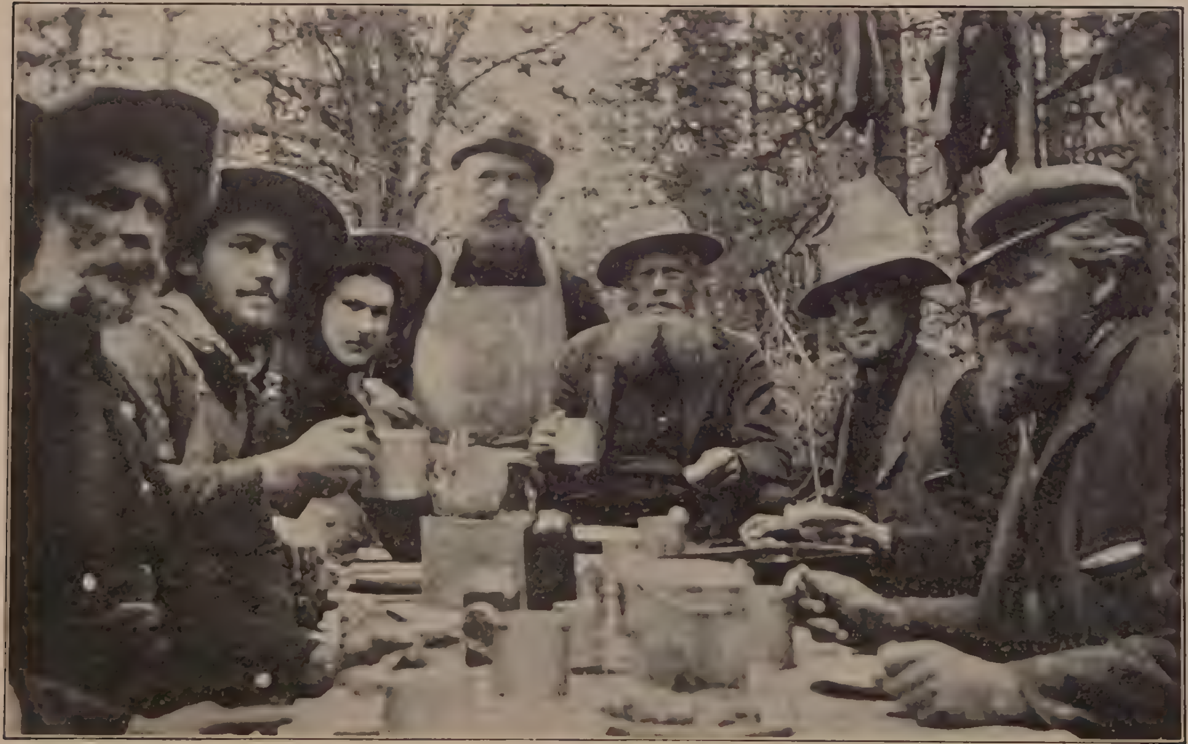
Under date of Sept. 21, 1898, we find in part as follows:

Whew! but what a night! It began raining at midnight, and we spread the ground-sheets, which are waterproof, over our bed as well as we could, and made the best of it. This morning it is spitting snow. The water here is very yellow in color and very poor. We are said to be nearing some awful bogs and quagmires, such as surround the head of the Yukon, and O how we wish we were through them, and safely on the other side.

Nine P. M.—We are there! We are in camp at last! But O what a day! Anyone unused to such things would hardly believe it possible for man or beast to go through such awful places as we have come through today. But alas for our poor horses! We had not gone far when "Flora" sank almost out of sight in a bog, and we had to put a rope around her neck and pull her out by main strength. A short distance farther on and the same thing happened again, but after we had pulled her out this time she could not rise, being greatly emaciated, and O do you know? we had to shoot Flora.

Which almost broke our hearts; and we said to the boys that we thought the men who are deceiving people and luring them into this terrible place ought to be hung. We said we thought a good legend to put up at the entrance to what is known as "the All-Canadian Route to the Yukon" would be those words of the great Teacher of Israel: "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." And then at the other end of the long trail that wisest sentence of Shakespeare's: "What fools we mortals be."

Some distance farther and we came to a place which beggars description, with its horrible bogs, its dead horses and its hundreds of fallen trees. We are wondering how we ever got through that three or four miles, for at times



THE AUTHOR AND HIS PARTY AT DINNER, AT CAMP SHERWOOD
ON TESLIN TRAIL, IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Beginning at the left:
1. Dr. Charles Beach; 2. Ernest Kisberger; 3. Albert Stacey; 4. Henry Johnson;
5. Andrew Sherwood; 6. Hugh Sherwood; 7. Clark Sherwood.

it seemed as though we could neither go ahead nor return. But we would go on, choosing the best path we could find for a little way in advance, and then, somehow (but just how we hardly know), the men would manage to get themselves and the horses through to where we were standing. In this way we kept on all day-long in the rain, never once stopping to taste a morsel of food—for we could not. How we ever endured the tremendous strain of both mind and body we cannot tell—we only know that we are here in camp at last.

But we know, too. that we had to leave in that morass another one of our horses, completely exhausted. He will go to swell the multitude of his kind that have perished in this awful place. And all through British Columbia, from Ashcroft to Teslin, the All-Canadian Route is lined with the carcasses of thousands of dead horses, the effluvium from which has poisoned both air and water.

We had no sooner emerged from the bogs than we came to a high and very steep mountain, where night overtook us, but where we could not stop, as there was no feed for the horses. So on we came up what seemed like the longest mountain we ever climbed, and it was nine o'clock when we reached the top, and after midnight when a little farther on we got into camp and ate our supper of rolled oats—not having tasted food since before daylight in the morning.

We should have said that when we had gotten nearly to the top of the mountain another of our horses, "Old Billy," gave out, and we tied him to a tree. Old Billy has been our mainstay all summer; so faithful that when we thought he had recuperated sufficiently to advance, we called for volunteers to go back and bring him up, and two of our young men went through the thick darkness and returned with him at midnight; which was a noble act.

We found that what had been rain in the valley was snow on the mountain, and out into this (several inches in depth), we turned our horses loose to "rustle" for themselves as best they could, while we crawled under the low-spreading branches of a friendly spruce. There we found a dry place, and tried to kindle a fire, but only succeeded at the end of half an hour—everything being soaked, and we ourselves wet to the skin. Wringing the water from our stockings we finally lay down in the warmth and glow of that blessed fire (the weariest mortals in all the world), and passed the remainder of the night in comparative comfort.

But the experiences in the muck and mire of the dreadful swamps, and the climb up the awful mountain in the gloom and darkness of the night, will never be forgotten.

In the quotation which follows, and which is also taken from our records, the scene is shifted so as to give an account of a day or two out of the nine days spent descending the Stikine river in a boat, which we christened "The Anna Leona," (after the writer's eldest daughter), and which was a barge, twenty-four feet long, six feet wide, and one foot ten inches deep, which we made of pit-sawed lumber, and which was capable of carrying several tons. It was admirably adapted for a wild and rapid mountain river, though inclined to "ship" water while passing through the wallopers, so that later we had to build higher the bow of our boat.

Under date of Oct. 28, 1898:—

It has stormed incessantly all night long—snow and rain—and now, at nine A. M., and while it is still storming, we will untie and proceed on our way.

According to Dawson's map, which we have before us, the Grand rapids and several other dreaded places, (where many voyagers have lost their lives), are not far ahead of us.

Four P. M.—We have tied up for the night on a bar about five miles below the Little canyon, and a little below Cone mountain, which towers over 6,000 feet above the river—having come twenty-five or thirty miles.

Soon after starting this morning we ran through a very dangerous place, where it might be said we escaped with our lives "by the skin of our teeth."

We were shooting down a rapid at a tremendous speed, where the river was boiling and foaming like the water over a mill-dam, when suddenly we came to a narrow place where great masses of granite rocks had come down the steep mountain side into the river, choking the passage so that death and destruction seemed inevitable. An appalling prospect stared us in the face, for straight as an arrow we were shooting down upon those rocks, where our boat would certainly be dashed in pieces and every man of us drowned, since the best swimmer could not hope to escape in that wild torrent.

But a master hand was holding the helm at the bow of that boat, and just as we were about to be lost, he suddenly and dexterously (though not without a mighty effort), guided the boat into the only passage through which we could possibly have gone, and through it we shot, where the angry waters seethed and hissed, with not six inches to spare on either side between our boat and the rocks.

This place is known, we think, as "The Devil's Elbow," and it was here that the murderer referred to in yesterday's record met his doom, the remains of his boat being piled up in the driftwood at the foot of the rapid.

We had an almost equally narrow and miraculous escape at the Grand rapids. We glided down these very swiftly, yet with comparitive ease and safety, until we reached the foot of the rapid, where we encountered some bad snags in the shape of some large cottonwood trees, which the current had undermined and deposited at this place, and toward which the turbulent waters carried us with almost resistless force. But here again, and just as disaster seemed most imminent, the steady, powerful hand and good judgment of our pilot pulled us through, although it was "a close shave," and there was a great sigh of relief when we emerged in safety from this most perilous place, all feeling that we had escaped with our lives.

At the Kloochman canyon we came through the Sawtooth range, with its white and glittering peaks standing up like saw-teeth. But most of the high mountains along the river have been obscured today by fog and clouds, with

MUSEUM
LEWIS.CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

snow storms raging around their summits.

The Little canyon, which had caused us much worry and apprehension, proved to be quite a tame affair (now that the river is at a low stage), as compared with what we had expected to find it, although there was one bad rock near the entrance, which excited our fears, but gave us no very serious trouble.

Clark and his brother, the writer, are managing the boat by means of a large oar at each end, similar to those once used on the lumber rafts in our native land, and we are the only ones in the party, as we suppose, who could manage it. The others are not used to the water, but say that with us at the helm (Clark at the bow as pilot and the writer at the stern), they feel perfectly safe. It is quite apparent that any man unused to the water would have no business trying to navigate this wild and turbulent mountain river.

Fortunately for us, the storm of the morning had abated somewhat before we encountered the places described above, and aside from the dangers we have passed through, the ride has been rather a pleasant one.

Oct. 29.—It began storming the latter part of the night, and this morning it is snowing so hard we cannot write, and are in doubt as to whether we should break camp. But the near approach of winter, and the time when the river will be closed with ice, compel us to proceed.

Evening.—We were forced to tie up at 1:30 P. M., under an overhanging cliff of granite, just below the mouth of the Scud river, as we could go no farther. We have had a terrible experience today, which has been almost beyond human endurance. The storm has been nothing less than a blinding blizzard. Against the strong wind we could make but little headway, and the heavy wet snow drenched us to the skin, so that we were thoroughly chilled, and almost overcome with the cold. The rocks and overhanging hemlocks where we have landed afford us some slight shelter from the blast, but we have found it almost impossible to kindle a fire, so we can dry our clothes and warm up a little bean soup for our suppers. If ever men had before them a cheerless, comfortless prospect for the night, it will be our party when, a little later, we shall crawl into our sleeping bags under the drip and splash of these snow and water-laden trees.

Oct. 30, 1898.—Sunday. The storm of sleet and snow never slackened throughout the long and dreary night, and with our clothes all wet, and no chance to dry them, no one but ourselves will ever know what we have suffered.

But it is often the case in this world that the ludicrous will be blended with the serious; and so it was with us this morning when we had finished our breakfast of bean soup, which the cook had warmed up now for the third time from what was originally a large batch of several gallons, and which we ate standing around the pail in the rain. The cook had been unable to find his dish cloth for a couple of days, and do you know? we found that dish cloth in the bottom of the soup pail!

And all agreed that it served to explain why this particular batch of soup had been so particularly good.

Evening.—After our breakfast of bean and dish-rag soup, and when the storm had slackened, we pursued our journey, cold and wet, and having to pull all day against strong headwinds, which the boys did by taking turns at the side oars. It is not just the way we like to spend the Sabbath, and we have mourned over it, but it seems to be impossible at this time to do otherwise. However, we are the only Alaskan expedition, so far as we have observed, who have ever made any pretense at keeping the Sabbath.

We are getting down now where the river is not so rapid, and where boating is attended with less excitement. Yesterday we passed a glacier, and another today, but we can see but little of the country, as it is almost completely enveloped in storm and fog, so that we are losing the grand scenery of the Stikine.

It was three P. M. when we tied up here. The shore at this place is lined with gigantic cottonwoods. We have cleared away the snow (which is six inches deep), from a small space, and fixed up our bed on the cold wet ground as well as we could, while we have put up our tent on the windward side in the form of a lean-to. Henry and Ernest are baking "bannocks," which is a kind of bread often made by prospectors, and is baked in a frying pan, tilted up to the fire. We will eat this in a soup prepared from dried or compressed vegetables, such as carrots, onions, and in fact a little of everything mixed, and which is very good indeed.

All of which is a mere bagatelle of what we passed through—and for what?

We found to our sorrow, when it was too late, that we had been duped. The seven men constituting the Alaskan expedition, and who worked so hard for its success—viz: Clark Sherwood, Henry Johnson, Dr. Charles Beach, Ernest Kirberger, Albert Stacey, Hugh Sherwood, and the leader—and who even risked their lives for its success, found, before the season was over, that they had unwittingly been made parties—not to a bonafide mining proposition, as they had been led to believe—but to a "mining-on paper," stock-selling, get-rich-quick scheme, pure and simple. To their amazement and consternation they found themselves stranded in a far country, with an arctic winter approaching and no likelihood of receiving the financial support they had been promised and must have.

And then it was that the secretary wrote the leader suggesting that he stake out some claims somewhere up there, no matter whether good for anything or not, and then have it printed in the Seattle papers that we had staked out a lot of good claims in the Atlin district, so **they could sell more stock on the strength of it to raise more funds, when the money we needed would be forthcoming.** The leader still has the proposition, to which he replied that sooner than do such a thing he would foot it back to Pennsylvania if necessary.

We may not know it to be a fact, but we do not believe the promoters had a dollar of their own money in the enterprise. We understood they sold over thirty thousand dollars worth of stock, of which the leader when ready to start was given only four thousand dollars with which to outfit the expedition and pay all expenses, traveling, living and clothing, with the promise of more funds to follow as needed—which it is needless to say never came.

Had an adequate sum been provided at the opportune time, which was toward the close of the season, to meet expenses (the leader having offered to remain for another season and give his services free, and not only so, but to be one with each of the directors to share equally in the expense), success might still have been achieved, possibly in the newly-discovered Atlin district (which was not far from us), as we were no longer "tenderfeet."

But as we have said, it was a mining-on-paper, stock-selling scheme, in which it was evidently no part of their plans for the directors to go into their own pockets for a dollar, and so it was that the entreaties and proposals of the leader and his men to try and save the fate of the expedition—more especially for the sake of the stockholders who were innocent parties—were all in vain. Suffice it to say that we were forced out of the country and had to winter at Wrangell; and that the leader was sorry, though not surprised, to hear in after years that the chief promoter of the Alaska Mining and Prospecting Co. of Elmira had suicided at a hotel in New York City.

We should have said that the men, when they saw the predicament we were in, all signed a petition begging the leader to get out of the country before winter should shut us in, which petition he felt it to be his duty under the circumstances to grant. Therefore it was that we came out from Lake Teslin, over the Teslin trail to Telegraph Creek, and thence down the Stikine river, as noted, to Wrangell, where we rented a shack and remained until the following spring. And thereby were saved, it may be, the lives of some or all of our party.

Wrangell was a place of some eight hundred inhabitants we would guess—prospectors, Indians, half-breeds, etc., and noted for its totem poles, and as the seat of a Presbyterian mission. Taking an interest in the town, and attending and taking part in the mission services, as our party did, it was not long until they were "big toads in the puddle." The Y. M. C. A. had purchased a piano and could not pay for it, when our men put up an entertainment in Bloomhart's hall to try and help them out, which they did in great shape, the whole town turning out and a large sum being raised.

"The Great Show," or "Life on the Teslin Trail" (as it was called), came off on the evening of March 2, 1899, the writer receiving a complimentary "for furnishing the Teslin Trail song." Mainly under the direction of Dr. Beach, who had a special knack for such work, and with the hearty co-operation of the others, and with the help of some of the best of the home talent—as Mrs. Calvert and Miss Green, both fine singers—**"Life on the Teslin Trail"** was presented; for which they pitched our tents on the stage, topped out with our flags—the stars and stripes—and surrounded with evergreen trees representing a forest, and making a very good imitation of a prospector's camp.

The house was full, and the show was a great success—"nothing like it ever seen in Alaska," they said. Indeed, it was one of the very best entertainments the writer ever attended—the best amateur entertainment—and he never laughed so much in his life. The men had made great preparations, and they all performed their parts extremely well; the Dr. as impersonator and chief talker, Henry as singer and chief cook, Ernest and Albert as managing the hunt for lost horses, Hugh as reader and singer, and Clark and the writer as holding down prominent seats in the auditorium.

"The Last Rose of Summer," sung by Hugh, Mrs. Calvert and Miss Green; "History of the Trail," telling of our adventures in the search for gold, by Hugh; "On the Teslin Trail," sung by Hugh and Henry—Henry himself being the author of the music; "He is Sleeping in the Klondyke Vale tonight," sung by Hugh—"when you could have heard a pin drop"—all were exceptionally good.

"In far away Alaska,
Where the Yukon river flows,
And the mighty boulders stand mid wealth and might;
With fortune there untold,
In a grave that's decked with gold,
He is sleeping in the Klondyke vale tonight."

Even the singing by Albert, when he got his tune pitched an octave too high and the notes went floating away through the roof, lent zest to the occasion. But the anecdotes told by the prospectors sitting around the camp fire; the "Yay-whoop!" in the hunt for lost horses; and the baking of bannocks and slapjacks—the latter sometimes done by the adept (and Ernest was the adept), tossing the cake from the frying pan high in the air, it may be several feet, with a revolving motion and in such a manner as to have it "turned" when it had fallen and was caught again in the pan—all these things were simply immense, and so very realistic and spectacular as to bring down the house with roars of laughter and applause.

ON THE TESLIN TRAIL

Climbing o'er the mountain,
Camping in the vale,
We were lonesome fellows,
On the Teslin trail.

Seven Yukon pilgrims,
How we did bewail!
Far from home and kindred,
On the Teslin trail.

Sometimes we had coffee,
Sometimes "Adam's ale;"
Sometimes we had neither,
On the Teslin trail.

Sometimes we had hedgehog,
  Loon and grouse and quail,
Bear and horse and dog-meat,
  On the Teslin trail.

Sometimes we had slapjacks,
  Hardtack old and stale,
Bannocks, beans and bacon,
  On the Teslin trail.

All our protestations
  Were of no avail,
Cook he fed us slapjacks,
  On the Teslin trail.

"Skeeters" left us bloodless,
  White as ghosts and pale,—
Thousand-million skeeters,
  On the Teslin trail.

Then the savage black-flies—
  Progeny of Baal—
How they stung our horses,
  On the Teslin trail.

Fighting flies and skeeters,
  Working "tooth and nail,"
Thus we spent the summer,
  On the Teslin trail.

Weeks without a paper,
  Months without our mail,—
Do you think 'twas pleasant,
  On the Teslin trail?

O'er their sad condition
  Some would rant and rail,
Yet we used no cuss-words,
  On the Teslin trail.

But we often wished that
  We had wings to sail
O'er the bogs and marshes,
  On the Teslin trail.

Wings to climb the mountains,
  And the rocks to scale;
Oh! for wings or airplanes,
  On the Teslin trail.

There were narrow passes,
  Paved with treach'rous shale;
There were rushing torrents,
  On the Teslin trail.

There were awful quagmires,
  Endless swamp and swale,
Where we lost our horses,
  On the Teslin trail.

O the poor, dead horses—
  What a horrid tale!
They were there by thousands,
  On the Teslin trail.

And the noisome stenches,
  Loading ev'ry gale,
Filled the air with poison,
  On the Teslin trail.

There were wooden crosses,
  Roughly-made and frail,
Told a sad, sad story,
  On the Teslin trail.

O the rugged fellows,
  Hearty once and hale,
Waiting for the Judgement,
  On the Teslin trail.

Far from home and kindred,
  Sleeping in the dale;
Sleeping till the Judgement,
  On the Teslin trail.

We'll not paint the picture—
  Time and words would fail;
Let it go unpainted,
  On the Teslin trail.

Cover up the story,
  Hide it with a veil;
Let it go unwritten,
  On the Teslin trail.

Chorus:

O the Teslin trail,
  Dang'rous Teslin trail!
Cook he fed us slapjacks,
  Bacon old and stale;—
Cover up the story,
  Hide it with a veil;
Let it go unwritten,
  On the Teslin trail.

As we have intimated, Henry Johnson was our cook, and a good one he was, too. Moreover, he was a good singer, as well as composer, and he wrote a fine tune for the foregoing, which he and Hugh sang with great success at the entertainment mentioned.

INDIAN AARON'S PRAYER

And speaking of Henry brings to mind how he and the writer were alone in our shack the last evening before leaving Wrangell, when who should come to our door but "Indian Aaron?" Aaron was a converted Indian, who, when young, had bitten off an Indian woman's nose while she was drunk, and who had afterwards had his own nose bitten off by the same woman while he was drunk.

But Aaron was now a good Indian, and not only so, but he was a man of great native ability, and no "untutored savage" we have ever seen could make a prayer like Aaron. The writer, who could no more pray in public than he could fly, has often thought that he would give all he had if he could pray like the poor Indian.

We had no sooner offered him a chair than he said he had heard we were going to leave in the morning, and he had come to say good by and to pray with us. Getting down upon his knees he poured forth a petition in our behalf which we believe was heard in heaven. Eloquent? Well, yes, for it came from the man's heart, and we must say it went to ours.

Henry, in writing, has asked if we remembered Wrangell city and Indian Aaron's prayer, and we have replied—

Old Pal: Yes, we remember Wrangell city, which you have mentioned in your ditty. It all to mind this moment comes, **the Indian funeral and the drums.** You beat the snare, Hugh beat the bass—that scene the years can ne'er efface. Nor yet Clark's saying, "If I must I must," when we laughed, and laughed, till we thought we'd bust. Nor yet that Christmas in '98, when the turkey was venison which we ate. When fish—some halibut—we had, and other things to make us glad.

But what brings saintlier mem'ries back, and glorifies that Wrangell shack—what made our last night famous there—we think—**was Indian Aaron's prayer.**

But now the writer would turn from the struggles, the conflicts and combats of life, to a beautiful picture, which hangs in the halls of the past. It is of a balmy morning in the month of flowers,

"When June with the roses was staying."

Yes, it was in the golden month o'June, which Lowell has called "The Pearl of the New England year;" the date was 1870; and the place was the vestibule of the old Baptist church in Mansfield, Pennsylvania. There, as the writer entered the open door, he met Mrs. Watrous, wife of the pastor, who said, "Good morning, Mr. Sherwood; let me make you acquainted with my sister, Miss Knapp."

A little behind and to one side of the speaker stood a blooming, buxom young woman, togged out in white and pink organdy, ornamented with frills and flounces and ribbons, and the roses of June. The writer never had seen her before—not to his knowledge—but as she smiled and bowed he became suddenly conscious that he had come into the presence of a very charming personage. The girl who stood there was not perhaps the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen; yet to him there was something wonderfully interesting and attractive about that face. Something that riveted his attention and made a lasting impression upon his mind.

Irving has described her in **Sleepy Hollow** as "A blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches."

Therefore it is that Memory lingers with that June-time; therefore it is that of all the beautiful pictures that hang in the halls of the past is one of a fair young lady, one balmy morning

"In the golden month o'June."

The writer did not see Miss Jennie Lind Knapp again until the following winter, when she came to attend the Mansfield State Normal, where she was a member of the junior class; while it was late in the fall of '71 when he fell to thinking about her one day; and it was then that he wrote to her at her home near Lawrenceville, Pen-

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

JENNIE L. SHERWOOD—the author's wife

nsylvania, to know if he might visit her. She replied, giving him a cordial invitation to do so, whereupon he went there the following Saturday, remaining with her over Sunday. He went with more serious intentions, however, than simply to make a social call; but, alas! he found the woods full of suitors. Not just exactly then and there, of course, but as he has said, Miss Knapp was a very attractive girl, even now you might be likely to guess that such may have been the case—with a charming personality, and he was not the only one who was just then seeking her hand. Poor girl! She must have been in a quandary, when at last it came to making a choice; and sad to relate (?) as is so often the case at such times, she chose the poorest stick in the lot! At any rate all the others were soon discarded for him, just why he never knew—unless it may have been for his money! (She stoutly denies this, however, and always has, declaring it was a case of genuine love—and maybe it was, seeing that the writer really had but very little money).

LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

Anyhow, his visits through the winter grew to be very frequent, almost weekly in fact; until Wednesday, the 17th day of April, 1872, when "wedding bells" rang for them, and they were married; her brother-in-law, Rev. George P. Watrous, assisted by Rev. Sidney Mills, performing the ceremony.

It remains to be said that in all the labor of home-building, and home-making and home-keeping, Jennie has performed her full share, ever proving herself a real help-meet. Moreover, in every spot and place, and relationship of life, she has been a good and true wife. If, since we came to know each other's tastes and temperaments, every moment has not been an unruffled calm, the few winds which have tossed our bark have been as the gentle zephyrs over summer seas.

One explanation for this happy state of affairs may be found, perhaps, in the fact that we are equal partners. Everything we have belongs equally to both. Neither is dictator or "boss," and all disbursements and expenditures are made with the full knowledge and approval of both parties. We go fifty-fifty in everything.

No money-begging bothers us—
  We're equal partners, wife and I;
O we are happy living thus,
  The while the years go swiftly by.

We have little doubt that up to this moment we have experienced less of domestic trouble and infelicity than the average of mortals; which may be due in some measure to this partnership, but which we believe should be credited largely to the wife, because of her Christian principles, her great desire to do the right, and her magnanimous spirit and forgiving disposition as compared with the writer's somewhat fiery nature. Faults she may have, but she never could hold a grudge against anyone from one day to the next.

Beautiful of soul, with that inner radiance which the mere queens of wealth and fashion never knew and cannot borrow, many there be who may not have known that an angel has passed unawares. But the writer has known it, and he knows of no reason why he should wait to say so until she is "under the sod and the dew."

Owing to an unfortunate land-deal, an unfortunate milling enterprise, a fire and some other misfortunes, but mainly no doubt to lack of business acumen on his own part, the writer has never been able to provide this woman with a home at all commensurate with her worth, yet never has he known her to complain—on the contrary, she has always seemed contented. Their home is a very humble, vine-wreathed cottage, on the slopes of Mount Tabor, in the city of Portland, Oregon. It is "a little house by the side of the road," at 69th and Burnside; its real name being: **"The Kot o'Kontent—Come In."** Here, with his hearing and her eyesight somewhat impaired, but surrounded by their children, none of whom are a rifle-shot away, they are spending their declining years. Poor? Well, yes, very

THE KOT·o'KONTENT—COME IN

poor as this world counts riches, but very happy—inexpressibly happy.

Old Sherwood cannot hear,
His wife she cannot see,
And so betwixt the two,
They're poor as poor can be.

At the same time they have lived long enough to know that money isn't everything, and that it doesn't always make people rich. We are no richer than we feel. Some of the very poorest people we have ever known are people having a great deal of money; so much that as a matter of fact they are actually worshipping it—"money madness" it is called we believe. A man is poor indeed whose money does no one—not even himself—any good. Health, happiness, contentment, integrity, Christian character—a home in heaven—these are some of the things that are better than gold—

Better, aye better a thousand fold.

Poor? Well, yes—and no. No, for the reason that they are thankful for what they have, and have learned therewith to be content. Contentment—isn't it a beautiful thought? One of the real treasures of the human heart—often obtainable, yet more often rejected.

Poor—and contented—how explain?

Sir, the explanation, and their consolation, is that "God hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith."

And the husband thinks if the truth were known, he has been greatly blest beyond the common lot of men, in that he has been permitted to call this noble woman wife and mother; and instead of this brief eulogy, he might go on forever expatiating upon that goodness and those virtues which a poet might weave into an immortal song.

THAT MONTH ON THE ISLAND WITH WIFEY MY QUEEN

NOTE.—Commemorating our stay of one month, March 11 to April 12, 1910, on Orcas Island, one of the San Juan group in Puget Sound, famed for its beautiful climate and its Mount Constitution. With a rented cottage we had the time of our lives having ever since referred to it as "one of our honeymoons."

'Twas there that we wandered, two fetterless rovers,
And watched the white sails gliding over the main;
'Twas there that we lingered, like true-hearted lovers,
And listened for hours to Old Ocean's refrain.
The Isle seemed enchanted, all girt with wild roses;
The birds in the bowers enlivened the scene;
I shall never forget till our pilgrimage closes,
That month on the Island with wifey my queen.
I shall never forget till our pilgrimage closes,
That month on the Island with wifey my queen.

That month on the Island still lingers in glory;
The roar of Old Ocean still sounds in my ears;
That month on the Isle, like some beautiful story,
Has lived in my mem'ry thro' all the long years.
On the mainland we've chosen to press our way onward,
Together we've travelled full many a mile;
Yet oft on the road, with our faces turned sunward,
I've paused to remember that month on the Isle.
Yet oft on the road, with our faces turned sunward,
I've paused to remember that month on the Isle.

I've paused to remember that month on the Island;
That "dream of a cottage" that stood by the sea;
The crescent-like beach and the mountainous highland:
No scene I have known seemeth fairer to me.
Sometimes in the desert, mid barren wastes only,
Where never is shade and no meadows are green,
I've paused to remember, way-weary and lonely,
That month on the Island with wifey my queen.
I've paused to remember, way-weary and lonely,
That month on the Island with wifey my queen.

HUGH M. SHERWOOD

THE CHILDREN OF ANDREW SHERWOOD (8) AND JENNIE KNAPP.

Anna Leona Sherwood—Hugh Miller Sherwood—Mattie Julia Sherwood——Lola Inez Sherwood—Jennie Elizabeth Sherwood.—Five of them, and all boys but four!

Our children are not "great" but "good;"
Each one's an angel from above;
They glorify our neighborhood
With such unnumbered deeds of love.

Anna Leona Sherwood (9), the eldest child of Andrew and Jennie L. (Knapp) Sherwood, was born Aug. 9, 1873, at the home of her grandfather and grandmother Knapp, near Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania. Owing, as we suppose, to a fall sustained in her infancy, she has never been in robust health, so has lived her life at home with her parents, the close friend and companion of her mother. But while losing some—though not all—of the pleasures and joys of this life, she is yet hopeful and sanguine as to the next, being second to none of us in her faith in Christ and in the Christian religion. She is a member of Grace Baptist Church.

Hugh Miller Sherwood, (9) second child and only son of Andrew and Jennie L. (Knapp) Sherwood, was born Sept. 15, 1875, at Mansfield, Pennsylvania. February 19, 1901, he married **Tacy Marie Bloom,** of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, who was born May 17, 1882, the daughter of William Henry and Mary Elizabeth (Fisher) Bloom. To them nine children have been born (which their record shows to be only about one short of the regulation number—ten—of our ancestors), their names being as follows:

Mary Helene, born and died at Mansfield, Penn., May 26, 1902.

Andrew William, born at Mansfield, Pa., April 4, 1903,—graduated at Washington High in Portland, then at the Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis, class of 1925, and now engaged with his father in building up a nursery and greenhouse business in Portland.

June 15, 1929, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Coffin Underwood, daughter of Waite and Mary Underwood of Portland. She was a technician in the Good Samaritan Hospital, a graduate of Jefferson High, and had spent two years in the Oregon Agricultural College.

And this marriage of Andrew William Sherwood, son of Prof. H. M. Sherwood, and 10th in the direct male line from Thomas Sherwood the American Pioneer, is the most recent Sherwood marriage of which we have knowledge, and the very latest to be included in this volume.

Jennie Belle, born at Portland, Oregon, April 4, 1906,—graduated at the Washington High in Portland, then at the Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis, class of 1926, and later employed as a clerk in the First National Bank of Portland. May 19, 1928, she was united in marriage to E. John Chalmers, son of Alexander and Isabella Chalmers, of Portland, Dr. W. T. Milliken officiating. They are now (1929) living at Hong Kong, China, where he is agent for the States Steamship Co..

Lillian Bloom, born at Portland, Oregon, Feb. 11, 1908.

Virginia Lee, born at Portland, Oregon, May 4, 1909, graduated at Washington High, class of 1928.

Hugh Miller, Jr., born at Portland, Oregon, May 8, 1911; graduated at the Washington High class of 1928, and is president of the Oregon Baptist Young People's Summer Assembly, and the Grace Baptist B. Y. P. U.

Henry, born at Portland, Oregon, Aug. 1, 1915.

Tacy Marie, born at Portland, Oregon, Dec. 30, 1916.

Betsy Jean born at Portland, Oregon, June 24, 1922.

Professor H. M. Sherwood, is a graduate of the Mansfield, Pa., State Teachers College, and of the University of Oregon Law School, and is closely identified with the educational interests of Portland, having but lately (June 1929) completed his twenty-fourth year as principal in the public schools of the city (at this writing he is principal of the Abernethy school), and he has been president of the Principal's Association for one year; while in the religious world he has been for a year president of the Oregon Baptist State Convention—the highest office within the gift of Oregon Baptists. He is now president of the Oregon Baptist Laymen's Council, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Western Baptist Theological Seminary (secretary of the Board), and gave to that great school its name at the time of its organization. Both he and his wife, Tacy are prominent and active Church and Sunday-school workers and officers in Grace Baptist Church, of which they are members—both being Bible-Class teachers. Their home is at No. 7, E. 64th N., Portland, Oregon.

Mattie Julia Sherwood (9), third child and second daughter of Andrew and Jennie L. (Knapp) Sherwood, was born July 21, 1877, at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, where she was a graduate of the State Teachers College. June 3, 1903, she married **Luther Earle Beach,** of Mansfield, a veteran of the Spanish American War, who was born June 24, 1878, the son of Lyman Beach, Jr., and Rosina (Woodward) Beach. They have no children.

Mattie is an accomplished musician, having been Church organist in Mansfield for many years, and she is something of an artist; while her husband has been a concessionaire, holding a mercantile concession under the city government, and is a past-commander of Scout Young Camp No. 2, Spanish-American war veterans. Their home is at No. 109, E. 68th N., Portland, Oregon.

Lola Inez Sherwood (9), fourth child and third daughter of Andrew and Jennie L. (Knapp) Sherwood, was born July 15, 1880, at Mansfield, Pennsylvania. December 25, 1907, she married **David John Williams,** of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who was born Aug. 25, 1880, the son of Thomas Z. and Mary Ann (Jones) Williams. To them three children have been born, namely:

Mary Ann Sherwood, born at Scranton, Pennsylvania, April 2, 1909, (now in 1929 a pupil in McMinnville College, Oregon).

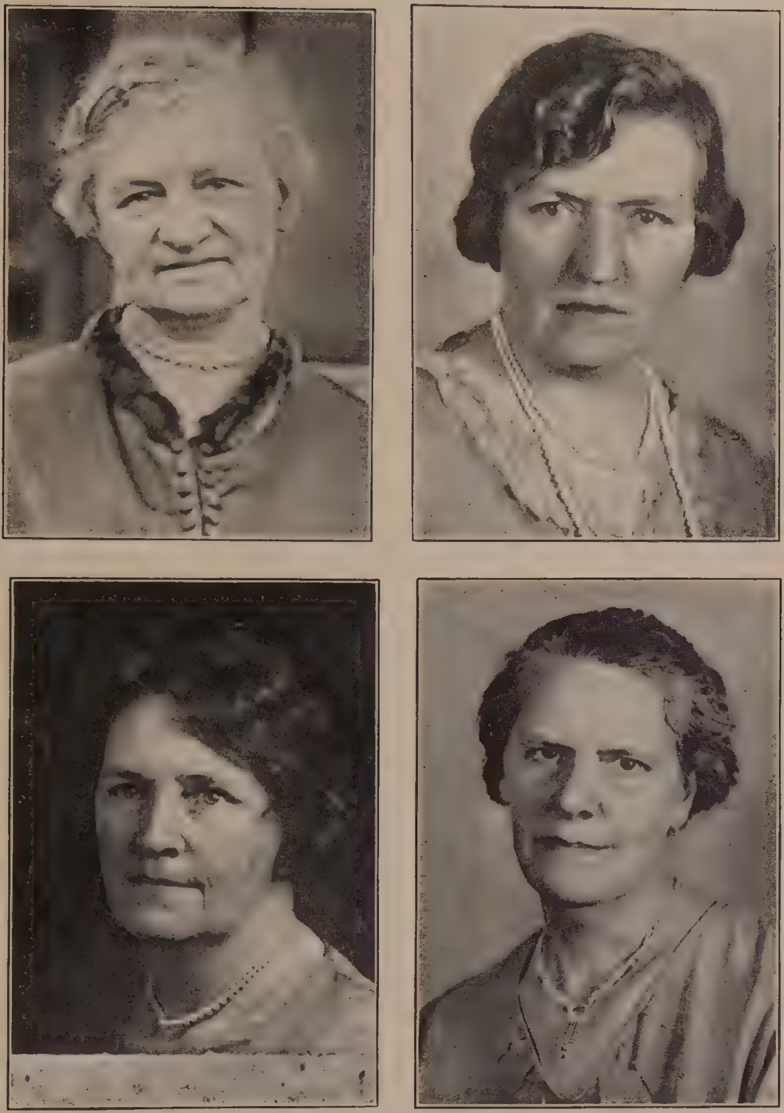
Andrew John, infant son, born and died at Scranton,—————, 1918.

Alice Louise, born at Scranton, March 19, 1919.

Lola is an artist of unusual ability, with many oil paintings and other pictures and portraits of rare excellence to her credit; she is a good speaker, with both tact and ability, an active worker in the Hinson Memorial Baptist Church and Sunday school, of which she and her husband and two daughters are members; and she is Secretary-Treasurer of the Portland Baptist City Missionary Union. Her husband was a graduate of the Mansfield, Pa., State Teachers College, and was formerly for many years a school principal, both in Scranton and Portland, but is now (1929) engaged in the automobile trade. Their home is at No. 966 E. Salmon St., Portland, Oregon.

Jennie Elizabeth Sherwood (9) fifth child and fourth daughter of Andrew and Jennie L. (Knapp) Sherwood, was born April 28, 1882, at Mansfield, Penn., where she was a graduate of the State Teachers College. October 19, 1904, she married **Lee Rexford Marvin,** of Covington, Penn., who was born June 2, 1883, the son of Levi C. and Tena (Sechrist) Marvin. To them five children have been born, namely:

Darwin Sherwood, born at Soldier, Pennsylvania, July 11, 1905; graduated at the Benson Polytechnic Institute; bookkeeper in the U. S. National Bank of Portland; president of the Oregon Baptist Young People's Union; married May 14, 1928, to Miss **Agnita Henrietta Hunderup,** daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hunderup, and a graduate of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, her brother, Rev. H. August Hunderup, officiating. They are now (1929) living in Los Angeles, where Darwin is a teller in the Merchants' National Bank.



ANNA LEONA SHERWOOD, MATTIE SHERWOOD BEACH
LOLA SHERWOOD WILLIAMS, JENNIE SHERWOOD MARVIN
DAUGHTERS OF ANDREW AND JENNIE L. SHERWOOD

Lee Edward, born at Jersey Shore, Penn., March 24, 1910; a graduate of Washington High; a radio expert and dealer; married Nov. 10, 1928, to Miss **Marjory Catherine Wharfield,** born Sept. 23, 1909, the daughter of Arthur A. and Gertrude (Howard) Wharfield; graduate of the Washington High and of the Baptist Summer Assembly.

And now the writer learns that he is a great-grandfather. The very latest report to reach his ears on the eve of publication it that Lee and Marjory have a handsome little daughter—Marjory Lee.

Jennie-Lee, born at Portland, Oregon, Oct. 7, 1915.

Elwood Sechrist, born at Portland, Oregon, March 6, 1917.

Charles Duane, born at Portland, Oregon, May 12, 1919.

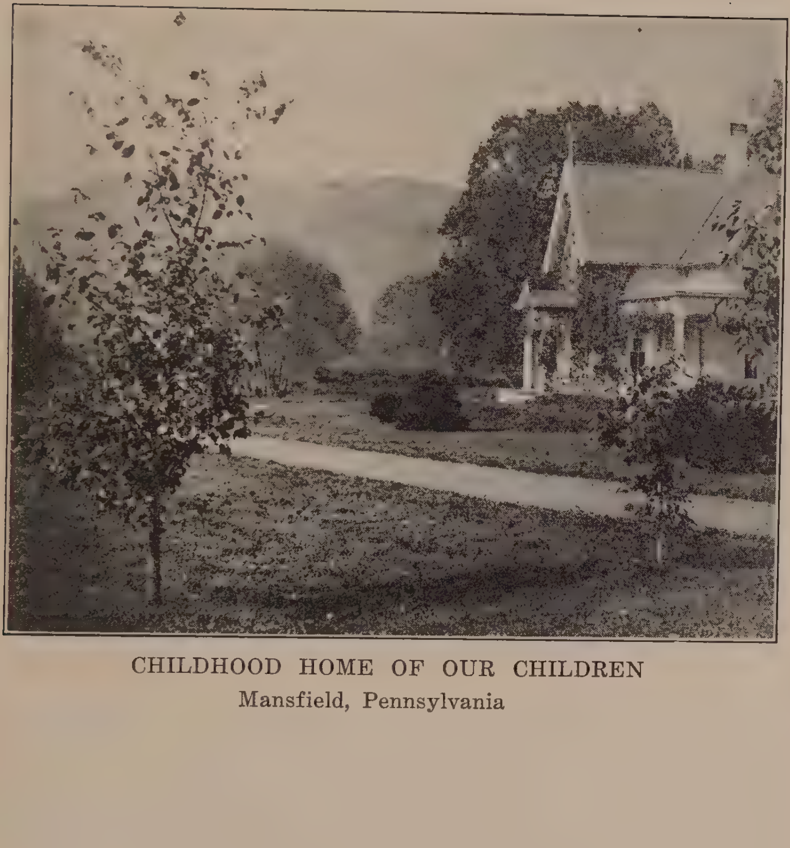
Jennie is president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Western Baptist Theological Seminary, and president of the Women's State Society (Baptist) of Oregon, both positions requiring good executive ability; while her husband is president of the Portland Baptist Bible Union, and superintendent of Grace Baptist Sunday school, and both are prominent and active Church and Sunday-school workers and officers in Grace Baptist Church, of which they are members. Her husband is at the head of Marvin and Co., large wholesale commission merchants. Their home is at No. 33, E. 69th N., Portland, Oregon.

CONCLUSION

The records which the writer (now past his 80th year), started out to compile are in part recorded at last, just when he is far on the down-hill side of life, where the gentle plains are sloping steadily and rapidly away to the sunset. Life's turmoil grows faint on his ears, and its tumult is hushed in the past.

As he is about to lay down his pen—it may be forever—the glow of the daylight dies over Council Crest, beyond the Willamette, and Night's first look is cast upon the Earth. There are twilight glimpses of a City Beautiful, growing momentarily brighter with the lighting of all its myriad lamps. Yet in fancy the writer is far removed from the entrancing scene; sauntering, as it were, down the dimly-lighted aisles of the past, on whose walls appear the names he has so laboriously written into these pages; each of which is a memorial, it may be of joy or sorrow, of hope or anxiety, of victory or defeat, of opportunities wasted or improved. And each name, with its date of "birth," "marriage," "death"—O how much it all meant to some family of Sherwood's, or to some circle of loving human hearts, in the days of Long Ago!

As we think of the long line of forbears who have preceded us over the great stony highway of life, we are asking ourselves: Did they ever find the going hard? Were their feet ever torn and bleeding on the burning sands and jagged rocks? And was it finally all in vain that they made the great trek we sometimes call the Journey of Life? Did they never reach the longed-for, the talked-about, the dreamed-of goal we sometimes call The Better Land? Say, were they deceived and under a delusion when they followed the instinct of immortality and were often thinking and talking about a life beyond the grave, where they would meet and love again? Say now,



CHILDHOOD HOME OF OUR CHILDREN
Mansfield, Pennsylvania

MUSEUM
LEWIS-CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

did it all end in a funeral pall,and did it prove true at last, what the infidels have said, that we stand in a vale betwixt two eternities and cry—and cry in vain?

We shall prefer to think they believed as we do, that both justice and the pathetic—or shall we say tragic?—incompleteness and lack of perfection of this earthly life, not only have suggested but would almost seem to demand another life beyond the grave; in fact just the sort of life (holy and happy and eternal), as is revealed through Him, and Him alone, whose mission it was to bring life and immortality to light.

For ourselves, we shall believe if there isn't another life after death, there ought to be, and that whatever ought to be in the hereafter, will be. Yet we have to confess that it hath not entered into our heart to conceive of the things which may be in store for immortals in the spiritual realm. Somewhere we have read that when men begin to talk about life after death they are like infants in the womb discussing with one another the nature of this present life. And just that great or greater, we fancy, is the unlikeness between the temporal and the spiritual, the mortal and the immortal, life.

As for ourselves, we are glad to find that in the Old Book are intimations, and more than intimations (even the Word of Jehovah himself), that over in the Eternal City, on the Eternal Mountains, by the Beautiful River of Rest, in the House of Many Mansions—in another and a better place—we shall see and know our kindred.

Then, too, is it not heartening to find that ever since men—great-hearted, high-minded men, mark you—began to write poems, from the time of David, "the Sweet Singer of Israel," down to the days of Milton, Wordsworth, Bryant and Tennyson— not to mention Wesley and Watts with their deathless hymns—the sweetest, loftiest songs of the soul have been of immortality, and "intimations of immortality"—as Wordsworth says—"deep-implanted in the human heart."

As may be guessed, the writer shares in no uncertain manner this belief in a future immortal state, whose unwithering flowers shall bloom forever, and where from cheeks we love the roses will not fade. True, he can never hope to voice his sentiments in language so beautiful as has been done by Tennyson in his Crossing the Bar, or Bryant in his Return of Youth; yet, nevertheless, he would not be limited to earth; but with the poets, his highest hopes and aspirations shall be beyond the grave; his belief shall remain unchanged, that death itself is but another birth. Even matter is eternal; all things may be changed—"destroyed," as we say—yet they never really pass away. Somewhere their component parts are still in existence. Much less, then, shall that higher, greater thing we call the soul, into which the Eternal Himself has breathed the breath of life, ever die or come to an end.

As for this present life: It has been said, in effect, that the young live in the future, while the old live in the past; but a truer statement, we think, would be that the old, if they have builded aright, may live in both the past and the future.

The past will likely be lived over and over again, because of its undying, imperishable memories; but just the same, as we have already more than intimated, to the old the future may be bright with the light of cheerful hopes; for we know that those who are no longer young in years may carry about with them—as our forbears seem to have done—the blessed assurance that all is well. We believe and know that something of the freshness of the morning may still be lingering in life's afternoon.

And so you will understand how it is at eventide, that we who are old do not and cannot forget the beautiful land of Long Ago, yet are always looking forward with a good degree of hope and confidence to a future, wherein we shall never grow old, and whose roses the winds shall never strew; to a Then that is to be, where carking cares and the decrepitudes of age shall never come, but the Lord of life and glory (blessed be His holy name), together with all the inhabitants of heaven, are forever radiant in the bloom of eternal youth.

"So grieve we not, nor think our youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die;
Our pleasant youth a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits like the morn, that folds her wings and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits like the vanished Spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall He welcome us, when we shall stand
On His bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first He took us by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead our tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to our eyes again;
Shall clothe our spirits with new strength, and fill
Our leaping hearts with warmer love than then."
—Bryant.

So you will understand why, in this great mystery and adventure of life, we are forever and forever looking away from the temptations and errors, the heartaches and bitter disappointments, the trials and tribulations—forever and forever away from the shadows which may have clouded our lives in the past—to the sunshine and glory of a brighter and better, a greater and a grander life,
"In the Isles of the By and By"

WE SHALL MEET AND LOVE AGAIN

We grew in friendship, side by side,
Those dear companions once my own;
But long ago they crossed the tide,
And left me sailing on alone;
Yet oft, while looking thro' my tears,
I think we have not lived in vain:
Sometime, somewhere beyond our years,
O we shall meet and love again.

I've said: Brute creatures, will ye last?
  And always they have made reply:
"It is the end when we have passed,
  For we shall perish when we die."
They gave no sign, nor could they say
  Or voice the hope of ransomed men:
Sometime, somewhere, some golden day,
  O we shall meet and love again.

Where rest is found, where joy is flung,
  Where's health and happiness untold,
O friends of mine, we shall be young,
  When hills and stars are growing old.
Forevermore we shall possess,
  Like God himself, immortal youth;
Forevermore we shall progress
  In ways of wisdom, love and truth.

Where lilies bloom and violets fair,
  Where softest summer sunshine glints,
There scenes unfold in colors rare,
  Surpassing all earth's rainbow tints;—
Where's heavenly harmony more sweet
  Than ever fell on mortal ears,
O friends of God! we there shall meet,
  To spend the long eternal years.

We're homeward bound, with sails all set,
  Across life's wild and wintry sea,
Our faithful Pilot guiding yet,
  Who stilled the storm on Galilee.
Keep heart, He'll bring us safely home,
  To that secure and peaceful main;
Sometime, somewhere, we'll cease to roam,—
  O we shall meet and love again.

Sometime, somewhere, we'll meet again,
  It cannot be this life is all;
  The end is not a fun'ral pall?—
O we shall meet and love again.

WHOSE ROSES THE WINDS NEVER STREW

'Tis a goodly land where I journey,
As the days and the years go by;
O'er its mountains chase sunshine and shadow,
There are vales where the west-winds sigh;
O I think 'tis a realm of enchantment,
The land I am traveling through;
Yet I dream of a beautiful country,
Whose roses the winds never strew.

In this goodly land where I journey
There is many a symbol and sign,
Which have silently, forcefully told me
The works I behold are divine;
They hint of a Something, or Someone,
To Heaven they offer a clue,
And dreams of a kingdom eternal,
Whose roses the winds never strew.

It came from the Father of mercies,
Whose blessing is over the land,
As when, on the morn of creation,
It rolled from Immanuel's hand;
It is "good," as He said, yet I'm dreaming,
And some day the dream will come true,
When I wake in the beautiful country,
Whose roses the winds never strew.

I am glad for the glories of Earthland,—
How they fill all my soul with delight!
For the flowers that border the wayside,
And are making my pathway so bright;
For the beauty of mountain and river,
And the meadow of emerald hue;
Yet I dream of a far-away country,
Whose roses the winds never strew.

My path to life's westward declining
Fast slopes to the sunset away,
Where the towers and the turrets are shining,
By the gates of a limitless day;
And there at the radiant portal,
Through a rift in the heavenly blue,
He has planted His gardens immortal,
Whose roses the winds never strew.

Whose roses the winds never strew,
Whose roses the winds never strew,—
Oh! I dream of a beautiful country,
Whose roses the winds never strew.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LONG AGO

To His Very Dear Cousin,
Mrs. L. A. Sherwood, late of Marquette, Mich., whose appreciation and encouragement have been so distinctly and so peculiarly helpful in the compilation of this volume, "whenever the way has seemed long," this poem is affectionately dedicated by the author.

Fair is the picture on Memory's screen,
Fair is the shore I am leaving behind,
Wildwood and orchard and fields waving green,
Cottage embowered with ivy entwined;—
Over it rests a noontide calm,
Softly the gales of the summer-time blow,
Hinting of roses, arbutus and balm—
Beautiful Land of Long Ago.

Far and away o'er the shimmering sea,
Far and away over mountain and glen,
Buckwheat and clover-fields beckon to me,
Bidding me come for a ramble again;—
Out through the woodlands the forest-way winds,
Silvery rivulets murmuring flow,
Spirits are whispering low in the pines—
Beautiful Land of Long Ago.

Faces I knew on that evergreen shore,
  Forms that are slumbering low in their graves,
O in this world I shall see them no more,
  Waving "bon voyage" across the blue waves.—
Garmented quaintly all saintly they stand,
  Forms that in heaven are whiter than snow,
Waving to me from the vanishing land—
  Beautiful Land of Long Ago.

Slowly receding beyond the wide bay
  Fade the green hills o'er the blue-rolling seas;
Softly the music is dying away
  When a great master is touching the keys;—
So fade the shores of the beautiful Past,
  Shores where the fragrant forget-me-nots grow,
Hill-tops and headlands too golden to last—
  Beautiful Land of Long Ago.

Beautiful Land of Long Ago!
Beautiful Land of Long Ago!
How have its roses all gone like the snow—
Beautiful Land of Long Ago!

AT EVENTIDE

At evening time it shall be light.—Bible.

All day I sit a-thinking
  Of lands I have not seen;
All night I lie a-dreaming
  Of fields forever green;
A palace and a garden,
  With scented blossoms rife;
A gently-flowing river,
  And trees of life.

Each day and night I wander
  Into that golden land
And sit me down contented
  Within the palace grand,
Where life itself's a treasure,
  With all things at their best;
Ah! surely it is heaven,
  There with the blest.

They come, those fair immortals:
  The loved and lost I see;
With faces glowing, shining,
  They walk and talk with me;
And One in radiant splendor,
  More brilliant than the sun,
Draws near with smiles to greet me—
  And heav'n is won.

Beyond my happy doorstep
  I watch the landscape change;
The twilight meets the daylight,
  Grave grows the Western Range;
But if the night advances
  My heart within me sings,
And when the birds fly homeward
  I'll try my wings.

FINIS

LEWIS CLARK NORMAL SCHOOL

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